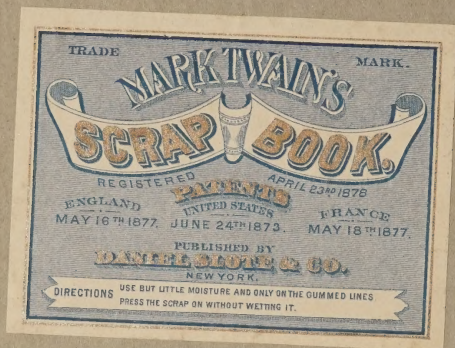






Library of Sheldon Jackson  
Presented to the  
Presbyterian Historical Society.



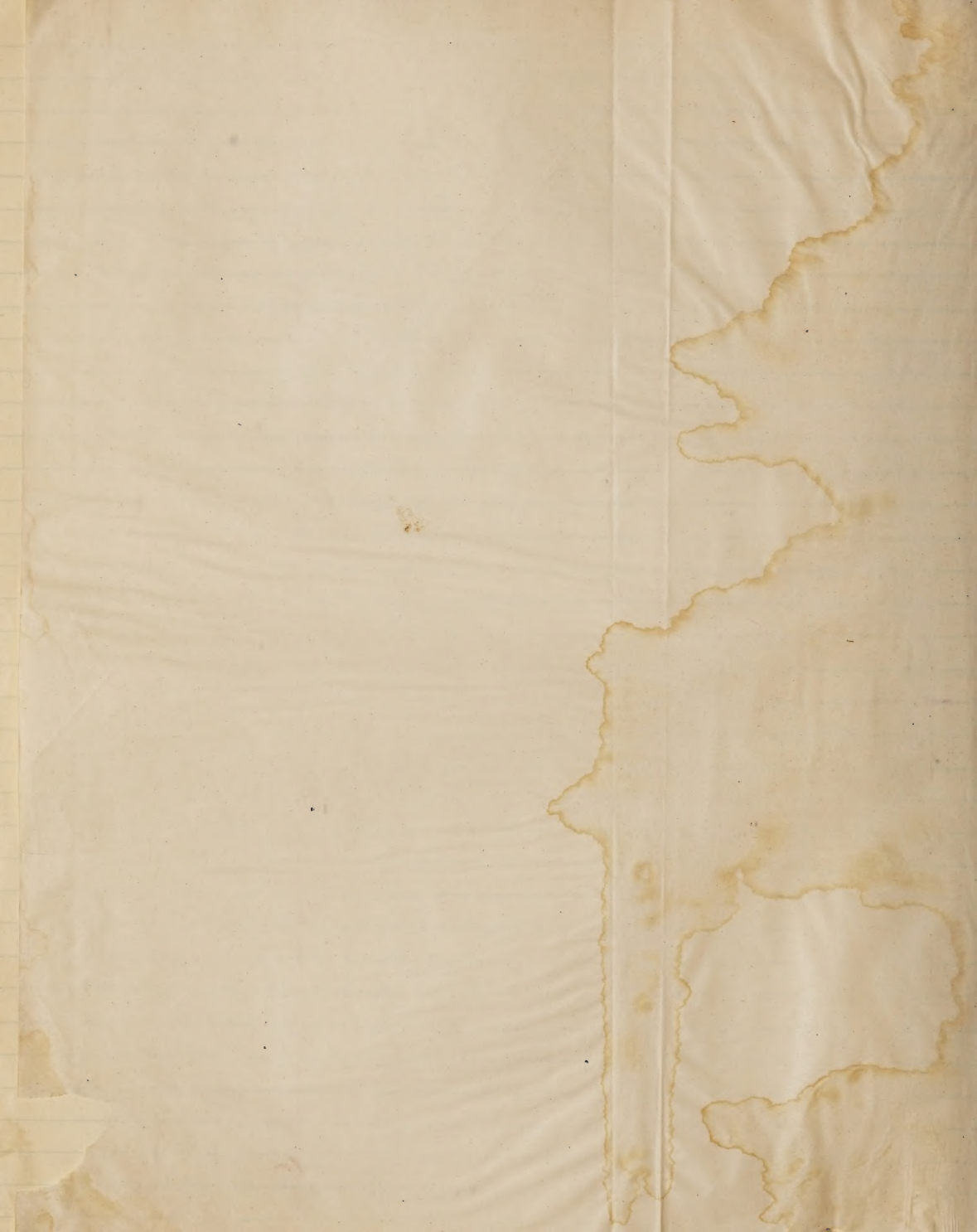


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ALASKAN SCENERY—MIDDLE GLACIER AT YUKON, FROM ICEFLOE.—[SEE PAGE 206.]





ALASKAN SCENERY—SUBTERRANEAN RIVER IN MUIR GLACIER.—[SEE PAGE 206.]





COMING BACK TO MOTHER ENGLAND'S APRON STRINGS.

"The citizens of Sitka supplicated the commander of her Majesty's ship *Opprey* for protection from the Indians, representing that without immediate protection fears of indiscriminate massacre were entertained. The commander signified his readiness to go, on an official request, if instructed that the situation was urgent. No objection was made by me, nor was protection asked as necessary, and so I informed the commander. The *Opprey* left for Sitka to-day at noon.

"VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, February 18, 1879.

ALLEN FRANCIS, United States Consul."



## ALASKA.\*

There is perhaps no section of our land concerning which we know so little as Alaska. There is no section of the land concerning which public sentiment is so much at fault as Alaska. There is no section of the land concerning which what we think we know is wrong to that extent as our supposed knowledge in regard to Alaska. This is not strange; it is the latest of our territorial possessions. It is the most distant of our possessions. There are fewer men, tourists and newspaper men, who have visited that country than perhaps any other section of our land or other lands, so it is not strange that we know so little and have such grave misapprehensions in regard to that country. The word Alaska is a corruption of the native Indian word, *Alashka*, which means a great continent or a great land. That is the designation which the native population give to their country, "the great land." And it is great in several senses. It is great territorially. Now, we are so oftentimes accustomed to see Alaska on the northwest corner of a map of the United States, upon a reduced scale of representation, that we have no conception of its immense extent. From the extreme east to the extreme west of the Alutian Islands it stretches in an air line twenty-two hundred miles, and from north to south fourteen hundred miles; but as figures give no true conception of the extent of a country, allow me to use one or two illustrations. The Island of Attu, the western island of the Alutian peninsula, or island attached to the Alutian peninsula, is as far west of San Francisco as the extreme eastern cape of Maine is from San Francisco. In other words, instead of Kansas, and Missouri and Nebraska being the centre of the United States east and west, San Francisco, upon the Pacific coast, is that center. This is according to Prof. Guyot of Princeton College. Or, if you were to trace a line around the islands, and up and down the bays and around the sea coast of Alaska, you would find, according to the measurements of the United States Coast Survey, that this twenty-five thousand miles, or that distance in a straight line would belt the globe. Or take another illustration. Alaska is as large as all the New England States, with New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey thrown in; and then, in order to increase its size you may add Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois, and Michigan, and Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Virginia, and West Virginia, and yet you have not the number of square miles that is represented by your territory of Alaska. Or, in other words, Alaska is as large as all the rest of the United States east of the Mississippi river, and north of the Carolinas and Georgia. It is not only thus a great country in its area, but also in its natural phenomena. For instance, it is the great island region of the United States. In the southeastern corner of Alaska, along the coast of the Alexandrian Archipelago are eleven hundred islands that have been counted, besides numerous small islands that have not been counted. Indeed, that Archipelago stretches from Puget's sound on the south into central Southern Alaska on the north, a distance of a thousand miles. So that you may take an ocean steamer at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, or at Port Townsend, and pass up the coast through the most magnificent scenery you have any conception of. I have traversed the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, and there is no such scenery as along that Pacific coast. You may pass a thousand miles northward in an ocean steamer without ever getting out of the sea, being all the time in salt water, and when you go back you are almost within a stone's throw upon either side, of a continuous chain of islands which prevent the swell of the sea, and prevent sea sickness.

Indeed, the island area of the Alaska land would make a

state larger than the great New England state of Maine. And it is also the great region of mountainous peaks; the highest peaks in the United States are in Alaska. You remember our celebrated peaks of Colorado, for instance Grey and Pike and Long, and Lincoln, are less than fifteen thousand feet high, and start at a base eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, that Mt. St. Elias, with its base laved by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, rises 19,500 feet and that is in a region where there is an elevation of three thousand feet above tide water. Here you have a region of perpetual snow and ice. It is also the great volcanic region of our country. We think of the Mediterranean or the South Sea Islands or the Sandwich Islands, and of their volcanoes; whereas along the Alaska peninsula and the Alutian islands are sixty-one volcanoes in active operation since the European occupation of that country, ten of which at last accounts were belching out their fire and smoke. It is also the great glacier region of our country, so that our students of science need not go to the Alps to find them. There are glaciers that break out and come down to the Steekin river, starting back between two mountains three thousand feet high, forty or sixty miles back in the country, according to the accounts of the Indians—and come to the side of the Steekin river, where they branch out five or six miles wide and from five to six or seven hundred feet thick of ice. Or, up on the sound, north of Port Wrangel at Prince Frederick's sound you find some reported to be twelve hundred feet thick where they break off and flow into the ocean, floating out into the sound.

It is also the great mineral spring region of our country, beside which Saratoga, Virginia sulphur springs or the springs of Arkansas are nowhere. On the island of Cariloy, for instance, there is one mineral spring eighteen miles in circumference, according to the United States Coast Survey, a great seething caldron of mineral waters, sufficient to heal the ailments of all humanity, so far as mineral waters can do it.

But it is not only in these natural phenomena that Alaska is great, but, as we materialistic people are always enquiring whether a thing will pay or not, we lose sight of this great phenomenon that causes the Christian heart to rise with increasing wonder and adoration to the magnificent infinite power of the Creator who threw up these mountains and volcanoes, and made that wonderful coast and that wonderful land. We turn from all these grand sights in nature to ask, "Does it pay?" What makes Alaska worth anything to this country? And we have oftentimes seen it in our papers, it has been so constantly and repeatedly drilled into the American mind that Alaska did not and does not pay, that we consider it a worthless possession, often spoken of as "Secretary Seward's folly" in the purchase, a great mass of ice and rocks and polar bears that are of no account to America, and no account to anything else or any other people. Herein we make the great mistake of this country. Secretary Seward knew what he was about when he made that purchase, and to the question that was put to him at a public reception, one time towards the close of his life, as to what he considered the greatest official act of his life, he, without hesitation, replied: "The purchase of Alaska;" and then added, after a moment's pause, "it will, perhaps, take two generations for the American people to appreciate that purchase." And the old statesman was right. It was the crowning glory of his official career to have added that northwestern territory to this land, giving us possession, not only of the Northern Pacific Ocean in an individual sense and a national sense, but giving us untold resources that will yet be utilized in the progress of the development of the resources of our land. It has not only got its resources, but it has paid a fair interest upon the purchase money from the very start. And the very year we paid Russia seven millions two hundred thousand dollars for Alaska, the United States turned around and rented two little islands,

\*A lecture delivered in the Amphitheatre at Chautauqua, August 2d 1880, by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.



one six by twelve miles and the other four by ten, for fifty-five thousand dollars a year for twenty years. These two little islands are represented upon this map which I have here, and there is where all the ladies' seal skin sacks originally start from. The Alaska Company have the monopoly of the seal skin trade of the entire world. All the seal skin sacks come from those two little islands. That Company pays the Treasury at Washington, annually, \$320,000, which is over four per cent. interest upon the seven million two hundred thousand dollars we paid for that country. So that Alaska, far from being a worthless possession, two little islands five hundred miles from the main land have paid over four per cent. interest on the purchase money from the very first year we owned them.

Then you have in the interior of the country, of which no account has been taken in the productive wealth of this land, the great fur trade, amounting to over a million dollars, every season. The costly furs of the Americans are taken from that section of the country and from the corresponding Asiatic section in Siberia. Then you have there the great fisheries of the land. Every naval expedition from the time Capt. Cook circumnavigated the globe, until the present, has not failed to report in their official documents a wonderful, almost incredible amount of fish every where visible in these waters. You have there the cod and the salmon. The great salmon interests of Columbia and Oregon are now rapidly being transferred to Alaska, and so large and well established a firm as Cutting & Co. have removed their salmon canneries to Sitka, Alaska. Upon the Columbia they pay upon an average fifty cents a salmon for canning. In Alaska it costs about a quarter of a cent for a salmon. If you were in a large business you could get four sixty pound salmon, two hundred and forty pounds, for a cent.

Then you have the halibut fishing, and the herring fishing, and the oil fisheries—I am not telling fish stories to-day, but you will find it upon the public documents at Washington, that fish have been found so full of oil, that when dry, you can light one end and they will burn like a tallow candle.

Then you have the cod fisheries. You eastern people remember that it was not long since we paid five million to Great Britain on an arbitration, concerning the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. But they have only to go to the Alaska banks and they can get all the cod that it is possible for them to utilize. Indeed, three firms, employing seventeen or eighteen vessels, from San Francisco, put up three thousand tons of cod fish from the banks of Alaska last season, and New England will wake up sometime to find that San Francisco is the great cod market of the world.

Then you have there the great reserve lumber interests of the United States. It is simply a question of a few years when these great forests of Canada, of Maine, of Michigan, of Wisconsin, of Minnesota, will be denuded of their timber, and when that day comes of lumber famine in the eastern portion of the United States, as well as the western, our lumbermen need only to go to Alaska where they will find thousands of miles of the densest lumber country that you ever placed your eyes upon, great trees, so thick and dense that it is almost impossible to penetrate far into the interior along the wooded belt. They have the pine, the hemlock and the yellow cedar utterly unutilized as yet, unless it is the cedar, which, by the way, is sent to China and there manufactured into boxes and re-shipped back here as Chinese camphor boxes for preserving ladies' furs from moths; after all it is nothing but the original Alaska cedar re-baptized and named in China.

Then you have the great mineral interests. Everywhere along that coast coal crops out. In many sections iron ore abounds. Now, we know that coal and iron made Western Pennsylvania and Ohio the great centers for those articles, and who shall say that in the coming future there shall not a dozen great Pennsylvanias spring up along that vast coast of Alaska in the development of its iron and coal interest, and

you here in Western New York and Pennsylvania are greatly interested in your oil wells, and yet petroleum is found floating on many lakes in Alaska, and in various sections there are indications of it, so that when your oil wells cease to flow you can go to Alaska for a fresh supply.

They also have copper there in such abundance that one river is called Copper river. You have many other mineral interests, the gold and the silver, in this section of the country. We have been so taken up with our Arizona, and Colorado and Nevada, and California gold mines, that we have lost sight of the fact that gold and silver mines abound from Cape Horn through the entire backbone of this continent up to the Alaska Peninsula on the north. We find mines in Peru, Central America, Old Mexico, different portions of the United States, Oregon, British Columbia, and why should that mineral deposit cease when you come to the edge of Alaska? It does not cease. Right on the edge of Alaska for the last seven years there have been from two to three thousand English miners washing out in the aggregate a million dollars worth of gold each season. Then they have just opened up their quartz mines in the region of Sitka, in Alaska, and a steamer brought down some fifty-five thousand dollars worth of gold bricks, the first run of the stamp mill that has been erected in Sitka for the reduction of gold ores of that region. But, perhaps it has come to your mind already, and it is often asked of me, what is the use of all that coal and iron, and oil, and these fisheries, and that gold and silver, in a country so rigorous that no white man can live in it. Here again we are at fault. Of course a country extending from Maine to the Mississippi river, and from Michigan and the lakes upon the north, down to Tennessee, has several different kinds of climate, and that is true of Alaska. Along the Arctic ocean above the Arctic circle on the north, is just such a climate as we, in our ignorance, ascribe to the whole of Alaska. And when we want to describe a great degree of cold we say "it is as cold as Greenland," and that is the way you think of Alaska. That is true of Northern Alaska. That is true, possibly, of a portion of Central Alaska. Indeed, upon the wonderful Yucou river and in the natural phenomena of that country—I forgot to tell you of that, of one of the great rivers of the world. That black strip on the map, that runs across Alaska, represents the Yucou river, navigable for light draught steamers for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Its average width for the first thousand miles is from three to five miles. In some places near its mouth it is so wide that standing upon one bank you cannot see across. A thousand miles from its mouth, in the region of Port Yucou it is twenty miles from bank to bank across. A river very much like the St. Lawrence, in the region of the Thousand Islands, covered with hills in various sections to a very great extent. Upon that river the thermometer will sometimes sink to sixty or seventy degrees below zero, but in summer it rises to a hundred or a hundred and ten above zero, in the short summer under a constant sun, for there is one day in the summer when the sun does not set, and one day in the winter when it does not rise. In the hot summer, with the continual sunshine, there is a very rank vegetation grows throughout Central Alaska, but while that is true of Central and Northern Alaska, that great southern coast extending for thousands of miles east and west in the ramifications of its bays, has a climate not only not as cold as Greenland, but not as cold as Chautauqua in winter.

That is based not upon hearsay, not upon guess work, but upon accurate observations taken by the Russian government for forty-five consecutive years at Sitka, Alaska. Those observations recently tabulated by the United States Coast Survey, and published last winter as a government document, show that the mean annual winter temperature of Southern Alaska, for forty-five winters past, has been that of Kentucky and West Virginia, and there is no one here who will say that Kentucky and West Virginia are such rigorous climates that



no white man can live in them. And the mean, annual summer temperature there is that of Minnesota. Minnesota in the summer, and Kentucky in the winter is certainly not a very bad climate. However, the great drawback is that there is very little sunshine in that climate. It is a wet, moist climate; if it don't rain, there is a heavy fog, so that perhaps not more than one-fifteenth or one-twentieth of the year has sunshine.

But of course, we, as a people, are more interested in the population of the country, and at least as a missionary assembly we are. As far as we know there has always been a population there, the same as this country was found occupied when the first Europeans came to us, and perhaps no man can say at how early a date the original population established itself in Asia, and coming out from the Ark, were sent across Behring's Straits into this country. That population in the north is of Esquimaux descent, and in the center it is Indian. In the southeastern section is the Indian, and along the Alaska Peninsula and Alaskan Islands it is what we call the Alute population. This Alute population was perhaps originally an Indian population, but probably some one hundred years ago brought in contact with Russian civilization and the remains of the Greek church of Russia, that population were all converted, and in a measure civilized and enlightened, so that along the entire Alaska Peninsula and the islands adjacent thereto, you will find a civilized population, people living in frame houses, as they live upon our plains, people that are dressed and clothed, as the lower class of Europeans are dressed and clothed, and people, many of whom can read and write the Russian language, that have had instruction, that have had schools, that are believers in the Greek faith, and yet, notwithstanding that, are to-day without the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. And this may be said of the entire population of Alaska. For if those who had been brought under the Greek church have not found Christ, much less have those who still remain in their pagan heathenism.

The Indian tribes of the southeastern coast are not like the nomadic tribes of the western section of the United States. They live in large permanent houses, like the Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona, houses made mainly of cedar plank, generally forty feet square. They are clothed largely, along the coast, in European clothing. They have quite a property, largely in blankets. Many of the men are worth from five to six, or seven, or ten, or twelve, or fifteen thousand dollars in blankets, which are the currency of that region, probably introduced at an early day by the Russian Fur Trade Company, and the Hudson Bay Fur Company.

You will find that they have plenty to eat. Indeed, I know of no place north of Mason and Dixon's line where it is so easy for a man if reduced to extremity to get a living as on the coast of Alaska. For if he can do nothing else he can dig mussel shells at low tide, and he can almost at any time catch the finest of fish with his own hands, even if he has not a hook and line. These people are a well fed people. They have never been dependent upon Russia or the United States, and there is no reason why this country should ever pay them annuities or make treaties with them, or treat them any different from the ordinary settlers around our frontiers. The only things which that people need from us that they have not got and cannot get themselves, are schools and churches—the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. The religion of this section, of the southeastern and central section of Alaska, the Indian tribes proper, and the Esquimaux, is that of paganism, largely the fetish worship of Africa. They believe in charms and signs and tokens, and they have something akin to idolatry, although idolatry symbolized is very rare among them. They pin their faith largely to their medicine men, who gain control over the people by superstition and witchcraft. They claim to have the power of the spirits of men. For instance,

a noted warrior dies, and there is a strife among the medicine men as to which shall get possession of the body, and they eat a portion of that body, and by eating a portion of that dead corpse, they think they get possession of the spirit that once occupied the body, and the more human bodies they can eat of, the more spirits they are supposed to control. And the man that can claim to control twenty spirits is of course more influential than the man who has only five or six. Then they have a mask grotesquely made, that is supposed to represent each of these spirits. A man is called in to heal a person who is sick or supposed to be dying; to bring success in fishing, or in their agriculture that they have along there; and he puts on a mask and goes through his incantations over the sick man; and if he don't get well he says the spirit is not strong enough, and he takes off that mask and puts on another, and so he goes through the whole range of his masks, and if he finds none of them avail, and the sick man does not get well, somebody has bewitched him; and they have a more powerful influence than all these spirits. Then a sketch is immediately made of the supposed witch, and when the witch is caught it is tortured and destroyed piecemeal, and brought thus to death.

Now, with such religious teachers, what may you expect of the degraded rank and file of that people but some of the most degraded superstitions of which we have any knowledge? I venture to say the center of Africa will not show degradation and superstition more dense and more fearful than is to-day to be found in these Christian United States in that northwest portion of our own so-called Christian land. And as in all lands where heathenism prevails its direst calamities come upon women, so in Alaska; and while I would not and never do intentionally say one word in reference to woman's foreign missionary work that will cause any woman to abate one iota of her intense interest in the great problem of her sex in heathen lands, yet I do wish, whenever I have the opportunity, to put in one plea for their own sex in their own land; not that they should leave the other undone, but neither should they overlook these. Remember that there are half a million of women in your own land who have never yet heard that Jesus died for them, who are going down into darkness and utter oblivion, unconscious even of their own immortality, except that which comes from natural consciousness, oftentimes even to a heathen heart. If you had the eyes of omniscience to-night, you could see some of those women of your own land drawing closely their female babe to their bosom, come out from their home into the darkness of the thicket and there lay that babe down upon the ground, then pull up a little grass to stuff in its mouth to prevent the cries of the babe from rending the mother's heart, and then come back to her home leaving that babe to be torn in pieces by the wolves or the foxes, or perish of hunger or neglect, only wishing that her own mother had performed the same act of love to her to save her from the degradation that had come upon her in that portion of this so-called Christian land. Or, if she survives the perils of infancy it is simply to be taught that her position is that of drudgery, and even the little boys will place their burdens upon the sister; then when she comes to twelve or fourteen years, you will find those very mothers out of whose hearts heathenism has crushed in a measure the maternal love, or rather has so blunted their natural consciences that they will take their daughters into the villages where there are white traders, or into the mining camps of that region, and for ten or fifteen or twenty blankets will sell them for a month, or for a season, or for years, it may be, to minister to the brutal lust of the white man, or, if she escapes that, perhaps she is captured and taken into the slavery of some native tribe. The men taken in war are killed, but the women are held as slaves, and slavery exists all through that country to-day. We say oftentimes that our stars and stripes no longer wave over slaves. It is not true; they do wave in



this year 1880 in Alaska over slaves, and those slaves are women. And that slavery in their estimation does not terminate with death, but extends, as far as they have any conception of it, throughout the endless ages of eternity. A prominent chief is dying; what do they do but send out and murder three, or four, or six, or twelve female slaves, as the case may be, that as they have waited upon him in this life so they shall wait upon him in the life that is to come.

Many of the ancient houses, perhaps in the back portion of that country to-day, are built upon the bones of murdered slave women. The four great corner post holes are dug; a woman slave is murdered and thrown into each hole, and then the great posts that sustain their big houses are placed upon them; and thus through all their institutions. A man makes a great feast for his friends and he will sometimes murder several slave women to show his wealth, that he can afford thus to throw away his property, and yet have plenty left to serve him. That is the condition of the women in that one section of that one portion of your country.

There is not a road in Alaska to-day; there is not a wagon there; you can scarcely say there is a horse there; there are two or three in one of the little islands. The only way to get along the coast is the canoe system of navigation, and in the interior it is a long trail.

One of the Episcopal missionaries who found his way in a tour across the head waters of the Yukon, said that one of the saddest sights he witnessed was after preaching two or three weeks, and having an influence upon the people, one afternoon at a conference meeting, some fourteen or fifteen women came and confessed that they had killed all their female children. They came with tears, and in penitence, which was too late, for they had killed them, thinking they had performed the highest act of love, and that practice is prevalent to-day, especially in the interior. Then, in the northwest section, a modified form of widow-burning is practiced, and in the same section the killing of the old and incurable sick is prevalent. When they have a woman who cannot work any longer they kill her, or they will kill their parents with their religious rites. Sometimes, it is said, an old father, or an old mother, will ask a son to perform his filial duty and knock them in the head when they are too old to be of any service to their family any longer, and leave their bodies to rot or to be consumed by the foxes or the wolves. An old man dies and the funeral pile is made, because cremation is their way of disposing of them; his wife is compelled to lie down beside his dead body, or, if he has several wives, they kneel down on the funeral pile with their heads upon the dead body, and then, amid the beating of gongs and drums, the fire is lighted, and they are compelled to remain there until they are almost suffocated, the hair burned from their heads, and the clothing from their persons; then they are allowed to withdraw, but occasionally they stand their torture and put their hands through the flames upon the place where the heart of the dead husband was, as an act of continued fidelity and loyalty until the body is utterly consumed. Now, with woman thus disposed of, by her own father and brothers, sold by her own mother, and with such a life before her, is it any wonder that many of them commit suicide? But we would have said when this country came under the stars and stripes some eleven years ago, that will all be changed. The United States will do something for this people. But we find, alas! that Alaska to-day, in 1880, is worse off under the stars and stripes than she was under the double headed eagle of Russia, worse in this liberty loving country than under despotic Russian rule. Russia gave that country government and law. The United States withholds from that country all law and all government. There is no government to-day in Alaska. We have our national, state and territorial government, but Alaska has none of these. It is simply a possession. There is no court of law whatever in Alaska. There is nothing to prevent anybody

from going into a store in Alaska and taking hold of the proprietor and walking him out of his store; he cannot find redress in any court. There is no court there. Last summer, while on my last visit there, a man murdered his wife in a drunken spree, and then he put a rope around her neck and tied her to the end of the canoe, and towed her fifteen or twenty miles and brought her into the village and had an ostentatious funeral. Didn't the police go after him? Where was the sheriff, that that man was not arrested? There are no policemen there, no sheriff; nobody had the right to arrest him. He had broken no law of the land, for there was no law there to break, and when he was questioned on the subject, "Why," says he, "you buy your dog and you can kill him if you want to. I bought my wife, and I can kill her if I choose." And there was nobody to say no to it. Nobody had any right to interfere. There is no law in all that land. Russia gave that country a government and a law, and we have denied it government and law. Russia gave that country schools along the Alaska peninsula, common schools. They had academies and theological schools of the Greek church, but of course when the Russian government turned it over to the United States those teachers were withdrawn, those schools ceased, and the great common school system of our land has not been extended to them. Russia gave that country a religion, at least a portion of it, the Greek church. They had their bishop there. They had their corps of forty or fifty priests and their various orders of Russian priesthood. They were withdrawn, and the United States sent none. We would have said, certainly these great Christian organizations of the United States will vie with one another to send the Gospel into that distant section of their own land. But, alas, year after year rolled around, and there was scarcely a movement in this land. Where was our Methodist itinerant that pushed across these woods of Ohio and these plains of Indiana and Illinois, that have stood side by side with the Presbyterian missionary as they have pressed hard up and over the Rocky Mountains? Where were the Methodist itinerants, the earnest Baptist, the diligent Presbyterian? They were found wanting. Oh, is it any wonder that the long-suffering forbearance of God, that waited on this American church in its different denominations ten long years to see if there was not some movement for those perishing thousands of Alaska, is it any wonder that when God saw them coming down by hundreds to death, and no arm outstretched, no eye moistening for them, no heart burning among all these millions of Christians, is it any wonder that even God's forbearance ceased, and that He would show this American church that He did not need them to do mission work? We sometimes think we place God under obligations by our prayer and our contributions for missionary effort. You remember, when the Pharisees claimed that the promises must be fulfilled through them, Christ said he could take the very cobble stones of their streets and raise up another seed to Abraham, and just so God taught us a lesson.

Great Britain cares for her children. You cannot find two or three Hudson Bay employes in that country, with an Indian tribe around them, where the British missionary has not been for years. Away up there above the Arctic Circle, above the mouth of the Mackenzie, or the head waters of the Yukon, for fifteen or sixteen years, missionaries have been proclaiming the riches of Christ. Some full blooded boys, converted in the mission of Canada on the British side, went to Alaska one time to cut wood, and when the Sabbath came they refused to work. They had a contract to furnish so much wood. Very much to the disgust of the American employer who threatened to put them in the guard house if they did not work, they refused to do so. The strange occurrence that those poor Indians would not work on Sunday attracted the attention of the people, and the next Sunday there were not seats enough in that house to hold the people



who came to hear them, and the people sat down upon the floor with their elbows upon their knees, and their heads buried in their hands, and tears running down their cheeks; they could not understand a word that was said, but it recalled the memories of the past when they knelt at their mother's knee; and there were those old hardened medicine men, believers in witchcraft, who stood subdued and humbled by a power they could not appreciate. They didn't know what it was, but God's spirit was there. They went on during the summer, and when their contract was ended, as they were about to return home, one of them said, "Now, Phillip, it is too bad to leave those people without anybody to preach to them. You ought to stay here and preach." Phillip said, "I would be glad to do it, but I have to work; I haven't any money, and I don't know that anybody will pay me for preaching here. I have got to have something to do." And those four Indians agreed that three of them would work harder, and pool their earnings and divide with Phillip, if he would stay and preach. So the Gospel was established independent of and unbeknown to the great Christian denominations of this land. Phillip opened a school, and he had sixty or seventy adult scholars during the first winter. He knew nothing about arithmetic, nor geography, nor grammar. He had learned to read a little in the English Testament, and to sing English hymns; and, better than all, that Christ was his precious Saviour. He had preaching on the Sabbath three different times to audiences of three or four hundred, and God's spirit was poured out, and hundreds gave up their devil dances and witchcraft belief, and scores of them came out on the side of the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, they would say, when these tidings came to those great missionary churches of the United States, there will be no lack of people willing to go to Alaska. Why, they will vie with each other as to which shall catch the first steamer and get up there first. And that was published in the Presbyterian papers, and in the secular papers, in a score of papers in this country, and yet month after month rolled around, and so far as I know, nobody offered to go to Alaska. At last I found in the fall of 1877, when I went up there to look after this movement, that the only one I could find, among all the millions of our American Christendom, was a widow woman in Oregon, who was ready to go to Alaska and carry the Gospel to the people, and on the 10th of August of that year I left Mrs. A. R. Macfarland, the only representative of American Christendom in that great country, and it was six months before any one else went to Alaska, and eleven months before any missionary went to this field, and she stood there during those eleven months as queen. She took charge of the school, with Phillip as an assistant, she took charge of the church, and if anybody wanted to be married they came to her, or if they wanted to bury anyone they came to her to know whether they should cremate them according to the national style or bury them according to the American style. Husbands and wives, alienated by jealousy, were brought together by that woman, and when miners, coming down there one winter, made the place so riotous that they concluded they must have some law, they called a constitutional convention up and down the coast, and elected Mrs. Macfarland as chairman of the first Constitutional Convention, to establish constitutional law in the northwest possessions of this country, what our Congress had so utterly neglected. Thus she went on, and her fame spread along that coast; great chiefs came down, left their families and their tribes, and asked permission to enter her school as a b c scholars, and one of them, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "You come down and teach them all about Christ. Nobody came to tell my people about Jesus Christ. My people very dark heart; by and by all my people die, then they go down, down," and the poor man broke down in his grief. Yes, they go out into utter darkness because the Christian people of this country have so utterly neglected men in that land. If

I had time I could tell many similar incidents. Last summer a man forty-five years of age, who had never seen a white man, came to the coast and attended church and Sabbath-school for six weeks, and when he returned he took the lady teacher by the hand, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks he said, "I want you to pray for me; pray for my people, pray your God that he will send a teacher quick to my people." A leader of the barbarous, cannibal tribes, of a distant section of that state, said to me, "You send an American teacher to us, and we will stop our devil dances and our witchcraft, and I will command the people, and they will all keep your Sunday and come to church. I will command my people and they will send all their children to school." He says, "We cannot stop all our practices through an interpreter until you send somebody to explain your way, and then I will command my people and my tribe will do just as you say." Another Indian came from the interior, and in stepping up to the counter of the store, said to the merchant—he did not ask for tobacco, or molasses, or coal—but the first question he asked was "Who was Jesus Christ?" and then went on to state that he had heard some of the Indians telling of a strange man, who came down out of the skies and took the bad out of people, and he wanted to know about him. Again and again he had fasted days and days to get the bad out of himself, and he had taken his furs and laid them at the feet of the medicine men to get the bad out of him. Again and again he had held dead men's bones in his mouth to get the bad out of him, and now he had heard of a wonderful boy who just took the bad out of men, and he wanted to know more about the Lord Jesus Christ.

The great difficulty we have had in our school work is the sale of our girls, and we have had to establish a home to save them from the cruelty of their own parents and witchcraft. Sometimes teachers, calling the roll, will find pupils gone. One day two adult ladies were gone, and upon inquiry she found they had been taken from their home and taken down to the beach and held under the waves until they were nearly strangled, then drawn across the sands of the beach until their clothes were nearly torn off of them, then taken to a native house, bound hand and foot, and thirty or forty infuriated medicine men wrought to the highest state of fanaticism by their incantations, were dancing around the girls, pinching out the quivering flesh, and torturing them to the last extremity. And this brave woman, with no missionary to stand by her, dismissed the school and said she must go and relieve those women. Her interpreter, a noble Christian Indian woman, threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears, and said, "You must not go; you cannot help them. They will kill you if you go." But on she started, she met some of the Christian Indian chiefs, men who, upon the 14th of January last, showed their bravery by giving their lives in a fight with the heathen tribe that had come down to punish them for breaking up the distilleries and liquor traffic; but such was the power of witchcraft over them, they quailed, and instead of saying, "Wait a moment and we will tear that house down, but we will deliver those women;" they only added their entreaties to those of the interpreter. But she went, and before the guards knew what she was doing she had forced her way between them, and what a sight for a Christian woman, to see those women being torn to pieces, piecemeal, in this Christian land! She demanded that those women be set free, and they laughed her to scorn. But she kept her position there until she had compelled the release of those women, although one was recaptured the next night and before morning was a corpse. But in spite of all this the work is going on, and a Christian woman of the United States has built a home that is sheltering twenty-five of those girls, and training up the teachers and mothers of that land.

We have a school there; a lady went last fall to another field, and the third day after opening the school she had a hundred Indian children, and now the parents want to come





CHRISTMAS MORNING IN ALASKA.—YUKON RIVER INDIANS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 6.

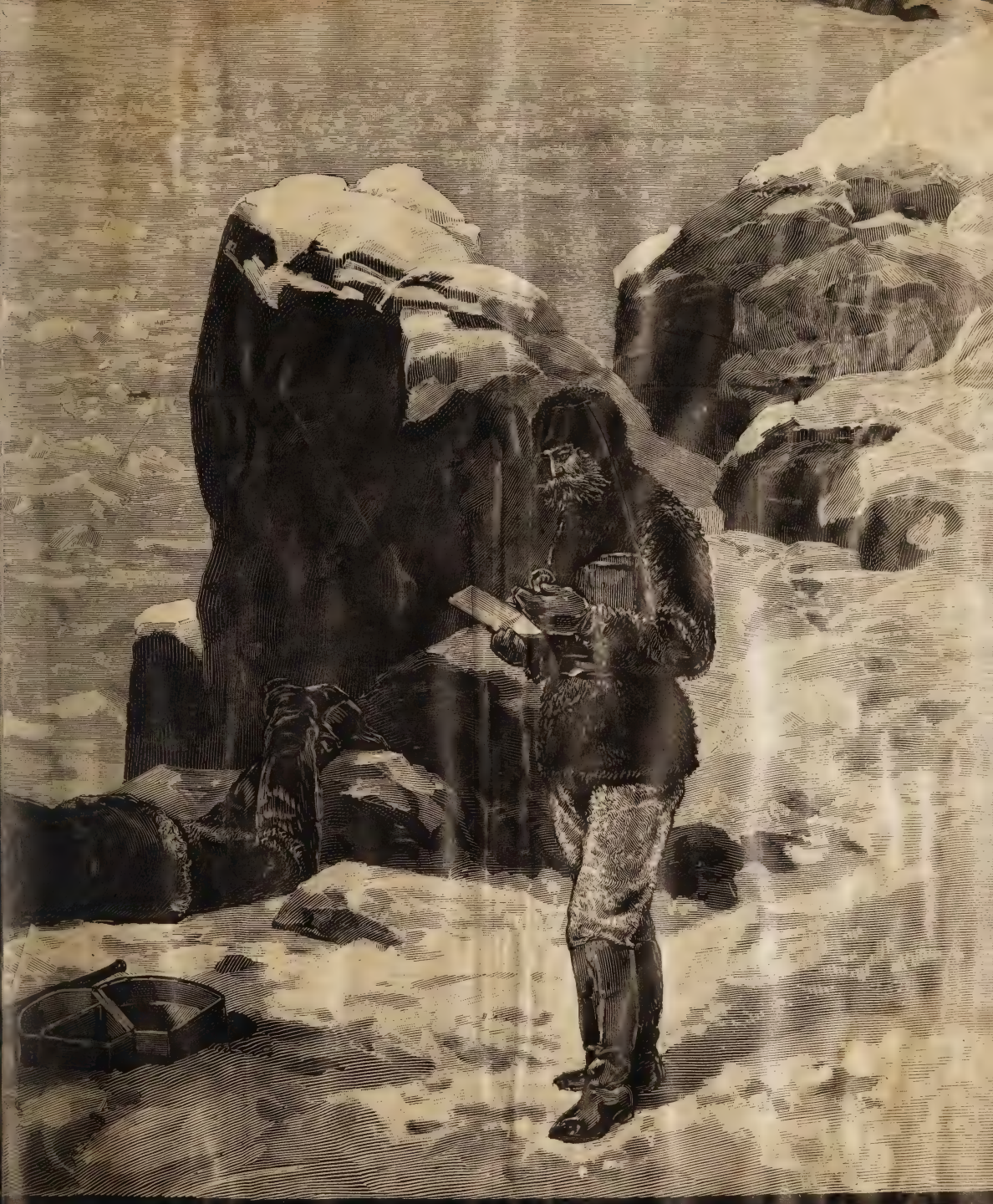




FARTHEST NORTH—THE SUMMIT OF

FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT LOCKWOOD, DECEASED, FURNISHED THROUGH THE





DOCKWOOD ISLAND.

COURTESY OF LIEUTENANT GREELY.—[SEE PAGE 548.]





"LEAVE YE ALL HOPE BEHIND WHO ENTER HERE."

GO  
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN



A NEW SERIAL.

We shall commence in July next the publication of a new serial story by WILKIE COLLINS, secured at large expense expressly for the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. This last production of one of the foremost of English authors, whose popularity in this country is scarcely less pronounced than in his own, is characterized by all the startling realism, vivid character-painting, interesting dramatic situations and wondrous descriptions which have given his previous works their peculiar fascination. That it will add to his reputation with the reading public, we have no doubt whatever.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

MILLIONS of dollars expended, thousands of dreary miles patiently traversed through fields of ice, sufferings that can never be translated into words, hundreds of brave lives sacrificed—these but partly represent the output and investment of civilization during the period of a thousand years in its usually fruitless, always perilous, Arctic explorations. The record of these researches, dating from the discovery of Iceland by Northermen in 861, down to the crushing of the *Jeannette* in the ice and the death of De Long and his party in the delta of the River Lena, is filled with a fascination as weird as it is painful. Icelanders and Northermen were the earliest Arctic explorers, and the history of the most important of the Icelandic expeditions, which was lost and never heard from after, has been duplicated at irregular intervals ever since. In 1497, five years after Columbus discovered America, John and Sebastian Cabot attempted to sail westward around the northern extremity of the American continent, and thus were the pioneers in the attempt to seek out the Northwest passage.

From the voyage of Sir Hugh Willoughby, in 1503, who, after reaching Nova Zembla, was driven back to Lapland, where he and his crew miserably perished, the list of fated explorers has received frequent additions. In these tragedies, enacted in the interests of commerce or in the name of science, it is a curious fact that the men who have fallen victims have scarcely, without exception, been those who had previously made one or more voyages. Among these unfortunate navigators is William Barentz, who died in 1596, on his third trip; Henry Hudson, on his fourth voyage in 1610, set adrift to perish by a crew driven to mutiny by their sufferings; Behring, in 1741; Shaloroff, starved to death, with all his crew, in 1760; Sir John Franklin, who sailed in 1845 and died two years later, and the finding of whose remains and those of his men years afterwards made plain the awful fact that the death of his crew had been preceded by cannibalism; Captain Hall, who died in 1871; and, latest of all, Captain De Long. Scarcely less famous than these names and those of Baffin, Parry, Ross and Captain Cook, of De Haven, Kane and Hall, are those of many of the ships which have been associated with the unequal struggle with the horrors of icefloes and icebergs in the frozen zone—the *Hedge and Firm*, the *Tigress*, the *Erubus* and the *Terror*, the *Polaris* and the *Jeannette*.

The earlier explorations were made in a belief of the existence of a Northwest passage—subsequently discovered by one of the numerous search expeditions sent out after De Long.

After *Franklin*—but the first voyages on which scientific investigations were made, so far as known, were those of Martin Frobisher, in 1576-78. It was in 1743 that the British Parliament offered a reward of \$100,000 to the crew who should accomplish the Northwest passage through Hudson Bay, which at that time was considered the great outlet to the then unexplored region. Since then explorations have been made largely for the advancement of scientific objects, as well as for more or less hypothetical and chimerical commercial advantage. And what has it all amounted to? On the debit side are the millions of money, the heroic but hopeless struggles ending in death; on the credit side, the geographer and scientist will tell us, is the laying down on charts of the most northern configurations of the continent, the discovery of lands uninhabited and uninhabitable, interesting and curious studies relating to the magnetic needle and the aurora borealis—and what else? Is it not time to balance the books and close the account? The utmost intelligence of man has been unequal to the task of overcoming, or even mitigating in any appreciable degree, the implacable obstacles of eternal ice and snow and a thermometer that would look upon zero as the height of midsummer madness. It is a sad but significant fact that the expeditions for which the most

elaborate preparations have been made, and on which the most money has been expended, have generally proven the most disastrous. Perhaps the most feasible project for reaching the North Pole, that *ignis fatuus* of intrepid but misguided explorers, is that now under consideration, by which approaches shall be made from gradually advancing stations, fully equipped with men and supplies for permanent operations, but even this is of doubtful utility.

It has been said that we have managed to get along so far without the North Pole; there is no reason why we may not continue to get along without it. There are a good many reasons, however, why we should cease to sacrifice lives in the foolhardy attempt to find it. With some infatuated business men it is a habit to send good money after bad, and in the matter of Arctic explorations, geographical societies and governments have already sent too many live men after dead ones. This country has done her full share of this sort of thing. Dr. Kane has penetrated further towards the Pole than any other man, and our other explorers during the century have contributed a large part of whatever has been achieved in the direction of Arctic discovery; latest and most pathetic of all our contributions has been that of the gallant De Long and his heroic comrades. Let us hereafter keep our Halls, our De Longs and our Chippys; let the inhospitable Arctic for ever, if it will, conceal in eternal ice the secret of its open sea and its Pole beyond, and leave us our adventurous and undaunted officers and sailors for more useful service and a kinder fate.

200 MAY 20, 1882.]

THE TRAGEDIES  
OF  
ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

THE sad, soul-sickening story of human endurance, heroism and suffering has been told, and the awful, awful worst is known. Noble men, Christian heroes, have gone down to a horrible death, to the lingering despair that gazes at hollow-eyed famine, to the unendurable tortures of starvation and misery and cold. The laudable thirst for fame and glory induced them to embark in an enterprise fraught with deadliest peril—an enterprise which, if successful, could bring but so

little of fame, and whose highest glory has been won through the icy gates of death.

On the glorious afternoon of the 8th of July, 1879, the ill-fated *Jeannette* dipped her ensign to the salute from the fort at the Golden Gate as she passed out to her doom. On board all was life, and hope, and eager joy. The spirit of adventure stood at fever heat, and the hearts of that devoted crew were those of heroes resolved upon doing or dying. All went merry as a marriage bell, and the good ship stood out to sea, carrying with her the love of many, and the good wishes of the entire civilized world.

On the 2d of August, Unalaksa was made, and at St. Michael's, Alaska, dogs were purchased, and two Indians taken on board. On the 29th the fatal Arctic Ocean was entered, and a landing at Serdze Kamen attempted. On the 31st, in Kolintchin Bay, traces of the Nordenskjöld expedition were found. On Thursday, September 4th, Herald Island was sighted, and, later, Wrangell Land, and here were shot the first seal and the first bear. Early in November the implacable ice strengthened its grip, until every timber in the *Jeannette* groaned as if in mortal agony.

On Christmas Day, that gracious and halloved time, the explorers held high festival, and the New Year's dinner was destined to be one of their last feasts on earth. In January, '80, the "nips" became more frequent and more dangerous, and the pumps were going day and night. On February 1st the *Jeannette* was fifty miles northwest of Herald Island, and about the same distance from Wrangell Land. Washington's Birthday was celebrated by dressing the ship, and again was she dressed on the 4th—the glorious Fourth of July. In May, the midnight sun enabled the explorers to read in the cabin without lamp or candle. The ice commenced to waste and showers fell, while in July and August the crew hunted, and the dogs sought the shade of the ship in order to sleep. The ice was now divided into lanes, and hope that springs eternal in the human breast, blossomed in the hearts of the crew of the *Jeannette*. September 6th, 1880, however, found the ship firmly embedded in ice eight feet thick, some of which had been forced under her keel so that the bows were lifted, and the whole ship held in a gigantic vice. A journey over the rugged ice, piled up in every direction, was a terrible undertaking to face, yet it was calmly discussed, for the dreaded scourge of scurvy was looming up, while the ship was in instant danger of being crushed in like an eggshell by the fast-closing remorseless foe, that growled and roared like some savage monster thirsting for blood.

Christmas was again celebrated with a mad waggery, and poor Jerome Collins wrote an occasional poem brimful of tender pathos, sparkle and wit. This was the last entertainment.

January, 1881, was unusually mild, and, southeast winds prevailing, the ship steadily drifted to the northwest. Careful observations detected her progress to be from three to twelve miles a day. February was cold, fearfully cold. Scurvy again made its appearance owing to the absence of fresh meat—game being woefully scarce—and tonics and stimulants were freely administered. On the 17th of May came the joyous cry of "Land!" but what a land!—snow-covered ice. This was the first land seen since March 24th, 1880. This inhospitable shore proved to be an island, and will be known as Jeannette Island in time to come, having been named after the doomed ship.

On May 25th the ice was found to be open in long lanes, through which the boats could sail for several miles, but the ship was in a vice—in the jaws of a monster that refused to let go its prey. On this same date another island was discovered. An exploring party landed on the evening of June 3d, who hoisted the Stars and Stripes and—oh, empty ceremony!—took possession in the name of the United



States. Henceforth this piece of stationary ice will be known as Henrietta Island.

All hopes of the widening of the ice ceased, as it was perceived that the lanes were becoming narrowed, and that young ice was forming. The ship still drifted to the northwest. On the 10th of June the *Jeannette* experienced several very severe shocks, but on the next day she was afloat once more in blue water. Hope burst into blossom, and joy was in every heart and on every face. But the glad blue waters were only open for a single day, for the ice slowly and surely began to close about

the ship, heaving her so that she lay 23 degrees out of her proper position, and, as if to torture before destroying her, would relax the pressure till she almost righted again, never, however, totally letting go the death clutch. And now came the crisis—the dreaded order that the ship must be abandoned. The one chance for dear life was to leave the *Jeannette* and trust to the ghastly ice. On the afternoon of Saturday, June 11th, the last meal was eaten on board. Some five hours were consumed in removing from the ship all that could be possibly carried on sledges over the ice. A camp was formed at a safe distance from the vessel, and at four o'clock on the morning of Monday, June 13th, the *Jeannette* went down with a crash. All that remained of her was a cabin chair and a few pieces of wood.

On June 17th commenced that awful retreat whose narrative is one of the most harrowing in the annals of human endurance and human suffering. The party numbered thirty-four, and were furnished with five sleds, three boats mounted on sleds, tents, provisions, and other supplies. At six o'clock on the evening of June 17th they set out on their ghastly tramp. The course was south, but before they struck the delta of the Lena they were carried about by winds and waves, buffeted hither and thither, traveling over a line that was many hundreds of miles longer than if they had been able to keep on a meridian. Sickness did not appall them, nor did quarter rations and hunger damp their courage, nor did the cold cramp their energies. Two-thirds only of the devoted band were fit for work, illness having prostrated the remainder. The midnight sun enabled them to take up their march at night, and the day, with its hideous, blinding, maddening glare, was devoted to rest. Sun-blindness came upon many—Danenhöwer suffering horribly. On and on over the snow, over the ice, now falling into the gruesome water, now pulling, cutting and maiming themselves on the jagged ice, struggled the famine-stricken explorers. Their sleds were smashed, the ice closed in and stove a hole in one boat, while the others were as leaky and shaky as baskets. Their dogs were reduced by starvation from twenty-four to two. On July 12th Bennett Island hove in sight, where the now desperate men found some game, but it proved Dead-sea fruit, sickening them as they ate of it. On September 12th they were once more in clear water, but on the fatal next day sprang up the gale that separated the boats. On the following morning Lieutenant Melville's boat was alone on the sea, and in this his crew sailed till the 17th, when they landed on one of the islands of the delta. Here they rested through Sunday, September 18th, and on Monday, having started up the river, were met by hospitable natives and saved.

Captain De Long in the second boat—the third was under command of Lieutenant Chipp—landed on September 16th at a point near the northernmost branch of the Lena. Here the party remained for two days to recuperate, all being badly frost-bitten. Two men alone were in anything approaching good condition—Noros and Nindemann. On the 19th the journey south commenced, each man carrying his own burden. They traveled for four days

and, two deer having been shot by Alixie, the famished wretches feasted luxuriously. The next four days brought them to the extremity of a peninsula, and after some delay in waiting for the river to freeze, they crossed five hundred yards to the west bank on the 1st of October. Before crossing they got another deer. Here Erickson succumbed, and was buried in the river. The captain now decided upon sending Noros and Nindemann ahead. The food had been exhausted, the party existing on brandy. Divine service was said.

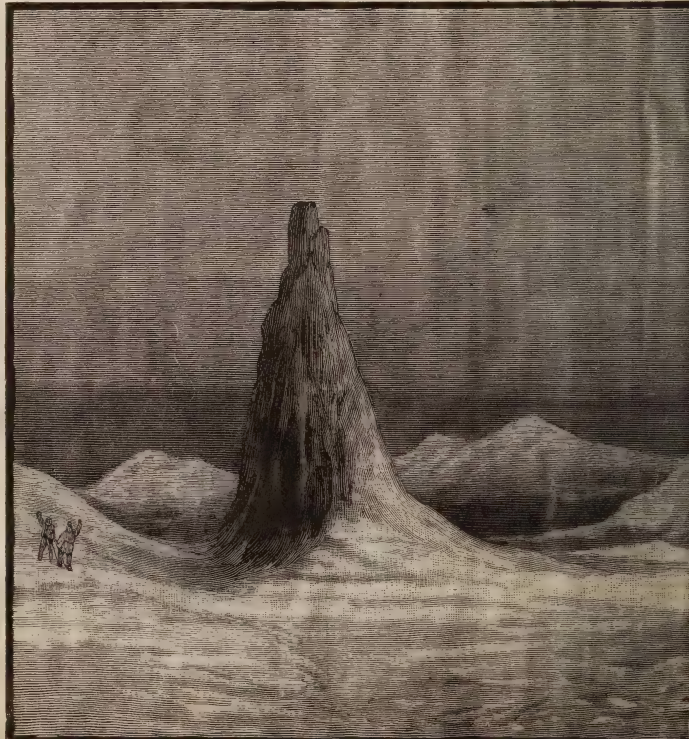
"If you find game," were his last words, "then return to us; if you do not, then go to Kumak Surka."

Noros thus describes their parting: "The captain read Divine service before we left. All the men shook hands with us, and most of them had tears in their eyes. Collins was the last. He simply said: 'Noros, when you get to New York remember me.'

"They seemed to have lost hope, but as we left, they gave us three cheers. We told them we would do all that we could do, and that was the last we saw of them."

The two men traveled slowly. They shot one grouse and caught an eel. They made tea from the bark of the Arctic willow, and ate portions of their skin breeches and the soles of their moccasins. On the 25th they encountered natives, who shared their miserable food with the starved men.

On the ghastly fate of Captain De Long and his heroic comrades, it would be but too painful to dwell. They died like Christain heroes, and their sufferings and heroism will ever cast a ray of glory over the dark and desolate pages of Arctic exploration. It has been sadly said of them that they suffered nobly and died like men—dared much and did their best will be the verdict of the world on the dead commander and his gallant companions.



A SAD PARTING ON THE BANKS OF THE





NINDEMANN AND NOROS SENT FORWARD IN SEARCH OF SUCCOR FOR DE LONG AND HIS PARTY.  
TRAGEDIES OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.





STRETINSK, LAST STATION FOR STEAMERS NAVIGATING THE AMOOR.



KIRGIZ OF THE BEGGAR CLASS.



KIRGIZ OF THE WEALTHIER CLASS.



OSTIAKS, INHABITING BASIN OF OBI.



TOWN OF OMSK, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF WESTERN SIBERIA.



GROUP OF TOONGOOZ, INHABITING THE RHION NEAR THE ARCTIC OCEAN, LOWER YENISEI.



TOBOLSK, CHIEF TOWN OF THE GOVERNMENT OF SAME NAME.

RUSSIA.—THE PEOPLE AND SOME OF THE TOWNS OF THAT PART OF WESTERN SIBERIA THROUGH WHICH THE "JEANNETTE" SURVIVORS WILL PROBABLY RETURN TO THEIR HOMES.—SEE PAGE 346.



# OVER CONTINENT

Vol. II. No. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

Whole No. 33.



FIRST VIEW OF SPITZBERGEN—HORN SUND TIND.

## IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE.

In August, 1879, the Arctic exploring steamer *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco on her ill-fated voyage toward the North Pole. Nothing was heard from her during 1880, and early in the spring of 1881 preparations were made to send out a relief expedition. The United States steamer *Alliance* was selected for the purpose, her battery removed, six months' supply of provisions stored, and an extra supply of coal taken on board. On the 17th of May she sailed from Norfolk, Va., under orders to cruise to the northward of Spitzbergen, and push her search for the missing explorers as thoroughly as possible during the Arctic summer. The following narrative is furnished by a member of the expedition:

We arrived at St. John's, N. F., on the 24th of June, meeting there the party of Lieutenant-Greely, U. S. A., bound for Lady Franklin Bay. Replenishing the coal

supply, we sailed June 29th for Reykjavik, Iceland. On the 8th of July the lofty snow-capped mountains were sighted, and the next day the *Alliance* steamed into Faxa Fiord, the first American man-of-war to visit this remarkable island. At the north side of the entrance stands Snaefell Yokel, an extinct volcano, rising a perfect cone 4600 feet above the sea; in summer covered by a dazzling layer of snow and ice to within a few hundred feet of the base, where it spreads out like a silver fringe over the dark rocks. For pure air and atmospheric effects, Iceland in summer is unsurpassed. The evening we arrived at Reykjavik (Smoking Harbor) was warm and clear, and as the sun, in its almost horizontal course, passed behind Snaefell Yokel, we witnessed a sunset of great beauty. The light clouds and distant mountains became blazing gold, while the nearer were dark purple with violet-colored mists float-









THE ICELANDIC "HUFU," OR CAP.

Denmark, who hold over, if, from any cause, the Parliament is dissolved. The thirty elect six of their number to serve with the Danish members, forming an Upper House. In 1874, when the new charter was granted by Denmark, the Icelanders protested against this, among other of its provisions, as being no advance toward their much-desired independence, as all legislation may be prevented by the absence of the Danish members, two-thirds being required to form a quorum. Tax collectors are appointed to fifteen districts, and meet the farmers at certain designated places. Each district is governed by a petty judge. The Icelandic Government has no representation in Denmark, which pays into the Icelandic Treasury the sum of \$20,000 per annum, which is, as we were informed, only a small interest on the amount seized by Denmark, when, after annexation, through their zeal for the spiritual welfare of the Icelanders, they demolished all the monasteries on the island, carried off the spoils and converted the people to the Lutheran faith. The church shown on the left of the illustration, and which dates back to the ninth century, is built of stone and stucco, and contains nothing remarkable in its dark, gloomy interior, except a baptismal font presented by the sculptor Thorvaldsen, who is said to have been born at sea, but who claimed Iceland as his native place. The font is a square obelisk, showing in front a representation of the baptism of Jesus; on the right, Jesus blessing little children; on the left, Virgin Mary and child, and on the back a group of angels. The inscription reads:

OPUS HOC ROMÆ FECIT,  
ET  
ISLANDIÆ TERRÆ SIBI GENTILICIÆ.  
PIETATIS CAUSA DONAVIT  
ALBERTUS THORVALDSEN,  
ANNO MDCCCXXVII.

Among the most interesting objects in the museum, which contains a curious collection of ancient armor and weapons, is a figure of the Virgin Mary and child, carved in wood in the year 1300. It is artistically executed and will bear comparison with similar works of a much later date. An expedition to the nearest hot

spring, a shallow stream flowing over a pebbly bed, with jets of hot water and steam issuing from it, demonstrated that the temperature ranged from 180° to 190° Fahr. Where fuel is so scarce, Nature has bountifully provided a public laundry, and here, on Saturdays—the Icelandic wash-day—maids and matrons of the town may be seen utilizing it for that purpose. As it is at a distance from the town, they take with them coffee and eggs, which they cook in the hotter jets. Salmon, once so plentiful, are now caught only in streams protected by law and leased or sold to individuals. The Laxa River, a snow-water torrent, about five miles out of town, is owned by Mr. Thomsen, a Danish merchant, who gave us a pass to fish in the preserve. A number of fine salmon were taken, and trout were plentiful.

The market is supplied by means of weirs or boxes placed in the middle of small cascades, up which the fish jump in ascending the stream. Innumerable torrents of this character cross the roads and trails and serve to vary the monotony of treeless plains of broken lava and barren mountains. The farm-houses (Bæ) differ materially from those of the town, being built of lava blocks, with a turf covering for the roof, secured by flat stones to prevent displacement during the violent winter storms. A bæ is about twelve feet in width by twenty in length, but the larger ones comprise several of these buildings joined together, then including out-houses for the storage of cattle, fodder, fuel and produce. The low entrance at the gable extends through the length of the building, terminating at the kitchen, where a raised hearth, about three feet high, supplies all the artificial heat. The chimney, simply a hole through the roof, allows part of the smoke to escape and admits a few rays of light to that end of the building. Alongside the fireplace the unfortunate chickens roost and the store of peat and the few culinary utensils occupy the remainder of the limited space. On either side of the passage-way there are generally two rooms, one side being used for storage purposes, the other for sleeping apartments. These rooms have a bed or bunk on



ICELANDIC LADY IN FULL DRESS.



each side, raised about two feet above the hard ground floor, each bunk accommodating several persons. A hole cut through the wall, opposite the only window and stopped by a plug, is intended for ventilation, but they told us that it is seldom used, the great desideratum being heat at the smallest expenditure of fuel. What these huts must be when the drifting snow compels the occupants to close all the openings, and the stifling smoke, such smoke as only peat can make, combines

palings along the roadside undergoing the drying process. Every portion of the cod is utilized; the liver yields oil, the head, boiled to a jelly, affords food, and the hard bones are used as fuel by the poorer classes.

Another industry peculiar to Iceland is the preparation of eider-down. The eider duck frequents the low islands of the harbors in the spring, and builds its nest in the hollows formed by the hummocks. We visited the largest eider farm, on an island of about two square



HAMMERFEST IN MAY

with the odors of live stock and dried fish, may better be imagined than experienced. Turf, the only fuel, is dug in all parts of the surrounding lowlands, sometimes from the surface, but often from a depth of ten or twelve feet, evidenced by the deep pits along the roadside.

To guide the traveler in winter, when the deep snow obliterates all traces of the road, there are placed along the roadside piles of stones, from eight to ten feet in height. Although the temperature is not remarkably low, the weather in winter is stormy and disagreeable. The winter of 1880 and 1881 was the coldest that had been experienced in twenty years. Reykjavik harbor was then frozen for a short time. The official record of temperature, recorded hourly, shows that the mean temperature (day and night) for the year ending May 31, 1881, was 36.7° Fahrenheit. The mean for January, 20.84°, and for July, 57.20°. That winter the sea between the north coast and Grinsea Island, fifteen miles distant, was frozen. No grain grows in Iceland, and fir trees imported from Norway do not attain a height of more than three feet. It is stated that at one time grain was produced, but the soil now freezes to so great a depth that it does not thaw sufficiently during the short summer. The soil of the flat lands is broken up into small hummocks (caused by the frost) in groups and regular rows. The short grass growing along the banks of the streams affords pasture for sheep and ponies. Wool to the amount of 1,250,000 pounds was exported last year. The sheep are not sheared in the ordinary manner, the wool being pulled off by the hand, leaving a coat of coarse hair-like wool remaining. It is not a painful operation, for the wool, if allowed to remain until warm weather, would drop off. The Icelandic ponies resemble the Shetland, but are heavier bodied. They are exported in large numbers to Scotland and Denmark.

The codfish banks to the south and east of the island, which were known to the ancient Britons, still afford employment to a large majority of the inhabitants of the coast. Last year five and a-half million fish were exported to Europe. The fish heads, which are used for home consumption, may be seen hanging in festoons on the

miles in extent, opposite Reykjavik, where a keeper has a good-sized house. The ducks are not fed, and occasion no more trouble than is necessary to collect the down. They are protected by law, and the penalty for shooting one is seventy-five dollars, at least that is the amount a Danish officer had to pay not long since. The nest is built with an under layer of sea-weed and small sticks, lined with down plucked from the breast of the female. The first nest is robbed of its down, when the



THE CROW'S-NEST.



bird again plucks herself and re-lines the nest ; if this be also taken the drake supplies down for a third, which, if similarly treated, appears to exhaust the patience of both, for they then seek another breeding place. The down is dressed by placing it upon strings of rawhide stretched in parallel rows, about an inch apart, upon a square wooden frame, and rubbing it with a wooden instrument resembling a semi-circular chopping-knife. This operation is repeated several times, until all foreign substances are removed, the down falling into a trough as it passes between the strings. In color it is a grayish-brown, similar to that of the duck. The drake is white, with a triangular breastplate of greenish-black feathers. When pure, which it rarely is after exportation, the down is the softest and most elastic of substances, and so light that two pounds suffice to fill a bed-spread of several inches in thickness. The cost in Iceland is about \$3.00 a pound. The eider duck is about the size of the mallard, and the eggs, which are very palatable, a trifle larger than those of the domestic species.

With a population of only 70,000, Iceland is 5000 square miles larger than Ireland. The educational facilities are much better than would be expected, considering geographical position and other circumstances. From a free school, where the elementary branches are taught, the student may enter a European college, and since early in the eleventh century schools have existed in various parts of the island. The two hundred churches give an average of one for three hundred and fifty of population. At various parts of the island five newspapers are published, two of them, the *Pjodolfur* (Nation's Will) and the *Isaford* (poetical name for Iceland) at Reykjavik. The editor of the latter, who speaks English fluently, gave us much valuable information in regard to the history of the island. The first printing press was imported early in the sixteenth century, and the first book was printed in 1531, by John Mathiessen.

On the 15th of July the voyage was continued along the south and east coasts of Iceland, passing rugged mountains and glaciers, the ice-cold torrents pouring from the ravines, influencing to a perceptible degree the temperature of the water ten miles at sea.

At Reykjavik, although it was daylight during the twenty-four hours, the sun had set for a short time at midnight, but as we crossed the Arctic Circle and sighted the iron-bound coast of Norway the midnight dusk gradually grew shorter, until when we arrived at Hammerfest, July 24, the sun set for the last time ; the rest of the summer was a long, long day.

The mountains of the Norwegian coast are rugged and bare, except a growth of moss on the foot-hills. They rise to a height of from 1500 to 3000 feet, even in summer mottled by patches of snow. The scenery is impressive, but the lack of verdure makes it of rather a dreary character. Although the northernmost city in the world, the harbor of Hammerfest (N. lat. 70° 40') never freezes, owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream and rapid tides ; still the temperature in winter falls below zero, and heavy snow-storms prevail, almost burying the town ; while from about December 15th till January 15th there is only twilight between the hours



A FINN.

of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M. The winter of 1880-81 was exceedingly severe, with a very low temperature, and although the snow was not as deep as usual, it still blocked the streets in May, and in July it filled the ravines back of the town, in one place forming a snow-bridge over a mountain torrent, which came foaming from beneath it in a series of cascades.

The town is on a mountain side, with streets at considerable incline, and the houses, built of wood, present a marked contrast with the tidy appearance of those of Reykjavik.

Weekly communication by steamer is had (in summer) with the southern ports and with Vardo on the north, while the hotel enjoys then the patronage of a few tourists who come, presumably, to witness the midnight sun and view North Cape, seventy miles to the northward, the northernmost point of Europe. A telegraph line to London and intermediate points links it with civilization. We employed here an ice-pilot, and had made and erected on the fore-top-gallant cross-trees a crow's-nest. It is built up of staves, like a barrel, with straight sides, or, perhaps, more resembling an inverted churn, six feet in height, and is used by all Arctic cruisers to protect the lookout on his airy perch.

Laplanders visit Hammerfest in summer to trade. Quite a number of both men and women waddled about the town without any apparent object. Samoyens from





RESPECTABLE LAPS.

the northern coast of Siberia were there also, but only a few get so far south. Fortunately the illustrations do not make manifest that which might shock the senses of the fastidious, for they are in appearance the filthiest people to be found, not even excepting the Esquimaux.

For vessels bound for the Polar Seas, Hammerfest is the last inhabited stopping-place, for on neither Bear Island, Spitzbergen nor Franz Josef Land are there any human beings. Nearly all the famous Arctic explorers searching for the Northeast Passage and the route to the Pole, have made their final preparations here, and many well-known walrus hunters, who lend their aid to geographical science, sail from here yearly.

With a population of about 2000, engaged principally in fishing, where the sun does not appear above the horizon in midwinter, and industries are at a standstill for four or five months in the year, it is not surprising that a large percentage of the people are in needy circumstances. The scanty earnings of summer are exhausted long before the breaking up of the northern ice renders it possible for these hardy hunters and fishermen to resume their occupation of privation and danger, and it often becomes necessary for the merchants, a few of whom own all the fishing-vessels, to contribute to the support of their employes to prevent actual starvation.

It is not an unusual occurrence for families to be left destitute by the loss of the vessels and their crews. This summer three walrus hunters passed through "Matotschkin Schar," a narrow strait which divides Nova Zembla, where they were beset, and had not returned or been heard from when we left, on the 16th of September. The poverty of their equipment makes it very doubtful if they survive through the winter. The story of ship-

wreck and life lost may be repeated almost every year. In 1872, Mattilas, an aged and widely-known hunter and voyager, who had sailed his forty-ton sloop in Spitzbergen waters for forty-two summers, was beset late in September on the northern coast of Spitzbergen. He and a companion endeavored to struggle through the darkness and storm of the succeeding eight months with no better protection than was afforded by two boats from their abandoned craft, turned bottom upward upon the beach and covered with skins and sails. Their bodies were found the following spring by Nordenskjöld, who had wintered near them. Five other vessels were crushed by the ice at the same time and place, seventeen of their crew traveling ninety miles over the ice to Cape Thorsden, in Ice Fiord, where they also perished from scurvy, a deadlier enemy than the cold.

After leaving Hammerfest, July 29, the Arctic cruise proper commenced with the sight of Bear Island (N. lat.  $74^{\circ} 30'$ ), girded by closely-packed, heavy ice for a distance of five miles, and stretching away east and west as far as the eye could reach, with a large iceberg on the eastern horizon. After steaming in through the loose floe it was found impossible to make a landing, which was contemplated, in order to find the tide mark left there by Baron Nordenskjöld in 1864. After lying off that night another attempt was made, when it was found that a great change had taken place in the position of the ice during that short time, for while it still clung tenaciously to the island and was unbroken to the eastward, much open water and leads were seen to the westward. As was experienced later, in fact during the entire cruise near the ice, these apparently unaccountable changes in the position and movement of the ice floe and of the pack itself were continually occurring. Moved by a current or by pressure exerted, perhaps, a hundred miles away, we would find open water one day and the next an impenetrable barrier.

Bear Island is about ten miles in length and half that in breadth, and consists of two high mountains and a level plateau about two hundred feet above the sea level. The most notable feature is Mount Misery, an immense mass of rust-colored rock, rising with a perpendicular face fifteen hundred feet. It was discovered by Barentz on the 9th of June, 1596, during his third and fatal voyage in search of a northeast passage to India. The narrative of Barentz' voyage, by Gerrit De Veer, relates that—

"On the 12th of June we saw a white beare, which we rowed after with our boats thinking to cast a rope about her necke; but when we were neare her, shee was so great that we durst not do it, but rowed backe again to our shippe to fetch more men and our armes, and so made her againe with muskets, hargabushes, halberts, and hatchets, John Cornellyson's men cominge also with their boate to helpe us. And, so being well furnished of men and weapons, we rowed with both our boates unto the beare, and fought with her while foure glasses (two hours) were runne out, for our weapons could doe her little hurt; and amongst the rest of the blowes that we gave her, one of our men stroke her into the backe with an axe, which stucke fast in her backe, and yet she swomme away with it; but we rowed after her and at last cut her head in sunder with an axe, wherewith she died; and then wee brought her into John Cornellyson's shippe, where wee fleeced her, and found her skinne to bee twelve foote long;



which done, wee ate some of her flesh, but wee brookt it not well. This island wee called Beare Island."

It was re-discovered in 1603 by Stephen Bennet in the *Godspeed* and named Cheriec Island in honor of Sir Francis Cheriec, by whom the expedition had been fitted out.

Ice-bound, swept by Arctic storms, and shrouded in darkness half the year, it would hardly be supposed that men could be found willing to live there during the winter. Still, from early in the seventeenth century, attempts were made by the Muscovy Company and others to establish a walrus and seal-hunting station, both animals then being abundant there. Some of the adventurers succeeded in living through the winter, but almost every alternate year proved disastrous, and the last colony of seven men, sent out by a Hammerfest merchant in 1822, perished from scurvy. The island is now deserted by every living thing, except the migratory sea bird.

In winter the ice barrier extends from Bear Island west to the Island of Jan Mayen (N. lat.  $70^{\circ} 50'$ ), where it joins the Greenland pack, which extends southwest and envelops the northern coast of Iceland. To the eastward of Bear Island it curves toward the southern point of Nova Zembla. All north of this line is then a frozen sea, an immense ice-pack, which remains



LAPLAND GIRLS.



A LAPLANDER.

intact until early summer. This year the line encroached farther than usual to the southward, a Norwegian fishing vessel, the *Forsog*, having encountered it in N. lat.  $72^{\circ}$  on the 22d of June, only about 120 miles north of the coast of Norway and about that distance south of Bear Island. As this island is out of the influence of the Gulf Stream, which tempers the coast of Norway, it is seldom free from ice, and landing there is always dangerous, if not impossible. As further efforts to effect a landing would have been useless, a westerly course was taken along the edge of the ice, and Bear Island in its lonely grandeur faded in the mist.

The next day a white whale spouted close to the ship, the only one that we saw during the voyage, though they abounded in these waters not many years ago.

On the 2d day of August we had our first view of Spitzbergen, the high glistening white peaks of Horn Sund Tind. There are three of them, one much higher and more sharply defined than the others, situated on Horn Sound (N. lat.  $77^{\circ}$ ). They are rarely seen on account of the fog and mist usually overhanging them, but on this clear day they stood out in bold relief against the deep blue sky, and, though seventy miles away, they appeared to be not half that distance.

In all parts of Spitzbergen and on the Greenland coast, when the atmosphere happens to be clear, it is indescribably transparent, and the deceptive appearance of distant objects may be accounted for by the sharp contrast between the dark rocks, the dazzling snow and



the deep blue of the sky. It is related that a renowned Danish seaman who was sent out by Frederick II of Denmark to search for the lost colonies of Greenland, after much trouble with the ice, at last sighted the coast and sailed directly toward it, but after continuing his course for many hours in open water, with a strong

favorable wind, and not seeming to get any nearer, his superstitious fears were aroused and he turned about and returned precipitately to Denmark, reporting that it was "impossible to approach the land, as there were loadstone rocks thereabouts which held his ship fast."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE H. JACKSON.



MOUNT MISERY. BEAR ISLAND.

NOTE.—A confusion of the names and addresses accompanying the manuscript of the article in this number, "IN SEARCH OF THE JEANETTE," in my absence, resulted in attributing it to a few copies to GEORGE H. JACKSON, instead of to the author, Passed Assistant Engineer JEFFERSON BROWN, U. S. N., to whom, however, the article is properly credited on the cover. Other papers from the same hand in following numbers will continue this most interesting narrative.—A. W. TUCKER, Editor.

## THE HEART AN OCEAN.

SANG Germany's gifted poet  
In the fishermaid's listening ear,  
And touching a chord responsive,  
"Mein Hertz gleicht ganz dem Meere."

'Twas a truth that the singer uttered:  
The heart has its ebb and flow;  
Has, ocean-like, storm and breakers  
And a treacherous undertow.

It hath flood-tides of joy and of anguish  
Which silently come and go,  
And the years of our life are numbered  
By their steady and rhythmical flow.

To its depths loves wise and foolish  
Are drawn with resistless might,  
And agosies pleasure-laden  
Are lost to our mortal sight.

Oh, many a full-sailed promise,  
Full many a white-winged hope,  
Finds a grave 'mid its tremulous breakers,  
'Spite of augur or horoscope.

It has depths that are never fathomed  
Of sorrow and woe and pain,  
And from the abyss a yearning,  
Like the moan of the sea's refrain—

That mournful plea of old ocean  
When the winter winds cover the main,  
And brings to the light its treasures—  
Goes out from those depths in vain.

But there are tranquil moments  
When the peace that comes from above  
Pervades both heart and ocean,  
Like the spirit of tenderest love;

When the bright stars of Hope and of Mercy  
Look down with their softening rays,  
And the soul feels a rapture of pleasure,  
An earnest of happier days;

When "Peace! be still!" hath been uttered  
By Him who ruleth well,  
And the Peace that passeth knowledge  
Comes in the heart to dwell.

THOS. TRESILIAN.



## HOW ORBWEAVING SPIDERS MAKE THEIR WEBS.

FEW natural objects are more familiar than the cobweb. Yet there are few familiar objects less accurately known. The variety of spider-webs presented in an ordinary walk through the fields is great, and the differences are marked; but, to most people, the wheel-shaped snare of the orbweaver is the form that occurs at the mention of a spider-web.



FIG. 1.—WEB OF THE "GARDEN SPIDER."

One might make a large and interesting collection of adaptations of the spider and her net in modern decorative art, especially for jewelry, table-ware and wall-paper, and in all of these the orbweaver would be found the sole representative of her order. Many of these mimic spiders, as well as their snares, are fearfully and wonderfully made when judged by the arancologist's eye. Out of a goodly number of such which the writer has seen he remembers but one that approached accuracy in details of construction. It is doubtless vain to hope that artists will do more than catch general effects

in their studies of insect architecture; nevertheless, it may be worth while to give in these pages for ordinary observers and lovers of nature some hints concerning the actual form of at least the most common species of orbweavers' webs.

The orbweaver is popularly known as the "garden," "meadow" or "geometric spider," and her snare is usually spoken of among naturalists as a "geometric web." As one looks at an example hung as in Fig. 1 upon a wild grape vine, he sees it is composed of two series of lines, the first straight lines radiating from a common point, the second a spiral line crossing the first in concentric circles; the whole is hung by the radii to an irregular frame of spinning-work. To begin where the spider begins, at the frame or foundation lines, we shall observe that these are made in two ways. First, the spider crawls along the objects over or upon which she purposes to spin her snare, drawing after her a line which, at various points, she fastens to the surface in this wise: The four spinning mammals which are grouped in a little rosette at the end of the abdomen have a large number of minute hollow tubes upon their tips, out of which issues the liquid silk from which all spinning-work is spun. These four spinnerets and all their hundreds of tubes are movable at the will of the spider. When they are held closely together, the numerous threads emitted by them blend into one and instantly harden. When they are held apart, on the contrary, various threads are formed. As the spider runs along she stops here and there, expands her spinning organs, and, at the same time, thrusts them downward and touches the surface. The clustered threads thus issued stick to the surface and at once harden. Then the spider closes the spinnerets, lifts them, moves on, and the continuous threads dragged behind her again converge into one thread, as shown at Fig 2. An ordinary pocket lens, if applied to one of the little white dots which mark the points of adhesion, will easily resolve it into its various parts and show the above construction. In this way the orbweaver proceeds, with more or less variation, until she has de-



FIG. 2.—THE SPINNER SPINNING.





FIG. 10.—FOR FUTURE USE.

world by this cunningly-devised snare may be had from the following facts: I have counted nearly 250 insects, small and great, hanging entangled in one orb-web. In one net, in Fairmount Park, I counted thirty-eight mosquitoes; in another, hung under a bridge at Asbury Park, and out of reach, there must have been two or three times as many. Green-head flies by the legion have been seen in the webs that fairly enlase the boat-houses at Atlantic City and Cape May. The very small spiders prey upon microscopic insects, like gnats, and

devour myriads. A glance at the fields, bushes and trees on a dewy morning in September will reveal an innumerable multitude of webs spread over the landscape, all occupied by spiders of various ages, sizes and families, and all busy destroying the insect pests of man. Really, the spider is a universal philanthropist! She labors unceasingly to check the increase of a horde of tiny insect enemies which else would banish the human species from many parts of the earth. Nor does she make reprisals of any sort for all this service. She never attacks fields, harvests, vineyards and orchards, like beetles, grasshoppers and various other insects in the perfect and larval state; she never forages upon the goodies in ladies' kitchens and pantries, like roaches and ants; she does not torment and afflict by cutting, piercing, sawing and pumping, by buzzing, humming and blowing, like the horrible mosquito and house-fly, to say nothing of other less desirable denizens of the entomological kingdom. An occasional (and doubtful) "spider bite" one does hear of at rare intervals; a harmless "cobweb" here and there in a cranny or corner of our houses—that is all that can be charged against her. Yet this useful creature is despised, abhorred, persecuted and slain with a zest that is hardly shown against any other creature, except the snake! What stupid ingrates men are at times!

HENRY C. McCook.

## BY THE RIVER.

We went to walk by the river,  
And the sun was dim in the west;  
In a mist of sorrow the world was clad,  
For my heart was full and my heart was sad  
With a love that was unconfessed;  
And mournful the murmur the foliage had,  
By the winds of summer oppressed.

She was near, so near I could touch her hand,  
And the boisterous winds, at play,  
To my lips leaped up with a fragrant strand  
Of her silk-soft hair that had slipped its band,  
Yet she seemed to be far away;  
And dismal the shadows that fell on the land,  
In the track of the vanishing day.

She had plucked a spray of the clustered grace,  
A branch of the locust bloom;  
But the milk-white flowers against her face,  
And their faint, sweet odor recalled a trace  
Of a vision of death and doom;  
And down where the waters were falling apace  
Rose the plaint of a bird in the gloom.

We were stayed at last by the restless beat  
Of the billows that sadly rolled,  
And they broke in sobs as they kissed the feet  
Of the listless lover they came to greet;  
And they begged that he might be bold,  
Till, moved to the tale by their sympathy sweet—  
Oh, the story of love that he told!

We sat at rest by the river,  
And the sun was low in the west;  
In a golden glory the world was clad,  
For my heart was free and my heart was glad,

With its longing at last confessed;  
And tender the murmur the foliage had,  
By the winds of summer caressed.

She was close, so close there was hardly room  
For our passionate hearts to play;  
And the milk-white spray of the locust bloom,  
It was crushed and crumpled to rich perfume,  
As content on her breast it lay;  
Oh, bliss of the blossoms that welcomed their doom  
And that died in so royal a way!

From a bird that swung on a branch o'erhead  
Fell a strain that was low and sweet;  
And the waves rolled up where the wavelets led,  
And they sang for joy that the gloom was fled  
From the lover they came to greet.  
"His head on the mountains of heaven," they said,  
"And the valleys of bliss at his feet."

We came in peace from the river;  
And the sun was lost in the west;  
And the night was come with its star-lit skies;  
But the mist was gone that had dimmed my eyes,  
And my heart was at last at rest:  
Yet why was it burdened with sorrow and sighs  
Till my love to my love was confessed?

But the heights of passion, oh, who shall scan?  
And its mysteries who shall prove?  
Or shall raise the curtain that hides its plan,  
As it lifts to blessing or sinks to ban,  
Save the angels in heaven above?  
For strange is the passionate heart of a man,  
And strange is the passion of love.  
Oh, sweet is the passion of love!

HOMER GREENE.





THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

## THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

NUMBER XVIII.

It was indeed a full year for Jill before Bessie received the promised invitation. Not merely full as to its complement of days, but full of new cares, interests and activities. It is needless to say it was also a happy year. Building a house for a home is a healthful experience, a liberal education to one who can give personal attention to it; who has some knowledge of plans with enough imagination to have a fair conception of what they will be when executed; who is content to receive a reasonable return for a given outlay, not anxious to get the best end of every bargain, nor over-fearful of being cheated; who cares more for home comfort than for a fine display, and whose soul is never vexed by the comments of Mrs. Grundy, nor tormented by the decrees of fashion.

The question was raised, whether the house should be built by contract or by "day's work." The worldly-wise friends advised the former. Otherwise they affirmed the cost of the house would exceed the appropriation by fifty, if not a hundred, per cent., since it would be for the interest of both architect and builders to make the house as costly and the job as long as possible. And, while it was doubtless true that "day-work" is likely to be better than "job-work," still, if the plans and specifications are clearly drawn and the contract made as strong as the pains and penalties of the law can make it, the contractor may be compelled to keep his agreement and furnish "first-class" work.

Jill's father settled this point at once. "It is true," said he, "that the plans and specifications should be clearly drawn, that you may see the end from the begin-

ning, and it will be well to carefully estimate the cost, lest, having begun to build, you should be unable to finish. But I am neither willing to hold any man to an agreement, however legal it may be, that requires him to give me more than I have paid for, nor that requires me to pay him more than a fair value for his work and material. You cannot avoid doing one or the other of these two things in contracting such work as your house, for it is impossible to estimate its cost with perfect accuracy, and no specifications, however binding, can draw a well-defined line between 'first' and 'second'-class work. A general contract may be the least of a choice of evils in some cases; it is not so in yours. If you know just what you want, the right mode of securing it is to hire honest, competent workmen and pay them righteous wages. If, before the work is completed, you find the cost has been underestimated, stop when your money is spent. It may be mortifying and inconvenient to live in an unfinished house; it is far more so to be burdened with debt or an uneasy conscience. There is another thing to be remembered: We hear loud lamentations over the dearth of skillful, trusty laborers. There is no way of promoting intelligent, productive industry—which is the basis of all prosperity—but by employing artisans in such a way that the personal skill and fidelity of each one shall have their legitimate reward. The contract system, as usually practiced, acts precisely in an opposite direction. Your house must be built 'by the day,' Jill, or I shall recall my gift." That question was settled. The good and wise man had previously decided



as peremptorily an early query relating to the plans. When it was known that a new house was to be built, several architects, with more conceit than self-respect, proposed to offer plans "in open competition"—not to be paid for unless accepted—concerning which Jill had asked her father's advice.

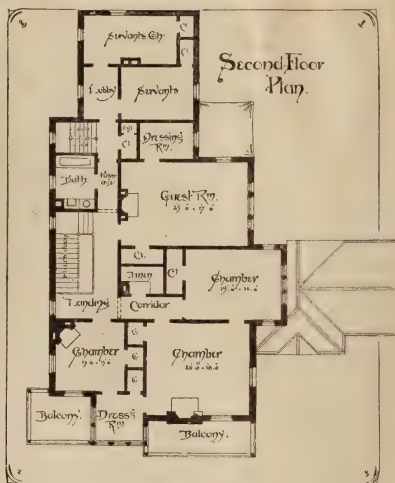
"What should you think of a physician," said he, "who, on hearing that you were ill, should hasten to present himself with a prescription and a bottle of medicine, begging you to read the one, test the other, and, if they made a favorable impression, give him the job of curing you? There are such who call themselves physicians; other people call them quacks, and there is one place for their gratuitous offerings—the fire. I shall burn any plans that are presented in this way. Choose your architect at the outset, and give him all possible aid in carrying out your wishes, but do not employ one of those who must charge a double price for their actual work in order to work for nothing half the time. In any other business such a practice would be condemned at once."

"Isn't it the same thing as offering samples of goods?"

"No, it is offering the goods themselves—the top of the barrel at that."

Of course this did not apply to the contributions that were prompted by personal friendship, of which Jill, as we have seen, received her full share, none of them, excepting the one-story plan, proving in the least tempting.

As the race of competent, industrious mechanics is not yet extinct, whatever the croakers may say, such were found to build the house, which was well closed in before winter. The walls and roof were completed and the plastering dried while the windows could be left open without danger of freezing, a most important thing, because although mortar may be kept from freezing by artificial heat, the moisture it contains, unless expelled from the house will greatly retard the "seasoning" of the frame and the walls of the building. After it has all been blown out of the windows, if the house is kept warm and dry the fine wood-finishing will "keep its place" best if put up in winter rather than in summer.



THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

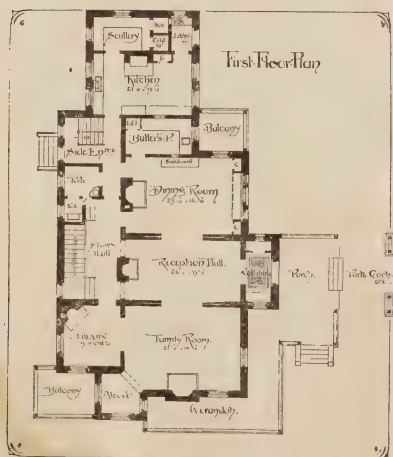
For the most carefully seasoned and kiln-dried lumber will absorb moisture so rapidly in the hot, steaming days of June and in the damp dog-day weather that no joiner's skill can prevent cracks from appearing when the dry furnace heat has drawn the moisture from its pores.

One year is a reasonable length of time for building a common dwelling-house. Twelve months from the day the workmen appeared to dig the foundation trenches the last pile of builder's rubbish was taken away and the new, clean, bright, naked, empty house stood ready for the first load of furniture. If the social and domestic tastes of Jack and Jill have been even slightly indicated, it is unnecessary to say that this first load did not consist of the brightest and best products of the most fashionable manufacturers. Aunt Melville had sent a few ornaments and two or three elegant trifles in the way of furniture, a chair or two in which no one could sit without danger of mutual broken limbs, and a table that, like many another frail beauty, might enjoy being supported but could never bear any heavier burden than a card-basket, and was liable to be upset by the vigorous use of dust-brush or broom. "They will help to furnish your rooms," said the generous aunt, "and will give a certain style that cannot be attained with furniture that is simply useful."

The ornaments that were ornamental and nothing more Jill accepted gratefully. The furniture that must be protected to preserve its beauty, and generally avoided lest it should be broken, she returned, begging her aunt to give it to some one having a larger house.

On one of those perfect days that are so rare, even in June, Bessie appeared in all the glory of the lilies. To Jill's surprise, her first remark after the customary effusive greeting was, "How lovely it is to have a home of your own. I shouldn't care if it was made of slabs and shaped like a wigwam. Of course, this house is exquisite. I knew it would be, but it is ten times as large as I should want. It will be so much work to take care of it."

"I don't expect to take care of it alone."



THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.



"I know you don't, but I should want to take care of my own house, if I had one, every bit of it. Oh, you needn't look so amazed. I know what I am saying. I have learned to cook, and dust, and sweep, and kindle fires, and polish silver, and—and black stoves!"

No wonder Jill was dumb while Bessie went on at a breathless rate.

"And do you know, Jill dear, I wouldn't take this house if you would give it to me. There! I would a thousand times rather have a little bit of a cottage, just large enough for—for two people, and everything in it just as cosy and simple as it could be. Then we—then I could learn to paint and decorate—I've learned a little already—and embroider and such things, and slowly, very slowly, you know, I would fill the house with pretty things that would belong to it and be a part of it, and a part of me, too, because I made them."

"Wouldn't it be much cheaper and better to hire some skillful artist to do these things?" said Jill, taking refuge in matter-of-fact.

"If I hired any one of course it would be an artist, but our homes are not dear to us because they are beautiful, it is because they are *ours*, because we have worked for them and in them until they are a part of ourselves. I love artistic things as well as I ever did, but there are some things that are ten thousand times lovelier."

Before Jill had recovered from her astonishment at Bessie's transformed sentiments or imagined their cause, who should drive up but Aunt Jerusha. She and Bessie had never met before, but the mysterious laws of affinity, that pay no regard to outward circumstances or expectations, brought them at once into the warmest sympathy. Jill had provided extremely pretty china for her table, and for Bessie's sake had brought out certain rare pieces not intended for every-day use. It was contrary to her rule to make any difference between "every-day"

and "company days." "Nothing is too good for Jack," was the basis of her argument. The one exception was china. But Bessie was absolutely indifferent to the frail and costly pottery. She was intent on learning domestic wisdom from Aunt Jerusha, and insisted upon writing in her note-book the recipes for everything she ate and recording the rules for carrying on whatever household matters chanced to be mentioned, from waxing floors to canning tomatoes. Jack strove to enliven the conversation by throwing in elaborate remarks upon the true sphere of women, the uncertainty of matrimonial ventures and the deceitfulness of mankind in general. Jill meanwhile preserved her equanimity upon all points relating to her house. She admitted the force of Aunt Jerusha's suggestion that a portion of the long serving-table in the kitchen should be moveable and a door made from kitchen to china-closet, to be kept locked, as a rule, but available in an emergency, when one or both servants were sick or discharged; she appreciated her advice to form the habit of washing the silver and fine glasses with her own hands before leaving the table; she was able to repeat her favorite recipes correctly; she carved gracefully, as a lady ought, and gave due attention to her guests. Beyond these duties she was in a state of bewilderment. What had happened to Bessie, and what new mischief Jack was incubating were puzzles she could neither solve nor dismiss.

By one of those coincidences, not half as rare as they seem, at four o'clock the same day Aunt and Uncle Melville appeared upon the scene. They were spending a short time at a summer hotel in the vicinity, and Jill persuaded them to stay for tea, sending their carriage back for Cousin George and his wife, who were at the same place. She also invited her father and mother to improve the opportunity to make a small family gathering. "I suppose you know Jim is coming over this



THE EAST END OF JILL'S DINING ROOM.





ST. PETER'S—THE FONT.

missions in the country have looked to them when help was needed.

When William Penn, in 1682, came up the Delaware River he came with a well-settled plan. He had no vague ideas of flying somewhere in a new world for refuge and prosperity. Other men filled with as much energy and resolution had had less purpose, and had boldly pushed for foreign shores, making a home on the first spot to which Providence or chance led them. Penn looked much farther ahead, and had his plans made before he started. He had selected a fair and fertile country and had secured a grant of it from the king, and meant, being provident and peaceful, as well as energetic, to have his title ratified by the original owners. He had decided upon the names of his province and its future city, and the plan of the latter founded, it is said,

on that of Babylon, lay clear and definite in his mind. Before his prophetic vision the forests disappeared, and a "green country town, always wholesome," embowered in gardens, peaceful and prosperous, "lay betwixt its rivers." He meant this city to be free to all good people, sober and of honest repute, but his first concern was, of course, for his own friends. It was to hold its gates open to all sects, but it was to be governed by the Quakers, and all settlers were expected to agree with the spirit that should animate the laws and their working. The invitation Penn sent out was so broad and so enticing that he soon had the largest following of any single leader into the New World, but he drew very few vagabonds and soldiers of fortune. It was a fair country he offered, but it was to be pervaded by law and order, and the conditions were not of advantage to the free-lances. But with the Friends from London, and York, and Cheshire, and all parts of England, came also their neighbors and relations who were still Churchmen. These were not fleeing from persecution, but were energetic, educated younger sons, and men of the middle class, who determined to secure better fortunes than England gave them. They soon became a prosperous and influential element in the Pennsylvania colony, and, as was inevitable, became also a disturbing power. The Churchmen were law-abiding, but they were not Quakers, and they did not agree with many of the plans and usages of Penn's administration, and they were very open on the subject. For some years, however, all went quietly enough. The forest was to be cleared away, homes built, communication established, and there was as much unity as industry. The Swedes had their church and the Friends their meeting-house, and it is likely the Church people went to either one or the other. Their own Church was very scantily represented in the colonies, and along the twelve hundred miles of sea-coast, dotted here and there with English settlements, were few ministers and fewer churches. The chaplain at the fort in New York tra-

veled about as he could, but in neither Pennsylvania, the Jerseys, New York or New England was there a resident clergyman.

This condition of affairs was much talked about in certain circles, and in 1695 the Bishop of London sent the Rev. Mr. Clayton to Philadelphia, to do what was possible. When he came he did not find a large congregation, but he drew about fifty people together; they held regular service, and at once began to build a little brick church on a lot of ground by a pond, where the ducks swam and the boys waded. "Blind Alice," an ancient colored woman, often quoted by the early historians, said that she could touch the roof with her hand, but this is considered something of an exaggeration, unless the good lady grew very much shorter as she grew older. But, no matter how low the building was, it was considered very handsome and very much of an enterprise; and before Mr. Clayton died, two years after, his congregation had grown to seven hundred, and there are parishes to-day that cannot boast as much prosperity, and certainly not as quick growth! Many of these new members were converts from Quakerism, and this did not please the Penn party, and when, in 1700, Dr. Evan Evans came to take Mr. Clayton's place, and entered upon his duties with keen-sighted and steady enthusiasm, the young Friends were forbidden to attend the services. They had flocked there full of curiosity, and the broad-brims had come off in church as they never did in meeting. Now when the edict went out that they should not enter the doors, they were not pleased. Amusements were not plenty in Philadelphia, and it was hard to be deprived of this serious, if vain form. So then, being used to obeying the letter of the law, if not the spirit, they stood under the windows and listened, and by-and-by, conviction giving courage, how many must have entered the door and forever left the broad-brim hat behind! The coun-



ST. PETER'S—THE PULPIT FROM WASHINGTON'S BEW.



ST. PETER'S.

try Friends coming in to the market had their own curiosity about this new vanity, and were moved to go and see what it was like, and, behold, it was nothing new! What they heard was simply the old service familiar to so many of them, and they liked it. It brought back memories of their childhood, of England, and of the mothers who had died content in the old faith; and, as they listened to the prayers and chants they knew so well, but in which they now dared not join, old affections fought with new doctrines, and many went home disturbed and discontented, to return again and again to the little brick church and at last to come for baptism. This went on until new members were numbered by the hundreds, and Dr. Evans' zeal grew stronger and stronger. He held service on Sunday and on holy days, on Wednesday and Friday, on market days, and at last, all through the week of Yearly Meeting when the Quakers from all around the country were in town. He wore a surplice, and William Penn wrote to James Logan that "Governor Gookin has presented Parson Evans with two gaudy prayer-books as any in the Queen's Chapel, and intends as fine a communion table also, both of which charms the Bishop of London as well as Parson Evans, whom I esteem."

In the midst of all this there came a reinforcement to the Church. The "Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," just organized in London, sent George Keith over as a missionary, and in all the country around no man was better known, better hated, better liked than George Keith. He had been

the first Master of the Friends' Public School in the city and a zealous follower of George Fox. As a public Friend he had led many a meeting and written and spoken many an earnest word for his faith. After a time he began to have doubts, and to speak of them, and still having great influence, he led five hundred good Quakers out of meeting into a separate society which was called by its enemies "The Keithian." He was excommunicated and was spoken of as "an ill-conditioned, pestilent fellow," who gave a great deal of trouble. On the other hand, to make matters even, the history of the Church speaks of him as an able and zealous man, who gave great joy and satisfaction to the people by returning in the character of a minister of the Church of England. With him came the Rev. Mr. Talbot, who was afterward the rector of St. Mary's, Burlington, N. J. These two missionaries traveled around the country, and, in 1704, there were six churches in and near Philadelphia.

By this time the little building used by the Christ Church people was too small and they ordered thirty-seven thousand bricks from England and began to build around the old church, which lay like a kernel in a nut while the new walls went up. They had now a communion service, presented by Queen Anne, which is still in use, and two bells, both of which were afterward sent to St. Peter's, but are now hung in Christ Church Hospital. When the time came to tear down the old church the congregation went down to "Old Swedes'" and worshipped there with their Lutheran brethren.



Penn was now in England, considering whether he should transfer his province to the Crown, and the Governor in his place being a Churchman, built a pew in Christ Church, and then charged himself an annual rent of five pounds a year for it. The graveyard, Fifth and Arch, where the vestryman, Benjamin Franklin, was afterward buried, was bought, a library founded, and there was no lack of interest or enterprise.

In the meantime there had arisen some complications in civil affairs, and the town was divided into two parties, one the "Penn government," the other "the Church faction," as the early historians are pleased to put it. The Quakers were loyal enough to England, but they ignored the King as far as they could. This was their own province, and, as long as they were peaceable and law-abiding, why should the powers at home bother them? The church people were restive under some of the Quaker rules, and longed for royal government, and more than once sent petitions for it to the King, and this Penn naturally enough resented. Then there arose the question of a militia force. There were threats of invasion from Indians, and dreadful rumors of pirates from the Barbados who were sworn to sail up Delaware Bay and sack Philadelphia. Some of the Quakers were in favor of a militia, and the Church party certainly was. The only question was, who should serve in it? The whole body of Quakers answered at once to this—they could not! An armed resistance was opposed to all their principles. "But some one must serve," replied the Church party. "Certainly," said the Quakers, "and all of thee ought to do so, for it is not against thy religion." The Church people were not to be persuaded in this way. They were willing to drill and to fight, if there was need, but the other citizens must come also. They discussed this, and James Logan and other Friends wrote to England about it, yet neither Quaker nor Churchman would yield, but, as neither Indian nor pirate appeared, the only harm done was in the dissension among the citizens.

In 1727 the congregation again found itself too large for its building, and, tearing out the western end, they began to build the present church. They looked forward to the future and resolved on final and ample accommodations, but, unhappily, to accomplish their object, they mortgaged their present and the coming days together. The congregation subscribed again and again; help came from England, Ireland and the Barbados, and in 1744, after many troubles with debts, the building was finished. Then, in a few years, came the question of a steeple and chimes, and three hundred people at once subscribed to a fund for them. But it took a great deal more money than this subscription amounted to, and the vestry met to consider what was best to be done. It was decided to hold a lottery, and thirteen honest men and true, among them Benjamin Franklin and Jacob Duché, "Caspiquina's" father, were appointed trustees for the "Philadelphia Steeple Lottery." The scheme succeeded very well, but still there was not enough, and so a second one was ordered and the needed sum was at last completed, and, in 1754, the steeple, being all ready, the ship *Myrtilla*, Captain Budden, master, set sail from England, bringing a chime of eight bells, costing £560 7s. 8d. A workman came to hang them; Captain Budden refused all payment for bringing them, and the whole town became greatly excited over this addition to its "credit, beauty and prosperity." Every one wanted to hear the chimes, and it was ordered they should be rung on market days, when the countrymen were in town. From Germantown and other villages the people would walk over the meadows

and through the woods, until they were near enough to the city to hear the ringing and the chiming of the bells, and whenever the *Myrtilla* was sighted down the river the chimes welcomed and announced it. The first time they were tolled was for the wife of Governor Anthony Palmer, whose twenty-one children had all died of consumption, and, while the tolling was going on, a careless bell-ringer was caught in the ropes and killed; and so some of the old Philadelphiaans were not sure that chimes were to be commended.

Years after all this, the tenor bell, which weighed eighteen hundred pounds, was cracked, and, the story goes, the vestry tried here and there to replace it, but no foundry would promise to make another with just the same tone and weight, and so the vestry were in despair, until it occurred to them that they had best see if the old English foundry, where the bells were made, was still in existence. Lester & Pack, the old partners, they found were dead long, long before, but the younger firm sent back word that the old bell should be sent to them with the treble one to harmonize upon. They recast it, and when it came back—but not in the *Myrtilla*—and was hung in its place, it rang out perfectly true and in concord with the other bells.

By this time, 1758, Philadelphia was a fair and established city. The bluffs still bordered the Delaware River, and green woods and fields ran back to the fine houses built on the Schuylkill. There were bridges over the creeks, and down in the city some paved streets. The houses had balconies and porches over the doorway, and here in the cool of the evening the fathers sat and talked of the town news; the mothers compared experiences and complained of the apprentices who lived in their houses. Under the shade of the buttonwood and willow trees the young gentlemen and officers, who called themselves "Lunarians," strolled up and down with bright young Churchwomen and coquettish Quaker girls. Before the constables went to bed they walked about to see if all was quiet, and here and there lanterns glimmered, lighting some old citizen from his sober festivities. New York could be reached by John Butler's stage coaches in three days, and stage vessels and wagons started once a week for Baltimore.

There were few politicians in the town, and no party lines drawn by politics. Opposite the State House, Sixth and Chestnut, stood the "State House Inn," built in 1693. It was still shaded by the great walnut trees that had stood there before the *Welcome* sailed from England, and on its porch William Penn had once sat to smoke his pipe. Here the lawyers, the plaintiffs and defendants would meet and dine, and back in the kitchen little bow-legged dogs ran around in a hollow cylinder and turned the jack for roasting the meat. It was easy enough to keep these little "spit-dogs" at work, but not so easy to call them to it. Once out of the cylinder away they would go, and when dinner-time drew near the cooks flocked out of their kitchens and ran here and there gathering their frisky little dogs together. In the houses there were ten-plate stoves, and later on, in rich men's parlors, the Franklin stove; prudent women carried foot-stoves to church, and the most comfortable man was the Quaker, because in meeting he kept on his hat, as well as his great-coat. In the gardens were lilacs and roses, lilies, snowballs, pinks and tulips; and the housewives vied with each other in well-laden, symmetrical bushes of "Jerusalem cherries."

The Presbyterians and Baptists, the Methodists and other denominations now had their churches, and the Episcopalians in the southern part of the city felt they

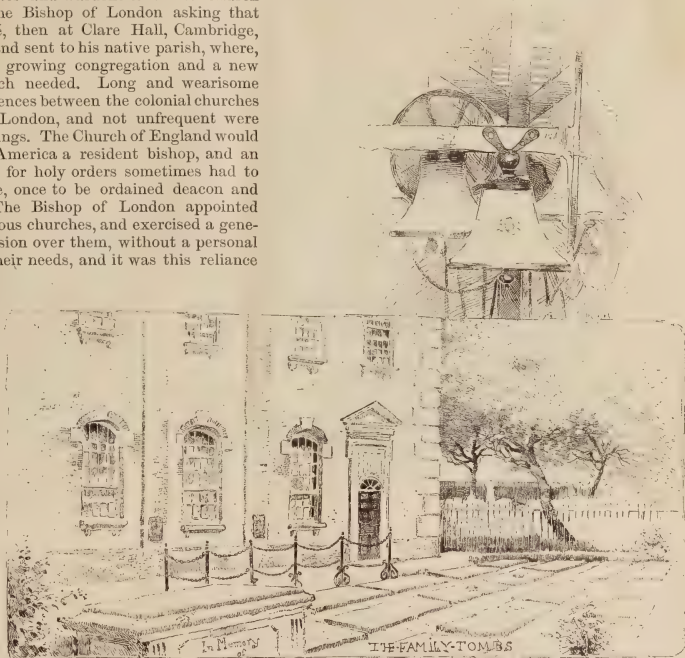
needed another church. The Christ Church vestry was warmly interested in the scheme, and the "proprietarys," the sons of William Penn, and themselves Churchmen—for Penn and his two wives were the only Friends in the family—gave a lot of ground between Third and Fourth and Pine and Lombard streets, and in 1758 St. Peter's, as it now stands, was begun. It was at this time that the minister and wardens of Christ Church sent a petition to the Bishop of London asking that young Jacob Duché, then at Clare Hall, Cambridge, should be ordained and sent to his native parish, where, in consequence of a growing congregation and a new church, he was much needed. Long and wearisome were the correspondences between the colonial churches and the Bishop of London, and not unfrequent were their misunderstandings. The Church of England would not consent to give America a resident bishop, and an American candidate for holy orders sometimes had to cross the ocean twice, once to be ordained deacon and afterward priest. The Bishop of London appointed ministers to the various churches, and exercised a general episcopal supervision over them, without a personal acquaintance with their needs, and it was this reliance on the English Church which in after years gave color to the charge of disloyalty during the Revolution. But at this time all went smoothly, and Mr. Duché came home ordained deacon and licensed to preach in Philadelphia. The two churches were very closely united. They had the same vestry and the same ministers. The pews were equal, and their interests were in every way identical.

And so, the new building being finished, on the fourth of September, 1761, the people met at Christ Church and went in procession down to St. Peter's—clerk and sexton at the head, then the questmen and then the vestry, two by two; the Governor and the wardens, the officiating clergymen, the Governor's council and attendants, and, finally, all attending clergymen. The youngest minister, our "Caspi-pina," read all the service, except the absolution; there was a baptism at the font, and Dr. Smith, provost of what is now the University of Pennsylvania, preached the sermon.

It is not difficult even now to picture this service. The old dignitaries, with queues and ruffles, are all gone, but the high pews, the stone aisles, the pulpit with its sounding board, the green and grassy churchyard still remain, and St. Peter's is, in effect, to-day what it was over a hundred years ago, when Governor Penn had his pew in the south gallery, and Benjamin Franklin came with other worshippers from the Mother church.

After a few years had passed it happened that one of the two assistants, Mr. Sturgeon, resigned, and all the duties of the large parish fell on the rector, Dr. Peters, and Mr. Duché, and they felt a great desire to have Mr.

Coombe and young William White appointed as assistants. The vestry was willing, but it had cost heavily to build St. Peter's, and the revenues were not large. It was discussed, back and forth, and finally, the rector, who had a private fortune, offered to pay each of the young men one hundred pounds, and, thus assisted, the



vestry offered Mr. Coombe two hundred pounds—which, by the way, enabled him to marry—and to Mr. White, with many compliments for his generous desire not to tax the income of the parish, they offered one hundred and fifty pounds. And thus, in 1772, William White—who, as a little boy, used to tie an apron around his neck for a gown, and with a chair for a pulpit, would preach to his little Quaker neighbor—entered on his long and beautiful connection with the churches.



When 1776 came the political excitement was general, and the churches were full of it. Dr. Peters had grown old and weak; Mr. Duché had succeeded him, with Messrs. Coombe and White as his assistants. When Congress set May 17th aside as a day of fasting and prayer, there was service in both churches and fervent sermons were preached. Then came the Fourth of July, and it was then the vestry met and struck the name

and in the South there were efforts made to seize church property and revenues on the ground that they still belonged to England, and so should be confiscated. Churches were closed, because the ministers, not yet released from vows of allegiance, preferred silence to action.

In 1777 Mr. Coombe was arrested for disloyalty, and sent away with other prisoners, but he seems to have



BISHOP WHITE'S STUDY.

of the King from the liturgy, and took down his portrait from the wall. Mr. Duché had acted as chaplain to Congress, and his people were full of patriotism.

As the war went on, the Episcopal Church, however, began to realize its peculiar connection with the English government, a connection that no Declaration of Independence had yet severed. The long and persistent refusal of the English Church to give the Americans a bishop complicated matters and divided allegiance. It was not a question of Church and State, for this had been tacitly settled long before, and in a few colonies only was there a State tax to support the churches. This was a far more vital question, and struck at the principle of existence as an Episcopal Church. Without a Bishop there could be no organization, no ordination of priest or deacon, and so, in time, no administration of the services and sacraments of the Church. If Americans now could have gone to England for ordination it would have been refused to them as rebels, and if, on the other hand, they had confessed themselves loyal, the American congregations would have repudiated them. For these reasons, the clergy found themselves in a perplexing position. They could not be true to the Church of England, of which they were still members, and to their country also, and everywhere there was confusion and uncertainty. Prayer was made for Congress in one parish and for George III in the next. Some of the clergy received their salaries from England,

made his peace, as he was left in charge while Mr. Duché went to England to meet charges of disloyalty from the other side. Mr. Duché's position was rather singular. He had started out, it seems, with ardent patriotism, and was glad to offer prayers in the first meeting of Congress. In the first fever, he hoped and he believed, but when reverses came he lost heart, and wrote a famous letter to General Washington, advising him to come to terms with the English Government while there was yet time. He possibly had more influence over Mr. Coombe than over Washington, for the former soon followed him to England, but despondently enough, and, in a pathetic letter to the vestry, said: "To go into voluntary banishment from my native city, where it was ever my first pride to be a clergyman, to quit a decent competency among a people whom I affectionately respect and love, and launch out upon the ocean of the world, is a hard trial for nature. When I consider my little family whom I leave behind, and the difficulties to be encountered in providing them a heritage in a distant country, many painful ideas crowd into my bosom." These were some of the trials of the Tory, who had to choose between exile, or hatred and contempt at home.

Thus, Mr. White was left the only patriot out of the three Philadelphians! That he still loved his old associates, however, is proved by his making the condition, when elected rector in 1779, that if Mr. Duché re-

turned, he should be allowed to resign. But, although "Caspi-pina" came back after the war was over, he never had any official connection with the parish again, but lived in the fine house his father had built for him, and, in 1798, he died and was buried by his wife at the east end of St. Peter's. In the "middle ayle" of the church, just opposite the rector's pew, two of his children are buried.

In 1777, just after Mr. Coombe was indicted, the Council ordered seven of the bells belonging to Christ Church and the two at St. Peter's taken down to save them from the enemy. The rector and vestry were much opposed to this measure. The bells, they were sure, were in no danger from the British, but it was certain that if they were taken down it would not be easy to hang them again. The Council listened, but the bells came down, and one story says were sunk in the Delaware, while another asserts they were taken to Allentown, Pennsylvania. In good time all this was done, for when the British came they tore down St. Peter's fence for firewood and kept none of their promises to pay for it. The brick wall now around the churchyard was then built to replace this one.

When the war closed the American church was in a forlorn condition, and an entire separation from England was necessary, but first an American bishop had to be secured. Dr. Seabury, of Connecticut, was accordingly sent over before the treaty of peace was signed, but political feeling was still strong enough to make the English bishops refuse to consecrate him, so he went to Scotland, where the non-juring bishops, themselves under political disabilities, performed the ceremony. There were evident reasons why this consecration was not altogether satisfactory, and, in 1786, Dr. White was elected Bishop of Pennsylvania, and going to England, was consecrated at Lambeth, and among the clergymen present again appears an old friend, Mr. Duché.

In the meantime a convention of deputies was held in Christ Church to take measures for the organization of the church through the country, and the first General Convention, consisting of deputies from seven of the thirteen States, were present. During all these days and months of anxious planning, Dr. White lived in a house at Front and Lombard, where St. Peter's House now stands, and here all the preliminary steps toward organizing the American Church and preparing the prayer-book were taken.

The story of the churches is now one of progress. St. James was built on Seventh street; the first Sunday school in the country was established, Christ Church Hospital, founded by Dr. Kearsley in

1772, as a home for dependent women, members of the Church of England, was in operation. There were slight changes in the interior of the churches, such as moving the organ in St. Peter's, the presentation of fonts, the appropriation of a pew to the President, and in 1828 there began to be a discussion concerning the separation of the three churches. The youngest, St. James, was the first to go, but Christ Church and St. Peter's clung together some years longer, until the union of the parishes became really cumbersome, and in 1832 there was a formal and legal separation and division of property, and all in a spirit of harmony and perfect goodwill, and with the express condition that Bishop White should remain rector of the three parishes as long as he lived.

In 1836 Bishop White died, a devout man and a godly preacher, taking with him the love of all who knew him, and leaving a name full of tender memories. He was buried at Christ Church, in his family vault, and no citizen of Philadelphia ever had a more rep-



CHRIST CHURCH FROM THE WEST.



representative or more sincere body of mourners at his grave.

Since these days the two old churches have had days of steady prosperity. They have taken no share in current questions of ritual or of the absence of it, but, holding to the faith of their fathers, have given the service according to the prayer-book. In St. Peter's, the rector of which is the Rev. Thomas F. Davies, D.D., daily service, morning and evening, has been held for very many years, and the parish continues one of the strongest and most active in the diocese.

St. Peter's House, at the corner of Front and Lombard, is the centre of much of the active work in the parish. There meets the Guild for Workingmen, the Mutual Aid Societies, the schools and the Bible classes. There is a saving fund, a sewing class; pleasant rooms, where men may assemble, smoke and play certain games. The children have their festivals, and the mothers their cheery meetings. All of this is superintended by members of the church, but much of the real

work lies in the hands of those who are to be benefited by it. It is their own, and the interest they take in it accounts for much of its prosperity and vitality.

And so the two old churches stand, one in the rush and hurry of trade, the other in all the quiet and shade of "Old Philadelphia" trees, and every year makes them dearer to their members. In Christ Church changes have been made, and in an evil hour it was "improved," but this year it has been restored to something of its old appearance. In St. Peter's the high old pews, the pulpit in the air, shadowed by the great sounding-board, tell of many years of praise and prayer, undisturbed by innovation, content to live in old ways and in the quietness of spirit that works earnestly and without the friction of change.

Both Christ Church and St. Peter's have endowment funds, which will enable them, for many a long year to come, to keep their place among the active religious forces of the city.

LOUISE STOCKTON.



## THE RACES.

We went to the races  
That day in July.  
Not a sob in the breeze,  
Not a cloud in the sky,  
As we went to the races  
That day in July.

A clatter of hoofs  
On the boulevard there,  
That avenue sacred  
To Vanity Fair,  
As we dashed gayly down  
With our carriage and pair.

You leaned 'gainst the cushions  
In indolent rest,  
Purpling and passionate  
Bright at your breast,  
Jacqueminots, glowing  
As love unconfessed.

And over your darkly  
Beautiful face,  
A parasol poised  
With languid grace,  
Its bright hue softened  
By showers of lace,

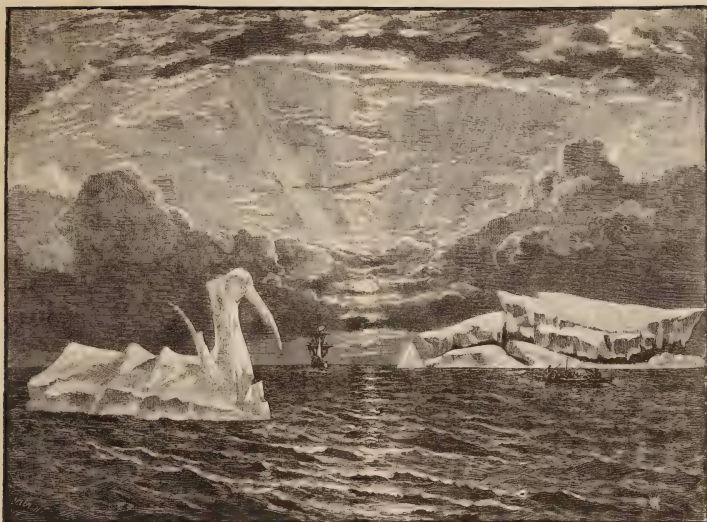
A rose-shade flung  
On your cheek below,  
Which, at the words  
I whispered low,  
Crimsoned to shame  
The Jacqueminots—

What *did* I whisper  
There in the throng  
Of the gay world surging  
And whirling along?  
Ah, the road was so short  
And my story *so* long!

And the track was in sight,  
And the white gates at hand,  
And the gay banners streaming  
High over the stand,  
And we heard the first cheers  
And the blare of the band,

As a gloved hand shyly  
Crept up to your breast,  
And a red rose was drawn  
From its beautiful nest;  
And—I think that the Jacqueminot  
Told me the rest!

K. TEMPLE MORE.



STRANGE SHAPES IN ICE.

## IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE.

[CONTINUED.]

ON the same night that we sighted Bear Island an excellent opportunity was afforded to measure the altitude of the midnight sun. The sky was perfectly clear and the sun as bright as at midday; the latitude was  $N. 77^{\circ} 01'$ , and at exactly twelve o'clock the altitude was found to be  $4^{\circ} 32' 40''$ , bearing  $N. 20^{\circ} E.$ ; that is to say, about as high above the northern horizon as it is above the western, in the latitude of New York, about six o'clock on a July afternoon. Bell Sound, the southernmost large bay on the west coast, was reached the next day, but, as the wind was blowing half a gale down the sound and there was considerable floe and fast ice still to be seen, we did not anchor. Here were found two remarkable glaciers; one of recent formation now occupies a bay where, a few years ago, vessels anchored in forty feet of water. The other glacier, in Van Keulen Bay, is raised on a bank fifty feet above the sea level. It is honey-combed and broken into blocks throughout its entire length, while for some distance back from the front it is warped up from the bank into the form of a flat arch. From an overhanging portion at one end it pours from a cavity in the face of the ice a torrent of ice-water, which dashes into the sea a hundred feet below. The inclination of the bed of this glacier has been so changed by the rising of the land that it is not now sufficient to force the ice downward to the sea; so it remains stationary in a nearly horizontal position, a vast field of ice from one hundred to two hundred feet thick extending up the valley more than ten miles. There being no pressure to crowd the lower parts to-

gether, and cause regelation, it has, probably, by variations of temperature, split up into this form and become warped in this remarkable manner.

It has been ascertained that the land of Norway is rising at the rate of four feet in a century, and it has been estimated that the rise in Spitzbergen is thirteen feet during the same period; but no trustworthy data are furnished, as it is difficult to establish permanent marks. Baron Nordenskjöld, in 1864, placed an iron wedge, driven into a crevice in the rock on Bear Island and another at Safe Harbor, Ice Fiord, and, although a careful search was made for the latter in the locality designated, it could not be found. Another wedge was placed there with the name of the *Alliance* and the necessary data on a copper plate; later a second similar plate, secured by a copper wedge, was placed at Hakluyt's Headland,  $N. \text{ lat. } 79^{\circ} 49', E. \text{ long. } 11^{\circ} 05'$ , though from the nature of the rock it is problematical how long they will remain. Had we been able to find either of Nordenskjöld's marks of 1864 the rise for nearly twenty years could have been definitely ascertained. In all the places visited in Spitzbergen the raised beaches, with driftwood upon them, indicated a great rise of the land, but, as all vegetable matter is preserved for an almost unlimited period of time in these high latitudes, it is impossible to judge how long ago it is since the current cast them ashore.

For the study of glacial action no country affords such opportunities as Spitzbergen; there the earth appears as it did during the glacial period when the valleys of America and Great Britain were filled with



a shrub or blade of grass, neither sound nor movement; jagged mountain peaks towering above plains of blinding snow, and furrowed glaciers make a scene of solitude and desolation not to be witnessed anywhere but in the far north. Near where we anchored still stands the hut of the Russian hermit, "Staratchin," who chose this place for his voluntary exile. He lived here thirty-two years, fifteen consecutively, and finally died of old age in 1826.

During the time that we remained in Green Harbor, in the early part of August, the weather was bright and fine, the temperature ranging between thirty-five and forty degrees (the mean for the month being  $34^{\circ}$  Fahr.), but almost every day while at sea there were light snow squalls, and the fog would settle down, or rather appear to form around us, and be dissipated in the same mysterious manner. From bright sunlight, in half an hour, the rigging would be dripping water. From the sudden and apparently causeless changes of the barometer on this coast its indications were entirely untrustworthy; the mercury would fall low enough to indicate a hurricane, but the sky would remain clear with a steady, gentle breeze; again, with the mercury as fixed as a column of lead, we would be hove-to in a gale of wind.

From Green Harbor we steamed north and made the first attempt to reach a high latitude. Early on the morning of the sixth the ice loomed up plainly, apparently only a few miles distant, but, after going directly toward it for ten miles, it disappeared, and was replaced by "ice-blink" (a peculiar luminous appearance of the atmosphere, hard and white, in a line along the horizon, over ice which may be many miles beyond). A few miles south of the eightieth parallel we met the ice floe, and, pushing our way through it, were stopped by the solid pack in N. lat.  $80^{\circ} 01'$ . The pack ice was very heavy, piled up in confused masses thirty and forty feet

high, and extended to the eastward to Amsterdam Island, the northwest point of Spitzbergen, where it was joined to the land by bay ice. The early part of the day was fair, the sun bright and the scene a novel one as we steamed slowly through the loose floe. Detached masses of ice, with all the colors of the rainbow, and of every imaginable form, were reflected on the dark glossy surface of the water; silver swans of gigantic proportions, huge mushrooms, gothic structures and blocks with cavernous recesses, brilliant in their depths with emerald light, floated about the ship, driven by the varying currents, sometimes in opposite directions. As we approached the edge of the floe, a dense, chilly fog effectually drew a curtain and hid our panorama, the sullen roar of the ice pack, the only remaining evidence of its presence, a sinister sound peculiar to the ice, resembling neither that of breakers on a rocky shore or of surf on a beach, one that must be heard to be appreciated.

On August 7th we arrived at Bjorens Bay (Danes' Island), N. lat.  $79^{\circ} 39'$ , and came to anchor under a small island (Moff). A bright lookout had been kept for polar bears, but no traces had been seen until the morning of the 9th, when one was reported leisurely walking along the shore of Danes' Island, about two miles from the ship. A boat was called away, and in a few minutes a party of six, with breech-loading rifles, started in pursuit. Landing a quarter of a mile in his rear, a race began over the rocky, broken ground for a first shot. The bear had unsuspectingly continued his promenade, stopping now and then to examine a cleft in the rock, probably searching for a free lunch, until his pursuers were within a hundred yards, when the engagement opened by a single shot, which struck him in the ribs, and appeared to cause a suspicion that something was wrong. Turning, he made for his enemy, when the others of the



ICE FIORD.



WRECK OF THE CAROLINE.

party, who had arrived on the hillside above, opened fire with a volley that drew his attention in their direction. Finding his retreat up the mountain cut off, he tried to escape by taking to the water, but the fire was too hot for him, and soon facing his foes, roaring and snarling, he threw his body half out of water and fell dead with a bullet through his heart. He was towed alongside and hoisted on board. He weighed 590 pounds, and measured seven feet in length. The skinning process was undertaken by the ice pilots, both old hunters, and soon accomplished. The flesh resembles coarse beef in color, and, although it had a slight flavor of train oil, was not as unpalatable as we had been led to suppose; but as this bear, according to the pilots, was only three years old, and probably had not lived upon carrion, the meat may have been different in quality from that of older animals. A layer of fat two inches thick lined the skin, which was reserved by the pilots for their own benefit. As it appeared a good opportunity to get some genuine bear's grease, the proprietors of it were consulted upon the subject. They informed us that it would be fatal to a crop of hair if applied, and that it was always sold as cod-liver oil.

This bear was not quite full grown, but in mature years they are seldom found more than eight feet in length, although the Dutch and English navigators who first sailed to Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen relate wonderful stories of very large and savage bears. Barentz, who landed near where we killed this one, says that, after a desperate resistance, they killed one that measured thirteen feet in length, and that, during his second voyage to the coast of Nova Zembla, some of his men being on shore, they were attacked by a large bear:

"Two of our men, lying together in one place, a great

lean white beare came sodainly stealing out and caught one of them first by the necke, who, not knowing what it was that tooke him by the necke, cried out and said, Who is that that pulles me so by the necke? Wherewith the other, that lay not farre from him, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monstrous beare, cryed out and sayd, Oh! mate, it is a beare, and therewith rose up and ran away."

The bear then killed the man, and was proceeding to make a meal upon him when assistance arrived, but the bear charged them and killed another "man before finally despatched." (Narrative of Gerrit De Veer).

From the accounts of the hunters of the present day, bears are not now as large or as savage, generally retreating when wounded, and, if possible, taking to the water.

On Moff Island we found quite a number of eider duck eggs, although it was August, the hatching season being about two months later in this, their most northern haunt, than in Iceland. The ducks were about one-third larger than those we saw there, and those which we shot were very palatable. Amsterdam and Danes' Islands, which formed the harbor where we were anchored, are on the extreme northwest point of Spitzbergen.

Three hundred miles west is the Greenland coast, down which drifts, winter and summer, a broad stream of polar ice two hundred miles in width. In 1869 the *Hansa*, of the German Expedition, found the ice margin much farther to the west than it was this year. She was beset in September (N. lat. 73° 30'), and was crushed three weeks later, but the crew drifted southward on the ice during the winter to Cape Farewell.

JEFFERSON BROWN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





DOMVS DEI  
ET  
PORTA CÆLI.

SLOWLY down its pathway to the portals of the west  
Wheeled the golden chariot of the sun.  
Gathering in my birdlings to their cosy, homely nest—  
Now I miss one precious little one.

Not in hall or chamber, nor in any safe retreat  
Where he often hides in baby glee—  
Not in blooming garden beds nor orchard have his feet  
Left one trace. Where can my darling be?

Just beyond the lawn ascends a slender, tapering spire—  
As I cross the level in my quest,  
What doth put to rout in haste my fancies dark and dire?  
Lo, my darling boy in sleep at rest!

'Neath the sheltering archway on the threshold stone he  
lies,  
Golden head reclined on rounded arm;  
Thrills my heart with tender joy, though tears o'erflow  
mine eyes;  
What a sweet relief for rude alarm!

Tenderly I raise him. As he wakes I gently say,  
"Little one, why are you here so late?"

"Papa sometimes comes here, and perhaps he's here to-  
day;  
So I thought I'd come for him to wait."

When behind the western hills life's sun is sinking late,  
And Death seeks me, pale-browed Azrael,  
If he find me sleeping fast by heaven's pearly gate,  
"Waiting for my Father—it is well."

META E. B. THORNE.





HAKLUYT HEADLAND.

## IN SEARCH OF THE JEANNETTE.

[CONCLUDED.]

ON August 12th we sailed from Bjoren's Bay, and soon sighted the ice in about the same position that it occupied on the 6th; then, going west to the Greenland pack, we cruised along it until the 20th, when another attempt was made to reach a higher latitude. Steaming to the northeast, past Hackluyt Headland, the ice was found more open, and pressing through the floe we finally succeeded in reaching  $80^{\circ} 10' N.$  lat. and  $11^{\circ} 13' E.$  long., where the impenetrable ice barrier again headed us off. The ice, which was heavy, had a light covering of newly fallen snow, and curved in to the coast at Welcome Point (see map). Northeast Land was in sight, but between it and the ship there was an unbroken sheet of ice. Steaming to the northward again, we went close to the Norway Islands, and had a good view of Cloven Cliff and several large glaciers, one of them fully three hundred feet high. The temperature of the water varied from  $31^{\circ}$  to  $33^{\circ}$ , rising and falling suddenly as the ship passed apparently through pools or streams of varying temperature, as though the warmer relics of the Gulf Stream from the west coast were here making their final struggle against the overbearing polar current. The weather had promised well, but an Arctic fog suddenly shut us in while we were still to the eastward of Hakluyt Headland, and an unlooked for change in the drift of the ice had brought down the pack ten miles nearer the coast than it was when we passed, three hours before.

Passing Hakluyt headland again on our westerly course, we cruised along the ice to the southward and anchored at Green Harbor August 24. While here we saw the sun set for a few minutes at midnight. On the 27th we sailed from Green Harbor, and reached the Greenland ice on the 29th. Then, cruising near it for several days, we stood to south and east for Bear Island.

On the 7th September, the night being clear, the moon made its appearance for the first time, attracting almost as much attention as the first midnight sun. Although we passed only fifteen miles from Bear Island, the weather was so foggy that it was not seen, and after a gale of wind, which lasted two days, the course was laid for Hammerfest, where we arrived September 11th. Here the ice pilot, who had been employed on our first visit, left the ship, refusing to return north at a season of the year when it was his habit to be homeward bound.



BARENTZ' VESSEL—THE FIRST TO VISIT SPITZBERGEN.





AN ARCTIC MUSHROOM.

He made merry with his friends by giving an entertainment. After renewing the supply of coal the course of the *Alliance* was again shaped for Spitzbergen on the 16th of September, and we arrived on the 22d. On the 23d we had reached N. lat.  $79^{\circ} 3'$ , north of Prince Charles Foreland. The nights were dark and the weather thick, with frequent snow-storms. The Arctic winter had commenced, and one month from this time (October 22), in about this latitude, the sun would disappear below the southern horizon not to rise again till the 22d of February. Shaping our course more to the westward, we saw the last of Spitzbergen, a land without a claimant and without a flag. Only once any European power desired to found a claim. This was in 1870, when a company of Stockholm merchants attempted to work a phosphate bed discovered at Cape Thorsden, in Ice Fiord. Then the Swedish Government endeavored to obtain international protection, but Russia declined to assent. It was ascertained, however, that the enterprise could not have resulted in a financial success, owing to the short open season.

On the 24th, at 10 P. M., there appeared, illuminating the dark clouds in the west, a broad band of bright yellow light extending from the west to about northwest, fifteen degrees above the horizon and as many in width, tapering to a point at the extremities. The edges were bordered by a narrow purple band, fading outward to the cloud tints. Its steady light and uniform color made it apparent that it was not the aurora borealis, even had it been in another quarter of the sky. The phenomenon was seen but once.

Since 1527, when Robert Thorne, of Bristol, suggested the possibility of a northeast passage, few of the celebrated navigators have found the ice barrier much farther north than we did last year. On the 25th of September we were standing to the southward and westward under steam and sail, with a moderate gale from the

southeast, when, at noon, ice was sighted ahead and on the starboard bow, and almost immediately after on the port bow. Sail was taken in, the course changed to east half south, and the speed of the engines increased to maximum in the endeavor to retrace our course. The weather grew thick, but heavy ice, twenty to thirty feet high, piled up as usual, was near enough to be plainly seen. After running twenty miles on this course there was ice ahead again, and it was changed to east by north, north northeast, and east one-quarter north successively. On these courses we made thirty-six miles, the ice still crowding us, until, after many turnings through narrow lanes of water, we were heading north-northwest, the direction of the Greenland coast, opposite the course we wished to make. The night was dark, the weather thick, and we had already made the circuit of the pocket without finding any opening of escape, when the practiced eye of the ice-pilot discerned a narrow streak of dark water-sky breaking the long line of ice blink to the northward. The course was changed, and, at about 10 P. M., we were well clear of the ice, plunging into the welcome swell of open water. If, at the time we lost the swell, early in the day, an imaginary line be drawn between the north and south capes of this bay, or lead, it will be found that they were at least thirty miles apart, as the weather was clear at that time and no ice was in sight from aloft. The southern cape or point must then have been driven to the northward by the force of the wind nearly that distance in ten hours, as the track, on emerging, was almost identical with the one passed over in the morning, and the opening was then not more than two miles in width.

We entered the pack about forty miles and steamed over sixty in getting out, by changing course when headed off, and to avoid detached masses with which the pocket was strewn. (See ice-pack on map).

Arctic navigators have ascertained that the floe-ice of the polar basin has a rotary motion opposite to the sun's course, and that this tendency, together with expansion and contraction caused in the opinion of many, the heaping-up of the ice. As far north as Parry went, he found it as rough as at the margin.

The *Tegetthoff* was beset in August, 1872, on the Nova Zembla coast (lat.  $76^{\circ} 23'$ ), and drifted nearly two years in the pack nearly as far as the eightieth parallel. During the entire time the vessel was almost daily subjected to severe ice pressures, and, when abandoned near Franz Josef Land, was supported fifteen feet above the level of the water by ice that had forced itself beneath her. Lieutenant Payer, of the *Tegetthoff*, accounts for the pressures by contraction and expansion which goes on all winter, and found that a reduction of temperature, no matter how cold it was, would open leads and holes, sometimes of great width, which, freezing over, would be filled up with ice when the next rise in temperature occurred. That vessel probably experienced more ice pressures and survived longer than any other ship on record; but, finally, some time after she was abandoned, she must have succumbed, as Mr. Leigh Smith sailed in open water, over the spot where she was left and saw no traces of her in 1880.

Lieutenant Payer, in his "New Lands within the Arctic Circle," graphically describes these pressures:

"Mountains threateningly reared themselves from out the level fields of ice, and the low groan which issued from its depths grew into a deep rumbling sound, and at last rose into a furious howl, as of myriads of voices. Noise and confusion reigned supreme, and, step by step, destruction drew nigh in the crashing together of the fields of ice. . . . Here they towered fathoms high above the ship and forced the protecting timbers of massive oak, as if in mockery of their purpose, against the hull of the vessel; then masses of ice fell down, as into an abyss under the ship, to be engulfed in the rushing water."

The effect of such pressures upon a vessel not built especially for Arctic navigation must be instant destruction, and however strongly built, she must yield at last.

After getting well clear of the "ice pocket" the course to the south and west was continued along the pack. At midnight of the 27th, the surf breaking on the ice ahead, gave warning of its presence. It proved to be a projecting point, which was soon cleared, and the eastern boundary of the ice at this

place,  $74^{\circ} 20'$ , was definitely established. (See map; No. 63.) For several successive nights there were very fine auroral displays, the arc extending from the southwest, passing through the zenith to the northeast. At one time we had a true corona and the "curtain" form. During their greatest intensity it was lighter than bright moonlight, with rosy blue and green light. After contending with head winds and a heavy sea we at last arrived on the north coast of Iceland, and found there a large fleet of fishing vessels. From them we learned that under the lee of the island they had had fine weather for three weeks. The only fine weather which we had during the homeward voyage was the two days in that neighborhood. When to the northwest of Iceland we experienced a furious gale of wind from the southwest, the severest of the entire voyage; it continued forty-eight hours. When the gale abated we were well to the westward, and the temperature of the water  $32^{\circ}$ . The ice limit was located a few miles north of the 67th parallel, which was the last we saw of it. With more moderate weather we steamed for Reykjavik, and arrived there October 9. Having again coaled ship we left there October 15, and after a stormy passage arrived at Halifax November 1, and at New York November 10, 1881, ending a cruise full of interest and excitement, aside from that which belonged to the original purpose of the expedition, in which every one on board felt from first to last the deepest personal interest. The distance run was 11,853 miles, in five months, and during that time the engines made 3,341,983 revolutions.

The *Alliance*, unprepared to encounter the ice of the Polar Sea, went ten miles above the 80th parallel of latitude, five hundred and ninety miles from the Pole, the highest latitude ever attained by an American man-of-war, and only ninety-two miles south of the highest position ever reached by any vessel (Baron Nordenskjöld's latitude in 1868 was  $81^{\circ} 42'$ ) by this route.

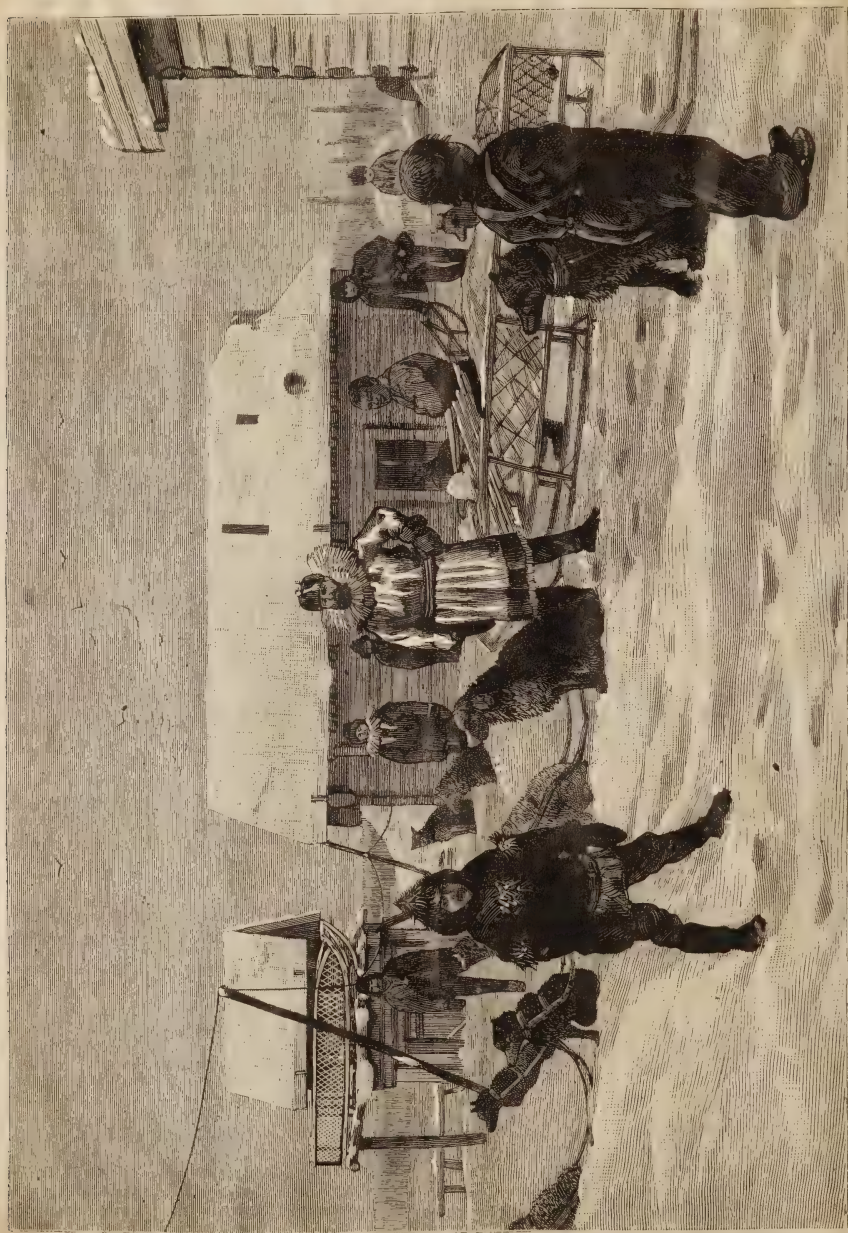
The *Jeannette*, for traces of which a bright lookout was constantly kept, was, as all the world now knows, crushed in the ice-pack near N. lat.  $77^{\circ} 15'$ , on the 17th of June, the day we started from Norfolk, and that while we were searching for some trace of her north of Spitzbergen her officers and crew were making their way toward the Siberian coast. The *Jeannette* was lost in E. long.  $1^{\circ} 5'$ , nearly opposite to our position across the Pole.

JEFFERSON BROWN.



THE GREENLAND ICE PACK.





A TRADING-POST AT NUUKAYETI, ON THE YUKON.

Guerrini Palace. Did he who could so readily foretell the downfall of others see no shadows darkening over the dial of his own life, and blotting out its sunshine for ever?

All day long two silent figures dogged the Guerrini Palace, waiting for the appearance of its master, who, however, came not. Pietro marked them, and knew their business. The signora felt their presence, and prayed and fasted and prayed, but by no other members of the household were they observed. Then, when sunset had come and gone, the signora called Pietro and asked:

"Are they there?"

"They are, madonna."

"It is time."

With a dull, cold pain combating the little hope her heart could scarcely feel, with icy fingers that were scarcely conscious of their own numbness, and a fearful terror that struggled against determination, the lady threw on her dark mantle, and blindly, breathlessly led the way to the Piazza San Marco. The two silent figures glided on with noiseless step, and followed at a short distance. Pietro, too, was there, with his hand upon his sword.

It was the lady's turn now.

"Would he come?" she asked herself, breathlessly; and a prayer struggled to her lips, mingled with a *misereere*. Had he received the letter? Would he regard it? would he come? The tall column of the Winged Lion darkened across the twilight, and her feet almost failed her as she heard, or fancied she heard, the dreadful steps that she knew were so close behind. Oh, would he come?

"Yes; she saw him. He was there! And now the blessed Virgin give her aid!

He would have knelt to her, but she prevented him, trying in vain to speak some words she had prepared; and then he put his arm around her and whispered:

"Weep, dearest, now, for a time. But not for long, Marina. You are my wife——"

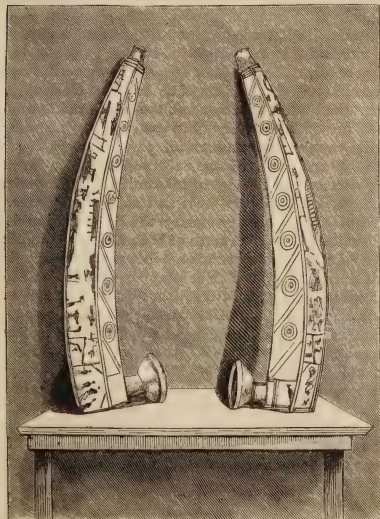
Heaven! What a shriek went up as, at the word *wife*,



A MAHLEMUHTE IN WINTER COSTUME.

the first assassin dealt his blow; then stifled groans, as another and another came in quick succession, until the bloody work was done, and the Count of Santa Croce lay, a lifeless corpse, at their feet. No one knew, no one cared, save those four who surrounded the unhappy man. Thoughtless, pleasure-loving Venice was habitually deaf and blind to such a private matter as an assassin's business. The masque was too thronged; there was too much pleasure in the gondola!

The next day the Guerrini Palace was deserted, for the signora had fled from the scene of her fearful agony to join her husband; and only the lacerated body of the lifeless Ugolino, and the whispered rumors that afterward transpired, afforded any clue to Santa Croce's dark treachery, and the terrible success of the Wife's Stratagem.



PIPES FROM ALASKA.

## AMONG THE MUHTES OF ALASKA.

BY HENRY D. WOOLFE.

The title of this article may probably cause considerable conjecture. Who are the Muhtes? What part of the world do they inhabit? will be natural questions from many readers of this Magazine. These people have been known to whaling-folk, officers of the Telegraph Expedition in 1867, and frequenters of Arctic seas for many years. But any account which has hitherto been written regarding them has appeared only in such form that the general public of the United States are unaware of their existence.

While philologists and other scientists class these hyperborean dwellers as members of the Eskimo family, there is every reason to believe that such classification has been resorted to simply owing to the untrustworthy accounts and fleeting observations made by persons who resided or traveled among them but for a brief and transient period.



The writer having lived with these people, assimilated with them in their customs and manners, and generally conforming to their idiosyncrasies and beliefs, is thereby enabled to pen the following account of their peculiarities.

While it may be asserted that generally the type of features encountered among the Mahlemuhtes bears a close and allied resemblance to the Mongolian and Tartar races of Northern Asia, there are individual instances where the facial prominences are of a Caucasian character, occurrences which are met with among all races.

The Mahlemuhte face, when in repose, has a stolid appearance, seemingly unrelaxable to any emotional happening. But while the males of the race certainly exhibit in their general facial appearances such peculiarities, the females, when young, have far more pleasing countenances and dispositions.

¶ The facial characteristics of the Mahlemuhte race may be seen in the illustration, the eyes in every instance having that obliquity which mark Mongolian races, high and protruding cheek-bones, flattened noses with broad, open nostrils, large ears and receding foreheads. The peculiar pendulous lower lip, large mouth, well supplied with organs of dentition when the individual is young; the straight, coarse black hair, and an almost entire absence of hirsute growth on the face, except a few straggling hairs on the upper lips of male adults, completes the description of the physiognomy. The complexion is of a light yellow, not so deep in tint as that of the Chinese, while those portions of the body unexposed to the elements are almost white. The neglect of ablutionary practices, however, causes the color to appear darker than it really is. In the spring-time, the rays of the sun reflecting upon the white snow have the effect of tanning and darkening the complexions to such a degree, that the Mahlemuhtes at that period of the year would appear to a stranger as if of Negro origin.

One of the most distinguishing traits of the female countenance is the rosy tint, which may be seen on the cheeks of those who are from ten to twenty-five years of age. After that period they commence to look haggard and careworn, the vicissitudes of their life contributing to that effect. Still, no matter at what age a Mahlemuhte woman is met with, she is always ready with a smile, and exhibits great willingness to do anything for or contribute in any way toward the comfort of a visitor.

The distinguishing marks—perhaps the term ornamentation should be used—of the two sexes are shown in the studies of faces. On the lower lips of the males, at the extreme corners of the mouth, are two narrow slits in the flesh. These slits, which are made when the Mahlemuhte boy is from six to seven years old, serve for the insertion of labrets. Varying in size and shape, these labrets are made from fossil ivory, quartzose lignite, slate, and a species of mineral known to scientists as "nephrite." Those manufactured from the latter material are very highly prized among the Mahlemuhtes, and are handed down from father to son in succession.

The figures below are specimens of the types of labrets in general use, the larger measuring some three inches in length and three-quarters of an inch to an inch in width, while the smaller size, oval in form, varies from one-half to an inch in diameter. The front view of the labrets exhibits the appearance, when viewed in its place, while the smaller end, in the side view, is the portion inserted in the hole cut in the lip. Those depicted on the right side of the illustration are, as may be seen, of small dimensions, but are placed to a similar use as the larger type.

Of late years, since the United States' occupation of

Alaska, the custom of wearing labrets has been very much curtailed, while the cutting of incisions in the lips of young boys has almost ceased. The relinquishment of the custom has been effected, partly owing to the fact that the labrets have been bought by collectors for various scientific institutions, and also by reason of the traders ridiculing the mutilation, so that unless it be in the villages situated on the rivers emptying into Kotzebue Sound and its vicinity, but few of the men wear these labrets at the present day. Indeed, those of the large type, as depicted, made from "nephrite," are extremely rare, and are difficult to obtain.

The ornamentations affected by the feminine portion of the community are twofold. As soon as a girl arrives at the age of four, a single line is tattooed upon her chin; this is allowed to remain without addition until she arrives at the age of puberty. Attaining that event, converging lines are drawn on each side of the centre one; and again when the damsel is dignified by reception into the married state, two more marks are placed in a similar position. As in process of time maternal joys become her lot, at each recurrence of bliss additional ornamentations become necessary, so that a Mahlemuhte woman blessed with a numerous offspring has her entire chin so covered with lines that a student of Euclid might be induced to imagine some intricate problem portrayed for his benefit. The method of marking or tattooing these lines is by the use of a thread of deer-sinew rubbed with charcoal, which being drawn under the skin by the aid of a bone needle, the pigment serves to render the mark indelible. Rings curved and straight lines, figures of birds, fish and animals are also to be seen upon the wrists and hands of the women. The use of bangles or wristlets is also common among the Mahlemuhte ladies. Iron telegraph-wire—a relic of the Western Union Telegraph expedition of 1866-7—native copper, and brass wire, are the metallic substances used in making these ornaments, while quarter-dollars, after the centre has been drilled out and the remainder flattened, serve as finger-rings.

A custom of placing a wire, having a single bead attached in centre, through the cartilage of the nose, was formerly prevalent among the young girls, but this disfigurement is but rarely seen at the present day.

Twisted in two long plaits, bound at the ends with strips of mink fur, the long hair of the women in nowise differs in texture from that of the males. Uncleanly, unkempt, and but rarely combed, the Mahlemuhte woman's head presents anything but an inviting appearance. While young and unmarried, their figures are well rounded and inclined to *embonpoint*, but as soon as they assume the dignity of maternity, their appearance is haggard, with sallow faces and attenuated forms.

A notable peculiarity among the Mahlemuhtes is the worn state of the front teeth of both the upper and lower jaw, while the other dentals are in a perfectly sound and healthy condition. After continuous observation I found that this eroded and worn state was caused by the entire strain of mastication being borne by the incisors, to the exclusion of the molars. The hard, dried fish is torn to pieces and munched between them, while the amount of dirt and grit which enters the mouth in combination with berries and other food assists in the work, so that it is no uncommon sight to witness a middle-aged person with but a faint white line of bone showing through the gums, while the protruding lower lip, which is a trait of the race, exposes to the view what at a distance appears a toothless mouth.

The articles used by the Mahlemuhtes for food are numerous, and well suited to the requirements which the

human frame subjected to low temperature is dependent upon for sustenance. Flesh and blubber of the seal, whale and walrus, every variety of fish, deer, hare, muskrat, squirrel and marten are consumed, while the innumerable flocks of wild-fowl frequenting the pools and marshes from May to September are another source of food supply. Grouse, too, during the Winter and Spring serve as an addition to the larder. Not the least particle of either fish, fowl or animal is wasted, entrails and excrement being eaten with the greatest avidity. The only animals the Mahlemuhtes do not eat are the mink and fox; these exceptions arise from superstitious notions, the general belief being that the mink is the object into which dead people's spirits enter before the celebration of their anniversary ceremonials. Foxes are credited with power to work evil and create misfortune if the flesh is brought near or into a dwelling, while a decoction of black-fox bones boiled is supposed to render the imbibor invisible to mortal eyes. So that whenever a mink or fox is caught in the traps, they are skinned at the place of capture. Salmon dried in the open air, termed "ukali" by the Russians, together with the oil of the white whale or seal (*Phoca vitulina*) are the two principal articles of dietary among the Mahlemuhtes.

But since the American occupation of Alaska, flour, crackers and tea have entered into the field of consumption, and indeed the Mahlemuhtes have become inveterate tea-drinkers, swallowing cups of the decocted herb in quick succession, and that at a degree of heat which appears quite unnecessary. Flour they use in the form of "slapjacks" fried in seal-oil; those, however, owning stoves, baking a heavy, unleavened loaf. The pots used by these natives are rudely fashioned of clay, in the form of a crucible, and are made with the aid of a flat stick for beating the surfaces smooth, and then baked in the sun. Those manufactured on the Kanig River are highly esteemed, and form an article of barter with the Chukchee tribes of the Asiatic coasts. The residents on the Noatak and Koowak Rivers are also large purchasers of the pots, as it is inadmissible among these tribes to use iron vessels to cook deer-meat in. They depend upon the deer for subsistence, and the belief is that were they to use other than earthen pots, the animals would desert their haunts. Indeed the absence of the deer during the Fall and Winter of 1882 is attributed to one of the Koowakamuhtes using an iron kettle. Numerous iron pots, kettles and pans are, however, to be found in every Mahlemuhte village, being brought from San Francisco by the traders, while china and stoneware cups and saucers are eagerly sought after.

The great variety of wild berries which grow in profusion in the swamps and swale lands are highly prized by the Mahlemuhtes. Nature has been liberal in supplying the natives of these hyperborean regions with antiscorbutic remedies. Cranberries, though small, and of a delicious flavor, are found in their prime until the middle of October; salmon-berries of a rich and delicate taste, and a black sour berry resembling a cranberry, are stored for Winter use, and when on a sledge-trip are excellent thirst-quenchers. When mixed with oil, or the dainty, white, backfat of the deer, a dish of berries is regarded as a great luxury. To palates unaccustomed, a meal of dried smelts and white-whale oil may appear repulsive, but hunger compels a white traveler to relish these articles of Arctic dietary, while frozen fish is not to be despised, when want of fuel and bad weather precludes the kindling of a fire. Certainly to the fastidious the methods of cooking food among the Mahlemuhtes would not be acceptable. Wild fowl and animals are simply skinned and placed in

the pot, while fish is never cleansed, in some cases eaten raw. An account of their method of cooking slapjacks may prove interesting to the disciples of the school of cookery. The flour is mixed in a wooden dish redolent of seal-oil, while a piece of blubber, or a few drops of oil on the fingers, is rubbed over the pan, and in goes the mixture. When blubber is used, the morsel of fat is squeezed between the fingers, which are then well sucked, and the slapjack is turned over if sufficiently cooked. I have witnessed gorging among the Chinese and Mongolian races, but I believe that for voracity, glutton-like habits and systematic gormandizing, the Mahlemuhtes carry the palm. No matter at what hour, should opportunity offer, they are ready to eat, and eat they do, with the greatest exhibition of voracity.

Tobacco is largely used by the Mahlemuhtes in every form known to civilized patrons of the weed. Smoking is indulged in by both sexes, the primitive pipe being made of green or graystone of slaty composition, materials which gradually gave place to copper, iron and lead. The form of the pipe is somewhat peculiar, the shape denoting its origin from those used by Mongolian tribes. With circular flat bowls of wide dimensions, having but a small aperture for tobacco, the quantity of the weed consumed as a pipefull is just a pinch that could be held between the finger and thumb. Two deep inhalations of smoke emitted through the nostrils suffice to exhaust the tobacco, the pipe, however, being filled at frequent intervals during the day. Stems are made of wood or bone, in halves, bound tightly with thongs of seal-hide, the bowl of the pipe fitting into the squared end of the stem and fastened by means of small wood or bone pegs. While the women still adhere to the old style of pipe, the foreign-made article is extensively patronized by the men, who obtain them in exchange for their skins from the traders.

Chewing among the Mahlemuhtes is reduced to a fine art. The tobacco which meets with the greatest favor is the kind known as Kentucky leaf, a quality which would be disdained by a civilized consumer of the weed. Composed of strips and stems, it contains the most acrid and bitter principles of the plant, perfectly palatable, however, to the Mahlemuhte, who regards "fine cut or gold leaf" with a species of contempt. The portion to be chewed is, after being slightly wetted with saliva, rolled in ashes prepared from the warts or fungoid excrescences of the spruce-tree, and is then ready for use. One chew serves over and over again, the mass, after each successive use, being put behind the ear, and kept in place by the long hair, until the strength and flavor becoming exhausted, it is thrown away. Some of the women keep a supply of chews in small boxes which are used to pack percussion-caps, but after being once in the mouth, the back of the ear is the approved resting-place. Both sexes are addicted to the use of tobacco in the chewing form more so than in any other shape. Snuff—the taking of which is principally confined to the males—is prepared by grinding the leaf together with wood-ashes in a rude mortar. A small bone tube inserted into the snuff-box serves as an inhaling medium. To deprive a Mahlemuhte of tobacco is to inflict a severe punishment upon him; when the weed is scarce, as sometimes happens in the Spring, the scrapings of pipe-bottoms and every morsel of tobacco are treasured up, while the fortunate possessor of a chew is paid to allow the morsel to pass from one mouth to another.

I am inclined to believe that the acquaintance of the Mahlemuhtes with the use of tobacco is long anterior to their communication with white men. Prized far above any tobacco is that description of the weed known to them as Chukchee tobacco, which is the leaf, in a half-





QOMIAK OR SKINBOAT OF THE MAHLEMUHTES.

cured condition, brought from Russia to Kamchatka, and thence finding its way in course of trade along the coast of Eastern Siberia to the Chuckchee tribes. Traditions are extant of a tobacco used in former days, resembling our fine cut, but very strong. From this tradition, combined with the manner of smoking and the shape of pipes at even the present day, the inference may perhaps be drawn that the tobacco and utensil for smoking were of purely Oriental origin, the form in which cut tobacco is used among the tribes of Northern Asia corresponding entirely with the fine shreds with which we are familiar in the shape of cigarettes.

The clothing of the Mahlemuhtes is mainly composed of reindeer-skins, obtained from the herds of tame deer kept by the Chuckchees on the west side of Behring Straits. Skins of the mink, squirrel, rabbit and fox, and the hairy pelt of the seal (*P. vitulina*), are also used, but not so extensively as in former days, the cupidity of the hunters causing them to barter their catch for drill, calico, and other textile fabrics. The garments of both sexes differ but slightly in shape or make, the parki or hooded shirt being the universal body-covering of male and female.

The parki worn by the men is cut similar to a shirt, having a hood, but without slits on the sides, while those worn by the women are semi-circular in shape at both front and back, with a slit diminishing in size half-way up to the armpits. When nicely sewn and trimmed the parki is one of the most comfortable and handsome garments imaginable. Around the edge of the hood, sleeves and bottom of the parki are sewn narrow strips of

in one piece. Deerskin, hair-seal, cotton drilling, ticking, and other fabrics, are used to make pants; two or three pair being worn at a time, according to the exigencies of the season.

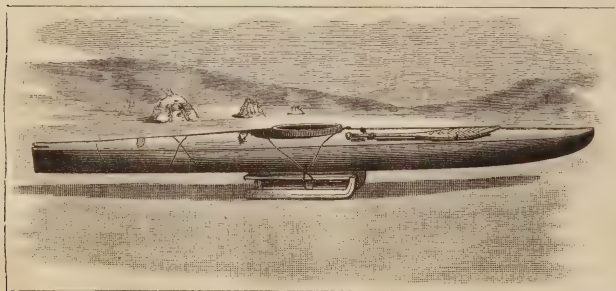
Boots are objects of great value among the Mahlemuhte tribes; those prized the most are made of white and black deerskin, from the foot of the deer, with tops trim-



A MAHLEMUHTE GRAVE.

med and decorated with pieces of wolverine and thin narrow strips of black fishskin, and when well sewn are really good specimens of native work. The skins of hair and spotted seal are also used for bootmaking, that of the hair-seal when denuded of its covering making the lightest and most comfortable waterproof boot known. For soles the Mahlemuhtes use seal-hide, but among those tribes living on Kotzebue Sound white-whale hide is preferred,

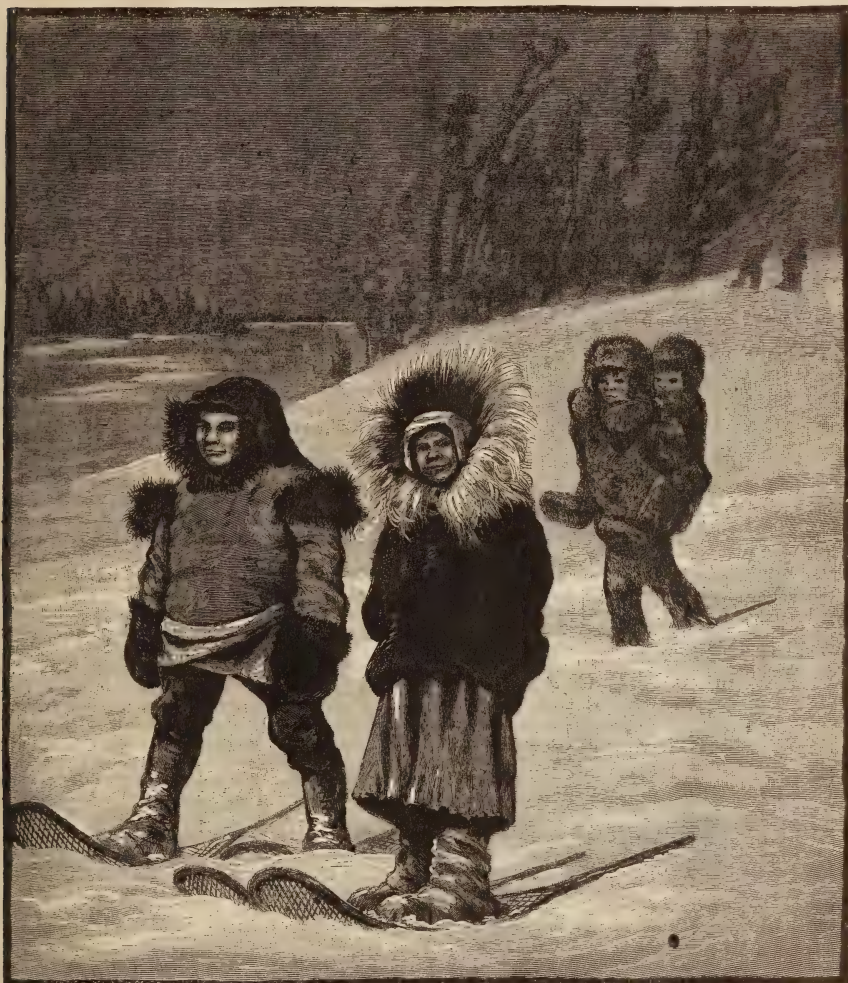
the material lasting longer, and being almost impervious to damp. Thread for sewing boots, and, indeed, every kind of skin-clothing, is made from the sinews of deer, while steel needles having three-cornered points are utilized. The primitive needle was a piece of walrus or seal bone, similar in shape to the instrument used by sail-makers at the present time, but these bone needles have entirely disappeared, their place being usurped by the needles of civilization. Winter deerskin is used for stockings, with



MAHLEMUHTE KYACK.

the addition of pieces of drilling wound around the foot, while straw placed inside the sole serves as a protection against dampness. Such are the articles of clothing worn by the Mahlemuhtes, eminently suitable to meet the rigors of the climate, and far better adapted to its requirements than any species of civilized garments.

Great fondness for athletic sports prevails among these Arctic and sub-Arctic residents, trials of strength being frequently indulged in, while among friends who meet after a length of time, the first salutation takes the form of wrestling. While traveling toward Kotzebue Sound, I was surprised to see one of the men belonging to my sled



CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA.

In damp and marshy ground, where rubber boots might be thought necessary, the un-haired skin of the seal is the best material for protection against damp, being light and extremely easy in walking. Their excellence is only surpassed by the salmonskin boots worn on the delta and lower portion of the Yukon, which are utterly impervious to water, and of great durability.

run forward, upon approaching a barabarra, seize a fellow around the waist and attempt to throw him to the ground. I thought that there might have been some former difficulty between the two, but inquiry proved the contrary, as I learnt that they were near relatives, but had not seen one another for some time.

During the prolonged Winter, when enforced idleness



becomes the rule, the men sitting in barabarras measure strength by interlocking their arms, pulling in opposite directions, striving to overcome each other. In a similar manner they use their fingers and thumbs, in both instances assuming a sitting posture, with legs outstretched into one another's groin. Wrestling in nowise corresponds with the manner in which the athletes of civilization show their prowess. Such a thing as a fair grip is unknown, the mode of wrestling being as follows: After stripping off the upper garments and throwing aside their knives, the competitors with the right arm grasp the middle while the left hand takes hold of the pants, gathering as much of the material of the garment as is possible. No leg-throws are admissible, the tumble being effected by sheer strength, and not by adroitness.

Throwing aside the knives is to be traced to an incident that took place many years ago. One tribe of "Muhtees" had offended a chief of a powerful clan by refusing to obey his summons to a gathering which he had convened. At the time no notice was taken of this refusal, which is tantamount to an insult, and apparent friendly relations were continued. Indeed, the affair had presumably been forgotten, and upon the death of one of the elders of the previous offending tribe, a great funeral feast was given, to which numbers were invited.

Among them came the old chief, whose memory still retained the slight he had received in the past. Previous, however, to leaving home, he called some twenty young men, handing them knives to secrete in their waistbands, instructing them to throw aside the knives they usually carried when they commenced to wrestle. Upon a given signal from the chief each man was to stab his adversary, and thus the affront would be wiped out. The sequel was as premeditated. Wrestling took place; the upper garments were thrown off by both parties, their knives given to safekeeping; but when the old chief made the signal, each of his men stabbed his opponent to the heart, the feast which had been given in honor of one person serving for many. After this occurrence it became the custom, previous to wrestling, for the competitors to unloose the waist of their pants, in order to satisfy as to their non-concealment of weapons.

A game similar to tossing the blanket, well known to college freshmen, is played by these people. Walrus-hide, well-stretched, is utilized in place of a blanket, the participants in the tossing seizing all corners, while the individual to be tossed steps on the centre of the skin. No grace is given to him. Up he goes with a bound high into the air, again and again, until the tossers become tired or the tossed one falls over the edge of the skin, in many instances sustaining hard knocks and bruises.

Lifting heavy weights, and throwing them to a distance in a manner similar to "putting the stone," is another sport in vogue, while since the advent of whites the Mahlemuhtees have acquired considerable skill in running and jumping. Girls and women find amusement in their leisure hours in twisting and manipulating a length of narrow sealhide cord between the fingers into imaginary shapes of birds and animals, reminding an observer of the game called by children "scratch eradle." Short and long sticks are grasped firmly in the hand of one of the girls, each one of the group, which takes the form of a circle, taking a stick from the bundle, the one fortunate who pulls the marked stick receiving the prize, which takes the form of a piece of tobacco, a doll, skeins of sewing-sinew, or needles. The girls keep up a continuous chatter and laughter, good-humored remarks being interchanged, while the fortunate ones share their prizes with their less-favored sisters.

Children of both sexes show marked proclivities in a similar manner to the juveniles of other races. Mud pies, miniature dwellings, wading in slush and water, are among the pastimes. Even in the Winter the children are to be seen playing out in the snow and on the ice, throwing or kicking a ball of sealskin, working small sleds, which the puppies of the village are being broken to harness with, and tumbling one another over in the soft white Winter mantle on the earth.

As the boys grow old they are provided with small bows and arrows, spears, and other implements of the chase, while the girls intuitively take to the occupations of their sex. When the youth arrives at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he generally possesses a kayak of his own, although from an early period the Mahlemuhtee boys are perfectly at their ease, and habituated in the manipulation of the frail crafts. A modified game of skipping-rope is much favored by both young and adults of both sexes. In lieu of a rope an inflated sealskin is used, with lines fastened to the extremities, which serve to rotate the object. One or perhaps two persons stand in proximity to the bag, those holding the lines whirling it quickly, and striving to hit the jumpers, who have to display considerable adroitness in order to avoid the heavy buffets which they would receive should they miss the gyration of the sealskin. Of course, when an inexperienced individual essays the game, he is subjected to numerous gibes and sarcastic remarks from the bystanders, which, however, are received in good humor.

The Russians brought playing-cards into the Territory, and from them the Mahlemuhtees learned to play a game called "durak," similar to "beggar my neighbor." But with the advent of citizens of the Great Republic, that glorious and soul-inspiring game known as "draw poker" usurped the place of the mild Muscovite pastime, while casino also shares its popularity. Strange to relate, the excitement of gambling reached such a pitch that it became necessary for the trading companies at St. Michael's to stop the importation of cards. Furs and peltries, trading goods intrusted to natives, their personal apparel, canoes—in fact, every kind of property was staked at these games, the losers being reduced to utter destitution and want. The aptitude displayed in acquiring a knowledge of these games of chance is remarkable, women especially delighting in exhibiting their skill, and seeking every opportunity to gratify their desire for play.

Muscular strength of the body, from the hips upward, is a marked feature in the Mahlemuhtee physique; wiry and well-knit frames, with a superabundance of adipose tissue, being a characteristic of both sexes. Broad hips, terminating in what appear to be sinewy legs and thighs, impress a casual observer with the idea that the extremities are built of a material similar to the frame. But such is not the case; the leg-muscles are flaccid and unsubstantial, and the knees turn inward, presenting a peculiar bow-shaped appearance, indicating weakness of the members.

These peculiarities are engendered through two causes; first, owing to the cramped and confined position which is assumed by the males in their kayaks—canoes; and secondly, to the fact that during the Winter months sedentary habits are cultivated for the major portion of the season. The little exercise that a male Mahlemuhtee takes is when running with a sled, or tending to the traps; even when engaged in seal-hunting on the ice a squatting posture is assumed, so that it is no wonder that, in the absence of a proper and healthy stimulus, the muscular development of the extremities is retarded. Probably the females, whose lot it is to provide berries, fish and other fruit, are

by reason of their more frequent excursions and rambling over the hills, better set in the lower limbs than the males. Certainly when walking the carriage is erect, with a spring and elasticity that the males are devoid of. The muscles most highly developed are the biceps and those in the region of the chest, their brawny appearance being superinduced by the constant handling of paddles, throwing spears, and the practice of wrestling.

The temperament of the Mahlemuhite races, generally speaking, may be classed as phlegmatic in character. Feelings of love, admiration, adoration, or the general desires which follow a cultivation of *la grand passion*, are unknown. As previously mentioned, the possession of a wife, or courtship, is simply looked upon as the means of propagating the family. So, therefore, where love is not existing, the wife holds no place in the regard of the husband, unless, having a commanding spirit, she obtains mastery and control over him. While utterly devoid of fine feelings, or elevating affections, unless it be that the care and attention lavished upon male children is a redeeming virtue, the long train of unsympathetic traits are prominent features in the Mahlemuhite race. Hatred long nursed, impetuosity, paroxysms of violence and ebullitions of wrath, especially when under the influence of ardent spirits, all find place in the characteristics of these people.

Having these peculiar temperaments, it is no small wonder that they are acutely sensitive to jeer or ridicule, resenting any approach to such with the utmost pugnacity.

Such are the dark traits of the Mahlemuhite; his good ones are those engendered by climatic influence, and a desire to appear of some importance beyond the common impels him to their exercise.

Sharing the spoils of the chase among the people, liberality in bestowing goods belonging to the trading companies, and a certain attachment for a few Americans with whom they have come in contact, may be mentioned. But when trading among themselves, with their own property, bargains and purchases are conducted with a keenness and perspicuity that savors of Slylockism. Another fact is noteworthy: that a scrupulous regard for food supplies, clothing, and, in fact, all kinds of property, is cultivated, theft is unknown, and to this statement I can vouch. During my half-years' residence among these people I never missed the most trivial article. Mislaying my pocket-knife or comb on several occasions, they were invariably returned to me. Speaking in these terms, I do not wish it to be understood that the Mahlemuhites are strictly honest; in fact, I think that when opportunity occurs, such as on board of a vessel, or in a store, any portable article is speedily appropriated. As a sequence, those who have had dealings with white people entertain no regard for the laws of "meum et tuum," while the Mahlemuhite "sui generis" respects property with an aboriginal feeling on the subject. In common with many semi-savage races, treachery is paramount in attacking a foe, while indulging in the highest pitch of brag-gardism, before a strong will and unbending disposition they become servile and cringing. Attacks have been made upon whites, both Russians and Americans, by Mahlemuhites when under the influence of drink, or when their imagination has been wrought over some imaginary wrong.

Firmness, determination, and kind treatment, without allowing the least approach to familiarity, are the factors whereby these Mahlemuhites are led to respect the white man; to waver and allow the least loophole, forfeits all future respect, and the white never regains their deference. Do what one will for the mass of these people,

supply them with clothing, food, and other articles, they do not entertain the least idea of gratitude, appearing to regard any gift as a right or concession. For the performance of even the rites of hospitality, some recompense is always looked for, the only exceptions I met with being the young man and his wife who traveled with me for three months during the Winter. An instance, a solitary one, is recorded where a sailor who ran away from his vessel was fed and cared for, and finally brought to St. Michael's, but even then some payment or reward was tendered by Mr. Neumann, of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Both sexes are inveterate talkers, the most trivial events forming themes of conversation for lengthy periods. Still, the tittle-tattle which is a distinguishing feature among the half-breeds—i.e., Russians and natives throughout the Territory of Alaska—is not prevalent among the Mahlemuhites; they rarely speak evil of any one, when in company. Women who are gifted with a tale-bearing and loquacious disposition receive condign punishment from the males. There is a tradition that, in olden times, any one who had the reputation of a gossip and babbler suffered the terrible infliction of having the tongue cut asunder.

With regard to the powers of observation and retention, the Mahlemuhites may be said to rank high. They are, when seeing any strange object, wonderfully attentive, exhibiting deep attention and reflection upon the matter in view, and showing an anxiety and inquisitiveness to learn. Their imitative powers are also great, many articles, such as carpenter's tools and household furniture, being made after one examination. The performances of a sewing-machine at St. Michael's, was bruited in every village along the coast of Norton Sound, and even on the Arctic circle, while the automatic anemometer set up by Sergeant Leavitt, of the Signal service, has caused more wonderment than any object ever presented to their gaze. Mahlemuhites from the Far North have been known to come to St. Michael's simply to see these mechanical contrivances.

The only visible mourning for the dead is that the hair of both sexes is cut extremely short. But while there is no such extreme veneration paid to a deceased parent, as is the custom among the Chinese or other Tartar races, still a certain amount of respect is observed toward the dead.

When the site of the grave is determined upon, relatives and friends of the deceased become assiduous in collecting materials to build the resting-place. Good timbers are selected, while flat and smooth stones are placed in position to rest the body upon. The corpse, dressed in the best clothing, is then carried to the grave. Through the hole in the barabarra roof the dead individual is thrust, like a log of wood, and carried to the last resting-place.

After a mournful dirge is chanted, the body is laid upon the stone flooring, with three pieces of wood placed under it at the head, foot and centre. The property of the deceased, such as bows, arrows, spears, gun, and other hunting weapons, food-kantags or dishes, are placed by the side of the body. Logs of wood are then built to an apex to the height of five feet, and over this is erected a square pile of timber, which is covered with stones and earth, beaten down to a level. Upon the top of the grave dishes of food are placed, while at its side the drilling or deer-skin tent, containing several articles of clothing, finds a place.

The mode of burying practiced among the natives living on the delta and lower portion of the Yukon is similar to





1. Beluga Spear. 2. Bone Sinkers and Fishhooks. 3. Seal and Walrus Spear.  
4. Bird Spear. 5. Spear-point of Walrus Ivory and Metal. 6, 7. Flint Spear-heads.  
8. Wooden Handles for Throwing Spears.

#### HUNTING AND FISHING IMPLEMENTS OF THE MAHLEMURTES.

crepit, is regarded as a welcome summons. Having no doctrine of future existence, or belief in eternal damnation, the dead Mahlemurte, after the burial rites are performed, and at the expiration of a year, is regarded no more than a dead dog.

The tomb is allowed to decay, and never repaired, its ornamentations are suffered to rot away, until, in course of time, nothing remains but a few bones, or a honeycombed skull. The barabarra wherein a person may happen to die is deserted for many months, sometimes never reoccupied. Where no relatives are living to perform the rites of sepulture, the neighbors leave the corpse in the hut, closing up the hole in the roof and the entrance-way, to prevent the admission of any animals.

Those who participate in the building of a grave become entitled to some peculiar privileges during the year elapsing between the demise of the individual and the anniversary of the death. When visiting the barabarra, or tent, of the deceased person's relatives, the following observances take place: He cannot enter the house, or speak to any one, before he receives an offering of food at the hands of the relatives. Dishes of berries, fish, or other viands, together with a bowl or cup of water, are handed to him on bended knee, with averted face, by the relative, who retires backward. Before tasting any of the articles, a small piece of each is taken between the forefinger and thumb and thrown with a fillip into the air, while a drop of water is poured on the ground. These ceremonies are supposed to be an offering to the devils of the air and earth. When a brief space elapses, the tent, or barabarra, is visited, and talking, previously inhibited, commences." Each visit during the year of mourning is marked by similar ceremonies. At the anniversary of a death, celebrations and performances take place, at which numerous gifts are distributed to those who assisted to build the graves, and a general

feast takes place, lasting several days.

Previous to the advent of Russians the use of firearms was unknown to the races of Northwestern Alaska, iron with its uses a mystery, and the stone age flourished. Trapping and hunting were conducted by primitive methods; spears, bows and arrows being the weapons used for defense and offense. Hammers, drills, axes, and knives, were manufactured of flint, quartzite and greenstone; arrow and spear heads, of translucent agate; deer and walrus bone sufficed for all requirements. Some of the best hunters had copper heads and points for their spears, while fishhooks with barbs of the same metal were extensively used. These spearheads and fishhooks were made by beating out native copper found in some of the inland districts.

that of the Mahlemurtes, except that the weapons and property of the deceased are not buried, but are stuck in various positions on the top or at the head of the grave. Figures of birds, animals, and carvings representing the human form in various hideous shapes, are placed around the tomb.

Among the Mahlemurtes, and extending over all the tribes of the seacoast and inland, is a common superstition attached to the dead. A wide circuit is made from a grave; neither will they look at or touch a corpse after burial; while the presence of any article belonging to a deceased person, either in the house or tent, is regarded with fear. Still, there is no fear or terror at the approach of the grim tyrant, the final end being waited for without any dread, and, in the case of a person being old and de-

Still the stone and bone implements have not yet been entirely thrown aside, the primitive spears and lances being preferred by the seal and walrus hunters. Where iron has found favor, it is in the form of saws, hammers, chisels, axes, hatchets and other tools, which are articles of trade eagerly sought after.

But it may be asserted that in less than a decade the ethnologist will seek in vain for specimens of articles used in bygone days by these people. Many of the Mahle-muhtes cling with veneration and affection to these old relics, parting with them only when a good price is offered by some Smithsonian or other collector, and even then with great reluctance. American-made traps have entirely ousted the rude and primitive appliances used by the Mahle-muhtes. These traps consisted of hollowed logs of wood, with a centre-piece cut out, a coil of seal-hide acting as a spring upon a flat board having a stout, sharp bone peg at one end. A thin whalebone line, to which the bait is fastened, was attached to the board, which, upon being pulled by the animal, set loose the hide spring; the peg descended generally upon the head of the beast, and killed it instantaneously. The log of wood, buried deep in the snow and secured by means of heavy stones, prevented any removal or displacement.

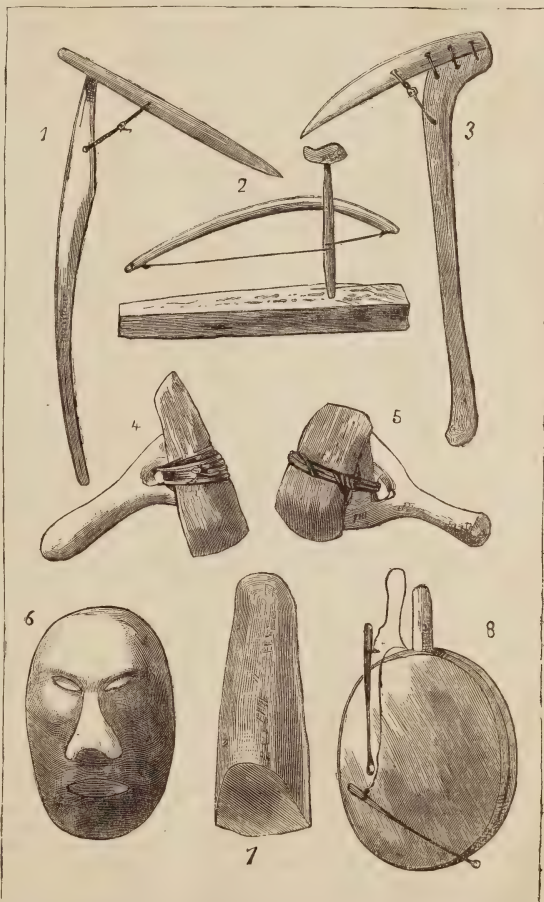
Another method of securing fox, bear, and other carnivorous animals, is by placing pieces of seal or walrus meat in their haunts. Concealed in the interior of the lumps of bait is a long, slender piece of whalebone, with sharp ends. When the animal swallows this bait the whalebone springs into its original shape, the sharp ends entering the intestines and stomach of the beast, causing death to supervene. Tracked to its lair, the skin is soon obtained, free from any blemish or defect, which insures the command of a high price in trade.

Fowling-pieces and rifles are used to shoot reindeer, feathered game, seal and walrus, their possession being greatly sought after; but with these weapons the Mahle-muhtes are by no means expert shots, their aim with the primitive spear and lance being far more sure and certain.

Means of travel among the Mahle-muhtes are by water and on the ice, walking being scarcely indulged in for any considerable distance, the weakness of the leg-muscles doubtless contributing to the nonpractice of pedestrianism. Two forms or models of skinboats are used by the Mahle-muhtes; one of these measures from ten to twelve feet in length, by two and a half feet in width, having tapering points, terminating on the curved bow end, with an intervening space between the extremities; or, in fact, splitting the curve in twain. The other variety is similar in length,

but only eighteen inches in width, and has a raised breast-frame in front of the hole wherein the paddler sits. While the first described type is by no means difficult for a white man to handle, the latter species of canoe can only be manoeuvred by the skilled Mahle-muhtes who live or have resided on Kotzebue Sound, where it is used by them in pursuit of the swift white whale. It requires great *aplomb* and self-possession for even an expert in handling the wider canoes to attempt to paddle one of these frail kyacks.

With a plentiful supply of timber, the frames and ribs of these kyacks are well fashioned, being fastened by thin seal-line; they are, while being strong, extremely easy to ride over the most heavy waves, the elasticity of the hide rope enabling them—in nautical parlance—to give. A single hole in the centre provides room for the paddler,



1, 3. Ice-picks made of Walrus-tusks. 2. The Drill. 4, 5. Stone (nephrite) Hammers. 6. Dancing mask. 7. Stone Adze. 8. Shaman's Drum.



but should his wife or children be on board, they are stowed, together with their belongings, at the ends of the craft. It has been a matter of wonderment to me on several occasions, when seeing perhaps four or five children, with their mother and father, emerge from the inside of one of these kyacks after a long journey, how they contrived to breathe and remain in such a cramped position for any length of time. But they do not seem to be any the worse for the trip, giving themselves a few shakes and turns when landing, and exhibiting no inconvenience whatever.

Seal and walrus hides are used for covering the frames of the kyacks, and are sewn with deer-sinew, so that when well stretched and oiled about once a month, they become entirely impervious to water. Single paddles are mostly used by the Mahlemuhtes, the double kind being seldom seen. I do not think that I err in stating that a good paddler can attain a speed of six or seven miles an hour on the sea, while on a river about double the distance can be accomplished. On Kotzebue Sound and in its immediate vicinity reindeer-skin is used for covering the narrow kyacks before mentioned.

A larger boat, termed by the Mahlemuhtes "oomiak," and known to whites by the Russian cognomen "biadarra," is used when traveling on long journeys with a large number of persons. These boats are open, affording no shelter from the elements to their passengers, but are so light, and withal of great strength, that they will live in a gale where a ship's-boat would certainly founder. Great ingenuity is displayed in their construction; the frames and timbers, knees and uprights, being nicely fitted and fastened with the ever-present seal-hide rope. Upon the frames are stretched from four to sixteen seal or walrus hides, varying in number according to the size of the "oomiak," the skins being fastened to the frame tightly, and secured by means of thongs of hide inserted through holes on their edges, and rove through the upper strake of the frame. When well tant, the skins receive a coat of seal-oil, and are then allowed to dry in the sun. Seal-hide is considered the best covering for both oomiaks and kyacks to be used in fresh and salt water, the skin of the *Phoca vitulina* being preferred, by reason of its pores being very close, while walrus-hide, although repelling the attacks of the sea-water, speedily becomes flaccid and wrinkled when immersed in river-courses. To prepare the hides of these animals in a fit condition for covering water-vehicles, they are denuded of hair and every particle of skin, fat, and fleshy matter, which is done by the women with the aid of their teeth and knives. When properly cleansed, the hides are stretched with cords on a square frame and left to dry in the sun for some three or four days, when they become ready for use.

The propulsion of the oomiak is effected by means of a single lugsail, the mast fitting into a step in the fore part of the boat and having one head and two side guys when upraised; paddles, and sometimes oars are also used when requisite.

In the Winter the boats are carried on shore, the skin covering taken off and put aside for future use.

When the snow begins to fall, sleds are brought from their Summer resting-place, the lashings examined, and defects made good. Mahlemuhte sleds are some nine feet in length, and stand from the ground about two and a half feet, the runners being shod with slabs of walrus and whalebone, with wooden pegs as fastenings. Four and five stanchions, semi-curved in form, spring from the runners and support the lateral strips of wood which comprise the body of the sled, while uprights equidistant serve to bind the structure and strengthen it. Dogs are

harnessed to a single line running from the head of the sled, which tapers upward to a half-round, in order to surmount the projecting ice-knobs encountered while traveling. Each dog has thin hide ropes passing over the head and under the forelegs in loops, which terminate on its back, while the end is made fast to the main pulling-rope. With a team of six dogs, it is possible to transport a load of from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds on the sled. An average day's run of twelve hours with a loaded sled in the months of February, March and April, may be set down as fifty miles, with a good road on the ice and snow.

One of the advantages that a team of Mahlemuhte dogs may be credited with, is the small amount of food they require when on the road. They should never be fed until the journey is finished for the day, and in no instance do they receive any more than a half-salmon, some three or four pounds in weight. It is very surprising to a newcomer to witness the amount of work these dogs perform with such small rations. Wearisome and trying to the temper as these canines are by reason of their vagaries, they excite a certain amount of admiration when their labors are considered, and the wonderful journeys they perform during the Winter are witnessed. In size they correspond with a medium-grown pointer. Extremely muscular and seldom fleshy, the appearance and hardness betray the fact that their original progenitors were either of the fox or wolf family, their voracity, short, sharp snout, formidable fangs, and coarse, straight hair adding to the surmise.

In addition to the large sleds used while traveling, small, low contrivances are used by the Mahlemuhtes when engaged in hunting or fishing on the ice. These sleds are simply two lateral pieces of wood laid across the runners, and of sufficient size to transport a single seal or a kyack. The mode adopted in hunting the seal on the ice-bound ocean is worthy of attention, exhibiting as it does the patience, ingenuity, and braving of the inclement and cheerless weather that are incidental to the pursuit. February, March, April and May are the months when the seals are hunted. The small islands along the coast of Norton Sound, and the deep indentations around Golovin and Norton Bays, are the favorite resorts. With a slender stock of provisions, and nothing but a tent of cotton drilling, the hunters leave their villages and seek the grounds. Dogs and sleds accompany them to transport the smaller sled and kyack, in many cases the families migrating to the spot from whence operations are conducted, remaining there until the ice breaks up in the Spring. Day after day the patient hunter goes out with his small sled and kyack, for many hours carefully watching the airholes in the ice made by seals, or venturing to a spot where open water is to be seen. In order to guard against being carried to sea by the sudden breaking of the ice, the kyack is carried. Instances, however, occur where men have been caught by a gale while out hunting, carried away on the drift-ice, and never heard of. During the past Winter (1882-3) three men perished under these circumstances while out seal-hunting near Cape Prince of Wales. When the seal comes up to breathe, or bask in the warm Spring sun, a blow on the head from a heavy club, or a well-directed shot, speedily kills the animal. Returning to camp, the seal is soon skinned and dismembered by the women, portions of the meat being dried for future use, the entrails and refuse being boiled into a soup, which is highly relished. The blubber and fat is cut off in strips, placed in bags of seal-hide, where, after an exposure of a few days in the sun, the matter is tried out, and either traded off or stored for Winter use.

Such is the brief account of Mahlemuhte customs and manners. By dint of the subtle forces which science denominates as mind, intelligence and ingenuity, these inhabitants of a hyperborean region support themselves and live a happy and contented life. An observer cannot fail to admire the skill with which they use their weapons and implements, their ingenuity in hunting and fishing, and withal their close and accurate powers of perception and observation. To the ethnologist and philologist a study of the Mahlemuhte race presents a wide field, and by such researches some light may possibly be thrown upon the origin of the race of men that inhabited the Arctic portion of the American Continent from Behring Sea to Greenland.

## LEILA.

"LEILA! I shall bring company home to dine to day."

The girl dropped her novel with a sigh, as Gerando passed out upon the terrace.

"Heigho! Jewel, come here! My little dog, did you know that it was a dreadful thing to be an heiress and the mistress of an establishment?" nestling the spaniel's silken head against her soft cheek.

Jewel whined affectionately—almost with tears in his eyes.

"For the master of The Tulips, now, it's quite another thing. He has only to see that the servants do their duty and are paid, give his orders, and ride away," peeping through the blind to where Gerando was drawing on his gloves, while Saad, his horse, stood lashing his glossy flanks with his long tail. "But the poor little mistress has all the sacrifices to make. When Signor Gerando says, 'Company to dine'—people, mind you, Jewel, she don't care a straw for—she must put by her pet book, her comfort, and her leisure; she must arise, gird up her loins, and take council with her housekeeper; she must array herself in velvet and fine linen; she must be the servant of her uninvited guests. Well, I don't know how it is; but I'm growing old dreadfully fast with this sort of thing, and—and I wish Dr. Houston had lived, if he *was* my stepfather, and cross into the bargain," and one bright tear fell on Jewel's head, as she jumped up and ran away.

But Mrs. Peppers, the housekeeper, heard her come singing down-stairs to the china-closet, where she was polishing silver.

"What now, dearie?"

"Company to dine. I suppose Peter'll have to go to town, won't he?"

"More company?"

"Yes, Aunt Peppers."

"Well, my mouth is as a sealed book, but if I *were* to speak, I should say that we have altogether too much company in this house."

Leila smiled faintly.

"Aunt Peppers, what is there to do?"

"Nothing for you, Leila Alcester! You just go back to your book, and your comfort, and things you are fit for. I don't want any hollow eyes, and cheeks with no more color than a snowdrift, around me."

Leila turned slowly away.

"One month of this life has taken all the bloom of Spring out of her," muttered Mrs. Peppers, vengefully wrestling with the castors. "A pretty life he makes for the innocent young girl intrusted to his care, with his dinners, and his wine-suppers, and his host of strange men coming here, as if The Tulips was a tavern."

Leila went slowly up to her chamber, and laid her dinner-dress out upon the bed. It looked like a foamy wave of green sea-water with the sun on it. The soft, white lace of the sleeves was caught up with gold and emeralds; a fall of shimmering flounces of the same fell over the silk skirt.

"I will put up my hair plainly," she said, looking in the mirror at her little face, as soft and fair as a pearl. "I am too tired to curl it. I wonder what makes me so tired all the time!" sinking down upon a couch.

She fell asleep.

The little ormolu clock upon the mantel, striking twelve, awoke her. She started up and listened, as a distant sound like low thunder fell upon her ear.

"They are coming over the bridge!" she exclaimed, starting up, and began hurriedly to dress. Meanwhile she wondered anxiously what had been accomplished below-stairs. As she clasped the gold band about her small, white arm, she saw her guests coming into the yard.

They were all gentlemen—one in the carriage with Gerando, three on horseback. She listened to them, laughing and talking, as they came across the terrace and into the hall.

Her hand trembled a little with the fastening of her glove. She was so young!

Mrs. Peppers softly opened her chamber-door.

"All ready, dearie."

"Oh, Aunt Peppers—the dinner!"

"Everything is just right, I promise you that, my dear. I had to have my wits about me, though, for the carpet was up in the long dining-room, the ice-pitcher at the silversmith's, not an egg in the house, or a bit of salad in the garden. This is the third dinner-party this week. My mouth is as a sealed book, but if I *were* to speak my mind, I should say that company twice a week was enough!"

Leila took up her handkerchief, and there came a knock at the door.

Gerando extended an impatient hand:

"Come, come, Leila!"

She took his arm, and went down. A hush fell upon the loud laughing in the long drawing-room as she went in to the guests.

"Major York, Mr. Brompton, Dr. Aden, Captain Brisson;" she heard the names distinctly, but seemed to see only Captain Brisson. Perhaps it was because he was presented last, and took a seat near her; but there was a look of fierce animal life in his dark, handsome face and strong figure which startled and repulsed her.

It was Captain Brisson who, at Gerando's request, gave Leila his arm to the dining-room.

Leila saw at a glance that all was well done, even to the bouquets among the dishes. She gave a little sigh of relief.

"Miss Alcester is weary?—She has seen much company lately?"

Brisson's voice was soft and insinuating.

She smiled and shook her head. Somehow it was not easy to talk to Brisson.

"Let me give you a glass of wine. That will restore you."

She took the glass from his hand, and put it to her lips. Then she turned to her other guests. But all through the long two hours of that dinner she was sharply conscious of Brisson's proximity—of his eyes, his movements. And in her weakness and weariness her will and her spirits somehow seemed paralyzed. The afternoon went like a dream, and at twilight she flew from the deserted rooms,



and, hastening to her chamber, staggered and fell, in her foamy dress, in a dead faint upon the carpet.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Peppers, as, discovering the prostrate girl, she lifted her upon the bed, "my mouth is as a sealed book, but if I were to express my solemn belief, I should say that this child is fast going after her dead mother."

But in an hour or two Leila was better, and, hearing that her guardian had sent for her, went down to the library.

Gerando was walking the floor. He was still in his dinner-dress, which showed his slender, elegant figure.

"Leila," he said, "I wish to have a little talk with you."

He placed a chair for her.

"I wish to know if you have as yet formed any attachment?" he said, at last.

She looked puzzled.

"For any gentleman you may have met here or elsewhere?" he went on.

"No, I have not," so frankly that he could not but believe her.

He smiled upon her—one of his brilliant smiles, that almost made her love him.

"Then, perhaps, you will let me choose for you?"

It was her turn to look anxious.

"I—I do not wish to be married, dear guardian."

"Tut! tut! it is necessary. You would not be a nun?"

"No, but I like my home as it is," though she hesitated at the last words.

Gerando took another turn across the library carpet.

"How did you like Captain Brisson, whom you met to-day?"

A look of swift aversion crossed the girl's features.

"I did not—I could not like him."

Gerando faced her quickly.

"Leila, that is a silly fancy! He is a gentleman, and suited to you."

"I could not marry him."

"Captain Brisson has fallen in love with you. It is, in every way, a suitable match."

"I cannot marry a man I do not love."

"He only asks opportunity to win your love. Leila, I wish you to see him, without fail, to-morrow."

She made no reply. After a little she said, faintly:

"May I go now?"

"Yes," he answered.

She rose, and went up to her room.

Gerando had never seen in her eyes anything like the fire they bore as she walked the floor that night. This arbitrary disposal of herself, body and soul, in a marriage which she abhorred, aroused in her a sense of desperation.

"It is not right," she said, stopping at last, her small hand clinched over her heart. "A guardian should seek to advance his ward's happiness. To marry Captain Brisson is horrible to me! Signor Gerando is not my friend. What shall I do?"

She was not wise enough to sleep, and thus recruit her

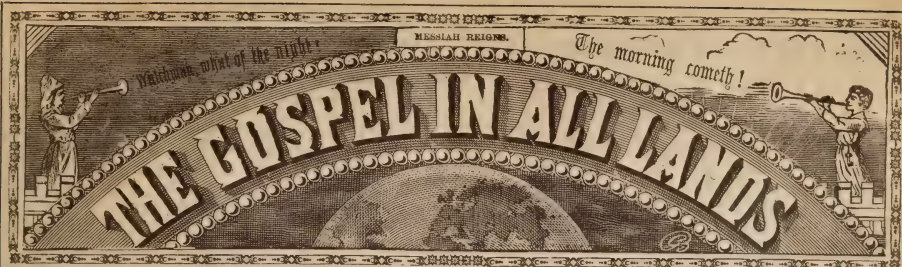
strength against the coming struggle. Morning found her worn, pallid and apprehensive. Her little hands shook as she dressed her beautiful hair, while the mirror gave forth a ghost-like reflection.

Gerando looked at her sharply as she entered the breakfast-room. During the breakfast he chatted kindly, as one who strives to entertain a child. And by a certain power he had compelled Leila's outward attention, though her lips quivered with the nervous dread upon her as she tried to smile. At last the meal was ended.



A NAP.

*This Number is Devoted to Alaska, etc.*



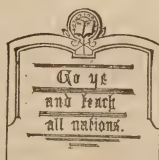
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BALTIMORE, JANUARY 3, 1884.

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*Encampment of Indians.*





# The Gospel in All Lands.

Baltimore, Thursday, Jan. 3, 1884.

VOL. IX. No. 1.

## Contents of this Number.

The Territory of Alaska.....	1
Christian Missions in Alaska.....	2
Presbyterian Missions in Alaska.....	2
Sheldon Jackson Institute in Alaska.....	4
Sketch of Mrs. A. B. McFarland.....	6
Sketch of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.....	6
The Native Tribes of Alaska.....	6
Protestant Missions in 1883.....	11
Mission Outlook for 1884.....	12
Week of Prayer, January, 1884.....	12

## Illustrations.

Presbyterian Mission at Haines, Alaska.....	1
Sheldon Jackson Indian School, Sitka, Alaska.....	8
Presbyterian Church and McFarland Home, Sitka, Alaska.....	4
Class of Indian Boys, Sitka, Alaska.....	5
Mrs. A. R. McFarland.....	6
Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.....	6
An Alaska Home of Cedar Plank.....	8
Eskimo Hunter of Alaska.....	11

## How the Littles Grow.

The wife of a Presbyterian minister canvassed a part of the parish to obtain pledges from the people to give a specified amount for the conversion of the world. Among other places she entered a shoemaker's shop and inquired of the old man on the bench if he would be willing to pledge \$18.25 a year in weekly instalments for the salvation of the world. He replied:

"Eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents! No, indeed, I seldom have such an amount of money. I would not promise one-half so much."

"Would you be willing to give five cents a day, or thirty-five cents each Sabbath for the cause of Christ?"

"Yes, and my wife will give as much more."  
"I do not wish to play any tricks nor spring any trap on you. If you will multiply five cents by 365 days it will make just \$18.25."

"Don't say anything more to me about the \$18.25. I am good for five cents a day. Let me take your memorandum."

He pledged himself for thirty-five cents a Sabbath. He took the book to his wife, for she took in washing and ironing and so had an income. She cheerfully gave her name for five cents a day. Their daughter was a seamstress and she wrote her name for four cents a day. Weeks came and months passed and the shoemaker said:

"I enjoy this, for I can give thirty-five cents a week and not feel it. It goes like current expenses; and then it amounts to so much more than I ever gave before; it gives me a manly feeling. I feel that I am doing my duty."—*The Presbyterian*.

## The Summer's Work of a Mission Band.

BY MRS. E. A. PADDOCK.

Our Mission Band, though organized in June last, numbers forty-two members, boys and girls, and we have been very busy working for a little girl in Harpoot College, Turkey. We have held monthly meetings, at each of which a foreign country has been studied, and many pleasant recitations and songs given. The girls of our Band met every Saturday to sew, and the boys, not wishing to be behind, sowed seeds, expecting the harvest by and by.

A fair had been decided upon, and each member had

agreed to do something. The interest increased. Remarks were often heard about "my missionary pig," "my missionary onions," etc., and the older people, catching the spirit, became enthusiastic over the affair also.

At last everything was ready. A fine new barn was placed at the Band's disposal, through the kindness of an interested gentleman, and soon busy hands had transformed the spacious hayloft into a bright room. In the center, on a table, gaily trimmed with bright autumn leaves and evergreens, was arranged the girls' work, aprons, towels, a quilt, a wax doll beautifully dressed, and some fancy articles. The boys brought onions, beans, beets, squash, pumpkins, potatoes, cabbage, popcorn, apples, and the missionary hens and pig. Those members who had not raised or made anything, brought money earned by selling rags, gathering eggs, or "helping mother." After the disposing of all these articles by private sale, and at auction, and some appropriate songs and recitations from the Band, these forty-two boys and girls were marshaled down stairs to the room below, where a table spread by the seniors awaited them. A happy meal was enjoyed, then merry games were played in the ample barn, while the remainder of the company feasted on the good things.

Thus ended the fair, and all felt that the work had not been in vain. Fifty dollars were raised, and our hearts were larger because our work was for one who is trying to rise above the darkness and ignorance of a heathen land.—*Advance*.

## Whitewashed Babies.

A missionary stationed at one of the South Sea Islands determined to give his residence a coat of whitewash. To obtain this in the absence of lime, coral was reduced to powder by burning. The natives watched the process of burning with interest, believing that the coral was being cooked for them to eat. Next morning they beheld the missionary's cottage glittering in the rising sun white as snow. They danced, they sang, they screamed with joy. The whole island was in commotion. Whitewash became the rage. Happy was the coquette who could enhance her charms by a daub of the white brush. Contentions arose. One party urged their superior rank; another obtained possession of the brush, and valiantly held it against all comers; a third tried to upset the tub to obtain some of the precious cosmetic. To quiet the hubbub more whitewash was made, and in a week not a hut, a domestic utensil, a war club, or a garment but was as white as snow; not an inhabitant but had a skin painted with grotesque figures; not a pig that was not whitened; and mothers might be seen in every direction capering joyously, and yelling with delight at the superior beauty of their whitewashed babies.

## The Girls of Japan.

Cousin Sadie writes to "Mission Dayspring" from Japan that the parents think it is more important for girls to learn to sew than to learn to read, so they are sent to a sewing school for several years, and learn to make and mend their own clothes. They use coarse thread and take long stitches. Every four or five days their hair is taken down and washed in very hot water, to get all of the old grease out, and then a hair-dresser comes and greases it, and makes it very fine and shining, and ties it up, and makes loops of it, or bangs, or whatever is the proper style for the age. After this, until it is taken down again, any stray hairs are stuck back with more grease. They wear bits of bright-colored crape and artificial flowers in the hair. When many girls are together on a holiday, their heads are as gay as a flower garden.



## The Territory of Alaska.



THE Territory of Alaska was purchased from Russia by the United States in 1867 for \$7,200,000. It is 1,400 miles from its northern to its southern boundary, or as far as from Maine to Florida, and from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian Islands it is 2,200 miles,

miles; the Kadiak group, aggregating 5,676 miles; the Shumagin group, 1,031 square miles; the Aleutian chain, 6,391 square miles; the Pribyloff group (seal islands), 3,963 square miles.

Alaska contains one of the largest rivers of the world, the Yukon, being over 2,000 miles long, seventy miles



*Presbyterian Mission Among the Glaciers at Haines, Alaska.*

or as far as from Washington City to San Francisco. It is as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi river and north of the Carolinas, having a land area of nearly one-sixth of that of the United States. It has a coast line of 25,000 miles. The total area of the islands of Alaska is 31,205 square miles, which would make a State as large as the State of Maine. The most important groups of islands are Alexander Archipelago, with 1,100 islands and having an area of 14,142 square

across its five mouths and intervening deltas, and for the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles wide, and is navigable for fifteen hundred miles. Mr. Robert Campbell, of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, made an exploring expedition into Alaska and states he found the Yukon and its principal tributary, the Pelly, to be navigable at some seasons to within thirty miles of Pelly Banks, which are three thousand miles from the sea-coast. The Kooskovime river is six hundred miles in



length, and there are several others ranging from 150 to 300 miles.

The seal fur fisheries on two islands, the Pribyloff group of islands, have been leased by the United States government to an incorporated company known as the "Alaska Commercial Company." They pay the government an annual rental of \$55,000 for the islands and a royalty of \$262,500 a year on the 100,000 seal skins allowed by law to be taken, and since 1871 the islands have paid into the United States treasury over three million dollars. Nearly all the seal skins used in the markets of the world come from these islands. The revenue is large from the skins of the otter, mink and beaver. Coal is found in abundance, and there are mines of gold, silver, iron, and copper and quarries of marble. Petroleum is abundant in one section. There are thousands of square miles of forests of cedar, spruce, hemlock and fir.

The census of the United States of 1880 gave the population of Alaska as 34,000, as quoted by Dr. Sheldon Jackson in an article that follows this, but no count of the people has been made and the estimates vary greatly, some making the population sixty thousand. The Russian estimate at the time of the sale was sixty-six thousand. Major General Halleck in his official report to the Secretary of War in 1869 said: "Most writers make four general divisions of the natives of Alaska: 1st. The Koloshians; 2d. The Kenaian; 3d. The Aleuts; 4th. The Eskimo. These are again sub-divided into numerous tribes and families, which have been named sometimes from their places of residence or resort, and sometimes from other circumstances or incidents. The Koloshians is the name given by the Russians to all the natives who inhabit the islands and coast from the latitude 54 deg. 40 min. to the mouth of the Copper river. The Kenaian is a name applied to all the Indians who occupy the country north of the Copper river and west of the Rocky mountains except the Aleuts and Eskimo. The Aleuts is a name which properly belongs to the natives of the Aleutian Islands, but it has been applied to those of the Shumagin and Kadiak groups. The Eskimo inhabit the coasts of Bhering's Sea and of the Arctic Ocean, and the interior country north, and including the northern branches of the Yukon river."

General Arthur, President of the United States, has recommended to Congress that a Territorial Government shall be given to Alaska and that an appropriation should be made for the establishment of schools, which are much needed.

#### Christian Missions in Alaska.

THE first missions in Alaska were established by Russian missionaries of the Greek Church in the last century, but it was not until 1824 that much progress was made. In that year Innocentius Veniaminoff arrived and continued his labors for the Alaskans until in 1868 he was recalled to Russia and became Metropolitan of Moscow. The latest statistics we have seen state that "on the Aleutian Islands and in Alaska there are 11,372 members of the Eastern Church." Many of the Russians have left the territory since it was ceded to the United States, and it is understood that the membership is decreasing from a want of sufficient interest and attention of the Church in Russia.

A Roman Catholic bishop with one priest went to Fort Wrangell in 1879 to establish a mission and erected a church-building and residence, but at the present time they have no priest.

The English Church Missionary Society became represented in Alaska in 1862 by the labors of Rev. W. W. Kirby. He was followed by Rev. Mr. McDonald in

1863, who continued until 1882 faithfully preaching the Gospel to the people, many of whom left their heathen customs and were received into the Church. Mr. McDonald only left Alaska on account of broken health and he has since been engaged in translating the New Testament into the native language. Rev. W. C. Bompas went to the mission in 1865. He was consecrated Bishop of Athabasca in 1874. Rev. Mr. Sim joined the mission in 1882 and it is now in his charge, aided by some native teachers, and visited by the Bishop of Athabasca. There are over 1,600 members of the English Church in the mission on the Yukon, besides those at Fort McPherson and La Pierre House.

The Rev. W. H. R. Corlies and wife from Philadelphia carry on an independent mission among the Takoo tribe, and are at Tsek-muk-sank-y. They have one day-school.

The Presbyterian Church of the United States reports in Alaska 7 male and 11 female missionaries. For further particulars see article following this.

The American Province of the Moravian Church has agreed to send a minister to examine into the feasibility of establishing a mission among the Eskimos of Alaska, and it is probable the Protestant Episcopalians and Baptists will commence work in Alaska next summer.

#### Alaska Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

The Alaska Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States are under the direction of the Board of Home Missions, 23 Centre street, New York.

"Among the Alaskans," by Julia McNair Wright, gives the following Chronology of Events in the History of the Mission:

1877.

August 10.—The Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. A. R. McFarland land at Fort Wrangell and commence Presbyterian missions in Alaska.

December 28.—Clah (Philip) dies at Fort Wrangell.

1878.

January.—The Rev. John G. Brady is appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions for service in Alaska.

March 15.—Mr. Brady arrives at Fort Wrangell.

March 24.—The first Christian marriages among Alaskans, by Rev. J. G. Brady.

April 11.—Rev. J. G. Brady and Miss F. Kellogg reach Sitka.

April 17.—Miss Kellogg opens school at Sitka.

June.—Rev. J. G. Brady visits the Hoonyah, Hootsnoo, and other tribes north and east of Sitka.

August 8.—Rev. S. H. Young arrives at Fort Wrangell.

October 12.—"The McFarland Home" started.

December.—Rev. S. H. Young and Miss F. Kellogg married.

December 5.—Rev. Dr. Jackson and Mrs. J. McNair Wright issue an appeal for Christmas donations to the building fund for the "McFarland Home."

1879.

June 23.—Rev. W. H. R. Corlies and family reach Fort Wrangell.

July 14.—The Rev. Drs. Kendall, Jackson and Lindsay, with ladies, arrive.

August 3.—Church organized at Fort Wrangell.

August 12.—Dr. Jackson starts on a canoe trip of two hundred and fifty miles, and holds councils with the chiefs of the Hydah, Tongass, Tsimpsean and Chilcat tribes.

September 14.—Mr. A. E. Austin opens the Russian school at Sitka.

October 5.—Church building at Fort Wrangell occupied. Rev. S. H. Young, with four Indians, make a canoe trip among the tribes north to the Chilcats.

1880.

March 25.—Miss Linnie Austin reaches Sitka.

April.—Revs. S. H. Young and G. W. Lyon make a canoe trip among the Hydah villages.

May.—Rev. G. W. Lyon and wife reach Sitka.

August.—Mrs. Dickinson first native Alaskan teacher among the Chilcats.

November.—"The Sheldon Jackson Institute," an industrial training school for boys, opened at Sitka.

November 22.—Rev. J. L. Gould is commissioned to the Hydahs at Jackson, and Mrs. A. E. Austin is appointed matron at "The Sheldon Jackson Institute," Sitka.

December.—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Styles are commissioned teachers to the Hoonyahs at Boyd. Mr. J. E. Chapman to the Hydahs at Jackson, and the Rev. John W. McFarland as medical missionary to Fort Wrangell.

1882.

January 24.—"The Sheldon Jackson Institute" burned at Sitka.

February 4.—Post-office secured by Dr. Jackson for Roberts, on Fontaine Bay, Klawack, Jackson and Haines.



Sheldon Jackson Indian School, Sitka, Alaska.

1881.

March 25.—The Rev. E. S. Willard is appointed to labor for the Chilcats, and Mr. A. E. Austin for Sitka.

May 30.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church attaches Alaska to the Synod of the Columbia.

July 18.—Rev. E. S. Willard and wife, accompanied by Dr. Jackson, reach Portage Bay, and establish the Chilcat mission at Haines.

July 20.—No house or schoolroom is ready for the Willards, and no funds have been provided for erecting these buildings. The missionaries being shelterless, Dr. Jackson borrows money and puts up a house and schoolhouse. When Dr. Jackson returns to New York, the Woman's Executive Committee assumes the responsibility and repays the outlay.

August 5.—Accompanied by Dr. W. H. Corlies, Dr. Jackson goes to the villages of the Hoonyah tribe and locates the mission to the Hoonyahs, naming the station "Boyd" and providing for buildings.

August 15.—Mr. W. B. Styles and Miss Ettie Austin married at Sitka.

November 7.—Walter B. Styles and wife open school at Boyd with sixty Indian pupils.

August 22.—Drs. Corlies and Jackson and Mr. J. E. Chapman set out on a canoe trip of five hundred miles to the Hydah villages on Prince of Wales island. A mission, named by the missionaries "Jackson," located near the Indian village of Howkan.

September 12.—Mr. Chapman opens the mission school at Jackson.

March 11.—Rev. J. W. McFarland, nephew of Mrs. A. R. McFarland, arrives at Fort Wrangell.

March 18.—Rev. J. W. McFarland and Miss Dunbar married at Fort Wrangell.

May.—Rev. J. L. Gould reaches Jackson.

June.—Rev. Dr. Corlies opens mission to Takoos at Juneau.

August 1.—Dr. Jackson concludes the raising of five thousand dollars for rebuilding "The Sheldon Jackson Institute," at Sitka.

September 10.—Saw-mill, purchased with funds raised by Dr. Jackson and Mrs. J. M. Ham, is landed at Jackson. Miss C. F. Gould, missionary teacher, reaches Jackson.

September 12.—Rev. Dr. Jackson arrives at Sitka, with Miss B. L. Matthews, missionary teacher to the Chilcats.

September 13.—The Rev. J. G. Brady presents the mission at Sitka with one hundred and sixty acres of land, upon which Dr. Jackson erects the new mission buildings.

December.—A girls' department is added to the Sheldon Jackson Institute.

1883.

February 9.—The McFarland Home, at Fort Wrangell, is burned, with all furniture, clothing, stores, etc.

March.—Dr. Jackson receives a contract from the United States Post Office Department to supply the stations at Haines, Roberts, Klawack and Jackson with a monthly mail, to be carried by Indians in canoes.



June.—Mr. W. Donald McLeod is sent to Jackson to erect the saw mill and teach the natives how to use it.

The Annual Report of the Board of Missions made last year says: Our missionaries have been singularly fortunate in their work in Alaska. They have taken hold of the hearts of the Indians, and won their confidence to an unexpected degree. The natives now manifest a willingness to do what they can to help themselves.

Fort Wrangell has seen six years of faithful work. Mrs. McFarland has been reinforced in her own special work, the "Girls' Home," by several helpers. First went Miss Maggie Dunbar, now Mrs. Dr. McFarland, then Dr. McFarland himself, and last year Miss Kate A. Rankin. The "Home" which was succeeding finely but on the morning of February 9, 1883, a fire broke out which entirely destroyed the building. Another "Home" will soon be erected. The Rev. S. Hall Young for five

mission reaches some of the strongest tribes in the territory. Here at Haines are Rev. E. S. Willard, Mrs. Willard, Miss Bessie Matthews, and Mrs. Sarah Dickinson, (interpreter). There is one day-school with 75 pupils. A few miles up the Chilcat river are Louis and Tillie Paul, natives, and the first fruits of the Wrangell school, who are laboring to christianize the poor people of the Chilcat tribe.

The last but not least of the missions is that among the Hydahs, the largest tribe of all, and the one peculiarly exposed to bad white influence. The Rev. J. L. Gould succeeds Mr. J. M. Chapman here. He has with him his wife, a sister of Mrs. McFarland, and his sister, Miss Clara Gould. The school is taught under difficulties, there being as yet no suitable building, but in spite of difficulties, 165 Indian children attend, and the preaching services are crowded.

The patience, fidelity, devotion, and Christian hero-



*Presbyterian Church and McFarland Home, Sitka, Alaska.*

years has labored faithfully among the Indians, visiting the scattered bands, gathering the people more closely together and bravely combating witchcraft, shamanism, and all savage superstitions and ceremonies. The result is a large flourishing church, a hospital and a boys' school. Mrs. Young is a faithful assistant to her husband. There is here a boarding-school with 25 girls, a day-school with 70 pupils and a church with 25 members.

Sitka is an important point. When Mrs. McFarland went to Wrangell the Rev. John G. Brady was sent to Sitka. He was shortly joined by Miss Fannie Kellogg, now Mrs. S. Hall Young, of Wrangell, and both did efficient service during the time they remained. After a time both retired, and new missionaries were sought and found in Prof. Alonzo E. Austin, wife and daughters; one of the daughters, Miss Olinda, is still there, as is also the other, now, Mrs. Styles, whose husband, Mr. W. B. Styles, has been added to the mission. For a brief time the Rev. G. W. Lyons was at Sitka, but health failing, he went to California. The fire destroyed the first Home, but a new one has just been completed. The boys are taught not only the rudiments of an English education, but also farming and various mechanical arts, and the girls, sewing, housekeeping, cooking, etc. There is here a boarding-school with 30 boys and 20 girls, and a day-school with 200 pupils.

The mission to the Hoonyahs on Chickagaff Island is only two years old and is under the management of Prof. J. M. Chapman at Boyd. Many Indians of other tribes come in contact with the mission, from which much good may be expected.

The Chilcat Mission is one of the most important in Alaska. It is on the Chilkoot Inlet, where the natives of the interior find a commercial avenue to the sea, and the

ism shown by the missionaries is hardly paralleled in the annals of the church; but brave hearts and consecrated lives are always ready when the cause of Christ demands, and Alaska will never call in vain. All honor to the noble band now there.

#### Sheldon Jackson Institute in Alaska.

The Sheldon Jackson Institute is an Industrial Training School for Indian Children at Sitka, Alaska. The building is two stories in height, one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, stands on an eminence which slopes gently to the beach. The house is frame, plainly and substantially built, containing besides the teachers' apartments and those intended for the home of the children, a large room for the accommodation of the day school, which is also used for the Sabbath services.

There are now 24 boys in the Home, whose ages range from eight to seventeen years. Most of them are quick to learn and some of them show quite an aptness for trades. They were very much interested in the progress of the new building, going out in squads last season under Mr. Styles' direction, to cut and tow in logs for lumber and for the foundations. Two or three have done well on the carpenter work. They patch their own shoes, do their own barbering creditably, and many carve, in spare moments, their favorite and odd figures of fish, crows and ducks. Miniature ships, too, they get up, full rigged, and little Indian canoes.

The boys are growing ambitious, too, it seems. I heard of a council they held alone one night, just after the old Indians had been trying to prevail on Rudolph (who is about sixteen years of age) to become the husband of the old widow of his Uncle Chief, that he might inherit the property.

Rudolph could not be persuaded, and that night there was a very free expression of opinion by all the boys. Archie seemed to speak for all, however, when he said very seriously, "I would never marry dirty old Injun; for \$1,000 I never marry her. When I'm a man I want to take a good clean girl for wife. I want her to know books and to house keep like Boston girl. I not like it, my house all dirty, my children not washed."

Several of the boys have selected their wives to be, and are very anxious that Mrs. Austin should take them into the family and train them to "house keep." And

bell; and ringing it fast and loud awoke the missionary's family and the people of the town, who came rushing to their aid. This boy is now one of the strongest of his age in the school and is one of the main workers.

Allen, too, has a history. His mother (a woman of the Hoochinoo tribe, living about 90 miles north of Sitka) was under torture for witchcraft, having already been for some days without food, in that terrible crouching, tied-down position, with the head drawn back and lashed to a short stake in the ground. One night Allen at last completed his secret arrangements for her deliv-



MISS O. AUSTIN AND A CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS, "SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE," SITKA, ALASKA.

now that they are in the new house, it is the intention to admit girls also.

Some of the boys in this Home have been rescued from the pangs of witchcraft-torture; others from illnesses, which, without the missionary's care, must prove fatal. The most notable of the latter is the case of Lawrence, nicknamed by the boys "sick man." In my first letter from Sitka, almost two years ago, among other requests was that for articles which would make a sick room pleasant and comfortable, and I spoke of a little boy whom the physicians said could not get well.

He was a great sufferer, and it was probable that he would soon be an inmate of that sick room, for he was dying inch by inch from a terrible abscess. Well, that boy, cured under the missionary's care, was the very boy who, most probably, saved both life and property on that fearful night of the burning of the Home. All had been sleeping soundly, when a boy, arousing, smelled smoke. He turned to his neighbors and asked what it could mean. Concluding that it must be morning and was the smoke of the breakfast fire, they dozed again.

But again they awoke, and this time hastened to see what the trouble really was. The building was then, in flames. By this time little Lawrence awoke, and seeing the danger, ran hastily and alone to the great mission

erance. Stealing softly out into the darkness, he cut loose all the thongs that bound his mother, and hurried her with her little babe down to the water's edge, when, stowing them into the canoe which he had secured for the occasion, they pushed off and paddled for their dear lives, hunted to the death all that long night. Against the tide and waves, in hunger, pain and weariness, they reached Sitka in safety, where the mother found at least a temporary shelter with the Indians, and her brave little son, I am glad to say, a home in the mission school.

Moses Jamestown is another boy to whom this "Home" has been as a "City of Refuge."

Having been left an orphan and to an Alaska orphan's fate, he fled to Sitka from Hoonah and from slavery. But the curse (which proved at last a blessing, as so many curses do) followed him, and he was accused of witchcraft. His tortures had begun, and the hour for his execution approached. He was tied to a stake, the musket levelled at his breast, the gun fired, and he was shot through the shoulder. But the noise of the gun brought speedily to the spot the guard of the U. S. man-of-war Jamestown, who rescued him. He was taken on board ship and cared for until his wound healed, and then was placed in the mission school.



**Sketch of Mrs. J. R. McFarland.**

Dr. Sheldon Jackson wrote in 1880: "On the 10th of August, 1877, Mrs. McFarland and myself reached Fort Wrangell, and commenced Presbyterian missions in Alaska."

Mrs. A. R. McFarland was born in Virginia, and educated at Steubenville, Ohio. Upon her marriage to Mr. McFarland she accompanied him to Illinois, where they spent ten years in home mission work. In 1867 they were sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, the first Presbyterian missionaries to that Territory.



MRS. A. R. McFARLAND.

In 1873 they went to Southern California for Mr. McFarland's health. This improving, he engaged in mission work among the Nez Percés Indians, and died in May, 1876.

Mrs. McFarland went to Portland, Oregon, in January, 1877, and there met Dr. Jackson and accompanied him to Alaska. "For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and for twelve months the only one at Fort Wrangell. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any were dead, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If difficulties arose as to property, she was judge, lawyer, and jury. When the Christian Indians called a constitutional convention, she was elected chairman. Great chiefs left their homes and people and came long distances to enter the school of 'the woman that loved their people,' or to plead that teachers might be sent to their tribes."

She is still at Fort Wrangell doing a grand work for Alaska. All honor to her and to others who so nobly toil for souls in heathen lands!

**Sketch of Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.**

Sheldon Jackson, D. D., was the founder and has been the chief promoter of American missions in Alaska. It is owing to his persistent energy and his self-sacrificing labors that so much has been done in opening the way for the much-needed Educational and Christianizing work called for in our new Arctic Territory.

From the General Catalogue of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., we glean the following dates:

Sheldon Jackson was born at Minaville, Montgomery county, N. Y., May 18, 1834; graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., 1855; studied three years at Princeton Theological Seminary, graduating in 1858.

He was ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Albany, May 5, 1858, and went the same season as a foreign missionary to the Choctaw Indians. His health failing on account of the malarious climate where he was laboring, he entered the Home Mission Work of the



REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.,

*The first American Minister to visit Alaska in the interest of Missions.*

Presbyterian Church in the then Territory of Minnesota, traversing Southern Minnesota and Western Wisconsin, with headquarters at La Crescent, Minn., from 1859 to 1864.

In 1864 he removed his headquarters to Rochester, Minn., where he remained until 1869. From 1869 to 1882 he was superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Territories of the Rocky Mountains.

In 1877 he commenced the first American Mission in Alaska.

He is now in New York City in charge of the Home Mission Monthly of the Presbyterian Church, still laboring to increase the interest of the people and government of the United States in the people of Alaska.

**The Native Tribes of Alaska.**

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

The native population of Alaska is about 34,019, including 1,683 creoles or half-breeds. Of these, 19,698 are classed as Orarians and 12,698 as Indians.

The Orarians are composed of 17,484 Innuitt or Eskimo, and 3,897 creoles and Aleuts.

The Indians are divided into 5,913 Tinnah, 5,937 Thiinkets, and 788 Hydah.

These are again subdivided into smaller tribes and families.

The Orarians occupy almost the entire coast line of Alaska, with the outlying islands from the boundary line westward along the Arctic coast to Behring Straits, thence southward to the Alaska peninsula, over the pen-

insula and the Aleutian islands, and eastward and northward along the coast to Mt. St. Elias, with the exception of a small territory on Cook's Inlet and at the mouth of Copper River, where the Indians from the interior have forced their way to the coast. Occupying the coast line, they are bold navigators and skilled fishermen and sea hunters.

The Indians occupy the vast interior, only reaching the coast at Cook's Inlet, Copper River, and the Alexandrian Archipelago from Mt. St. Elias southward. They are hardy hunters and successful trappers.

#### INNUIITS.

The term Innuitt is the native word for "people," and is the name used by themselves, signifying "our people." The term Eskimo is one of reproach given them by their neighbors, meaning "raw-fish eaters."

The Innuits of Alaska are a much finer race physically than their brethren of Greenland and Labrador.

They are tall and muscular, many of them being six feet and over in height. They have small black eyes, high cheek-bones, large mouths, thick lips, coarse brown hair, and fresh yellow complexion.

In many instances the men have full beards and moustaches. In some families the men wear a labret under each corner of the mouth in a hole cut through the lower lip for the purpose.

They are a good-natured people, always smiling when spoken to. They are fond of dancing, running, jumping and all athletic sports. While they speak a common language from the Arctic to the Pacific, each locality has its different dialect.

Their usual dress is the parkas, made of the skins of animals, and sometimes of the breasts of birds. However, where they have access to the stores of traders, they buy ready-made clothing.

Their residences have the outward appearances of circular mounds of earth covered with grass, with a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke.

The entrance is a small door and narrow hallway to the main room, which is from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, and is without light or ventilation.

Their diet consists of the wild meat of the moose, reindeer, bear, and smaller fur-bearing animals; also of fish, the white whale, the walrus, seal, and various waterfowl. In the northern section they have a great aversion to salt.

While they will eat with great relish decayed fish or putrid oil, they will spit out with a wry face a mouthful of choice corned beef.

Men, women and children are alike inveterate smokers. While they travel continually in the summer, they have permanent winter homes. Their religious belief is quite indefinite. In a general way, they believe in a Power that rewards the good and punishes the bad, by sending them to different places after death. They are savages, and with the exception of those in southern Alaska, have not had civilizing, educational, or religious advantages.

From the boundary line to Behring Straits along the bleak Arctic coast, villages are placed here and there, wherever there is a sheltered harbor with good hunting or fishing. The population of these aggregates 3,000.

At the mouth of the Colville River they hold an annual fair, to which they come from hundreds of miles.

At Point Barrow, the extreme northern point of land in the United States, and within twenty-five miles of being the northernmost land on the continent, there is a village of thirty tupics or houses and two hundred people. Like the other houses of that whole section, they are built partly underground for warmth. The upper

portion is roofed over with dirt, supported by rafters of whale jaws and ribs.

Around Kotzebue Sound is a number of villages. Some of the hills surrounding this Sound rise to the height of a thousand feet, and are covered with a species of wild cotton that, in its season, gives the appearance of snow.

Into this Sound empties the Noyatag River. It is not put down in the charts of the country, and yet is a broad, deep river, taking the natives thirty days to ascend to their villages. This is one of the places where the people come in July, from all sections of the country, for the purpose of trade and barter. The Innuits of the coast bring their oil, walrus-hides, and seal-skins; the Indians from the interior their furs, and from Asia come reindeer skins, fire-arms and whisky.

It is to these gatherings that the traders come in schooners fitted out at San Francisco or Sandwich Islands, with cargoes of whisky labeled "Florida water," "Bay rum," "Pain-killer," "Jamaica ginger," etc. The finest furs of Alaska are obtained at these fairs.

Another center of villages is at Cape Prince of Wales. This is a rocky point, rising in its highest peak to an elevation of 2,500 feet above the sea. At the extremity of this cape is a village of four hundred people, the westernmost village on the mainland in America. These people are great travelers and traders, skilled in hunting the whale on the seas or reindeer on the land. They are insolent and overbearing toward the surrounding tribes, and, traveling in large companies, compel trade at their own terms. They are reported the worst natives on the coast.

In the narrow straits separating Asia from America is a small group of islands called the Diomedes. On these islands are three hundred Innuits.

These, with those at Cape Prince of Wales, are the great smugglers of the North. Launching their walrus-skin boats, (baidars,) they boldly cross to and fro from Siberia, trading the deer skins, sinew, and wooden ware of Alaska for the walrus ivory, tame reindeer skins, and whale blubber of Siberia, also fire-arms and whisky.

On King's Island, south of Cape Prince of Wales, are the cave-dwellers of the present.

The island is a great mass of basalt rock, with almost perpendicular sides rising out of the ocean to the height of seven hundred feet. On one side, where the rock rises at an angle of forty-five degrees, the Innuits have excavated homes in the rock. Some of these rock houses are two hundred feet above the ocean. There are forty of these cliff dwellings.

When the surf is wildly breaking on the rocks, if it becomes necessary for any one to put out to sea, he gets as near the surf as possible, takes his seat in his boat, (kyack,) and at the opportune moment two companions toss him and his boat over and clear of the surf. They are noted for the manufacture of water-proof seal throat and skin boots, that are lighter, more enduring, and greatly preferred to rubber.

Directly south of Behring Straits is the large island of St. Lawrence. Formerly it had a population of eight hundred. They were the largest and finest-formed people of the Innuitt race—but slaves to whisky.

In the summer of 1878 they bartered their furs, ivory and whale-bone to the traders for rum. And as long as the rum lasted, they spent their summer in idleness and drunkenness, instead of preparing for winter. The result was that over four hundred of them starved to death the next winter. In some of the villages not a single man, woman or child was left to tell the horrible tale.



From Behring Straits around the shores of Norton Sound are a number of villages, aggregating a population of six hundred thirty-three.

In this district is St. Michael, a trading post originally founded by the Russians in 1835. The place consists of a few log houses, enclosed by a stockade, the property of the Alaska Commercial Company, and a chapel of the Russo-Greek Church, with an occasional service by a priest from Ikogmute. Across the bay is the trading post of the Western Fur and Trading Company. This is the point where the ocean-going steamers transfer freight with the small steamers that ply on the Yukon River. To this point the furs collected at the trading-posts in the interior, some of them two thou-

For a long time it was the Russian capital, the chief seat of their power and operations. The present village of Kadiak numbers two hundred and seventy people, living in one hundred and one frame houses. They have a few cattle, and cultivate small gardens. They have a large church and a resident priest, also stores of the Alaska Commercial Company and the Western Fur and Trading Company, a deputy collector of customs, and a signal weather office.

A small school is kept at the expense of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Opposite Kadiak is Wood Island, with one hundred and fifty-six people. They have four horses and twenty cattle, a saw-mill, large ice houses, which are annually filled



*An Alaska House of Cedar Plank.*

sand miles distant, are brought for reshipment to San Francisco.

On the delta of the Yukon, and southward to the mouth of the Muskoquim River, are from forty to fifty villages, with a population of two thousand. From the mouth of the Yukon to Anvik are fifteen or sixteen villages, with thirteen hundred and forty-five people; while on the Muskoquim River are some forty villages, aggregating a population of thirty-six hundred and fifty-six.

On the lower banks of this river the high land free from tidal overflow is so fully occupied with houses that it is difficult for the traveler to find space to pitch a tent.

In the adjacent Bristol Bay region are thirty-four villages and four thousand three hundred and forty people. Somewhere in this general region an industrial boarding-school should be established for the children of these eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-nine Innuits.

A short portage across the Alaska peninsula brings us to the settlements of the civilized Innuits.

In 1792 Gregory Shelikoff formed a settlement on Kadiak Island, and commenced the subjugation and civilization of the people. Soon after he organized a school, which was the first in Alaska.

Also the first church building in Alaska was erected on that island.

For a San Francisco company, but never used. The village also possesses a ship-yard, and a road around the island twelve or fourteen miles long. This and a road one and one half miles long at Sitka are the only roads in that vast territory. The place possesses the usual Russo-Greek Church, but no school.

Near by is Spruce Island, where a Russian monk kept a small school for thirty consecutive years, giving instruction in the rudimental arts and agricultural industries. The school is now discontinued for want of a teacher.

Near by is the village of Afognak, with a population of three hundred and thirty. These reside in thirty-two good frame and log buildings, and cultivate one hundred acres in potatoes and turnips. They have a large church and ought to have a school.

On the western side of Kadiak is Karluck, with three hundred and thirty-nine people. A church, but no school.

On the southeastern coast is Three Saints Bay, with two hundred and nineteen; Orlovsk, with two hundred and seventy-eight; and Katmai, with two hundred and eighteen people. Each of these villages possesses a church but no school.

In the Kadiak district are two thousand six hundred and six civilized Innuits, or Eskimo and creoles.

They are a well-to-do, industrious population, living in frame houses, provided with simpler furnishings of

civilization, and on Sabbath and festal occasions the men dressing in broadcloth suits and calf-skin boots, the women in calico and silk dresses modeled after the fashion plates received from San Francisco. They are an orderly, law-abiding people, and yet are denied educational advantages for themselves and children.

#### ALEUTS.

From the Innuits we pass to the consideration of the second great class of Orarians—namely, the Aleuts.

The origin of the word Aleut is not known. The designation of themselves by themselves is Unung-un, the native word for "our people."

They occupy the chain of islands and portions of the Alaska peninsula, from the Shumagin Islands, sixteen hundred and fifty miles westward to Attou.

The average height of the men is about five feet six inches. They have coarse black hair, small black eyes, high cheek-bones, flat noses, thick lips, large mouths, broad faces, and light yellowish brown complexions, with a strong resemblance to the Japanese.

The marriage relation is respected, and, as a rule, each family have their own house, with from two to three rooms. They use in their houses a small cast-iron cook-stove, or neat wrought-iron cooking-range, granite-ware kettles, white crockeryware dishes, pewter or plated silverware, and feather-beds covered with colored spreads. Their walls are adorned with colored pictures, and their houses lighted with kerosene in glass lamps. Nearly every home possesses an accordeon, a hand-organ, or music-box, some of the latter costing as high as \$200. They dress in American garments, and their women with great interest study the fashion-plates and try to imitate the latest styles.

Large numbers of them can read; an Aleutian alphabet and grammar having been provided for them by Veniaminoff.

They are all members of the Russo-Greek Church, and outwardly very religious. They ask a blessing at their meals, greet strangers and friends with a blessing for their health, and bid them adieu with a benediction.

The great industry of the country is the hunting of the sea otter. From this source some of the villagers derive a revenue that, if economically used, would make them very wealthy, averaging from \$600 to \$1,200 a year. But their extra income is spent for kvass, (quass), a home-made intoxicating beer.

Commencing at the westward on the Island of Attou, is one white man and one hundred and six Aleuts and creoles. They are very poor. The village consists of eighteen houses (barrabaras) and one frame chapel with thatched roof. A church, but no school.

This is the most western settlement in the United States, and is as far west of San Francisco as the State of Maine is east.

The next settlement eastward is on Atkha Island, with a population of two white men and two hundred and thirty-four Aleuts and creoles. They have forty-two houses and a church, but no school. They are wealthy, using freely at their tables the groceries and canned fruits of civilization.

They excel in the manufacture of baskets, mats, etc., out of grass.

On Oomnak Island are two white men and one hundred and twenty-five Aleuts and creoles. They are well-to-do financially, having sixteen houses and a church, but no school.

The next settled island is Onalashka, with a rocky, rugged, jagged coast. In the small bays are a number of villages, the principal one being Onalashka (Iliuluk).

This village has a population of fourteen white men and three hundred and ninety-two Aleuts and creoles. They have a church, priest's residence, the stores, residences, warehouses and wharfs of the Alaska Commercial Company and Western Fur and Trading Company, eighteen frame residences and fifty barrabaras. One-half the population can read the Aleutian language. It is the most important settlement in western Alaska, and the commercial centre of all the trade now in that region, or that shall develop in the future. It is the natural outfitting station for vessels passing between the Pacific and Arctic Oceans.

One hundred and ninety miles west of Onalashka are the celebrated Prybyloff, or as they are popularly called, Seal Islands.

The village of St. Paul, on an island of the same name, is laid out in regular streets like an American village, and has sixty-four houses, together with a large church, a school-house, and priest's residence.

The population is thirteen white men, two white women, and two hundred and eighty-four Aleuts.

Twenty-seven miles to the southeast is the companion island of St. George, with four white men and eighty-eight Aleuts. They have a church and schools.

From these two islands come nearly all the seal-skins of commerce. There is a small school on each island, supported at the expense of the Alaska Commercial Company.

The native population are encouraged to deposit their surplus earnings in a savings-bank.

In the immediate vicinity of Onalashka, on the island of Spirkin, is Borka, with one white man and one hundred and thirty-nine Aleuts and creoles.

This village is noted for its cleanliness. With their white scrubbed and neatly-sanded floors, their clear, clean windows, neat bedding, tidy rooms, and abundance of wild flower bouquets on tables and window-sills, they may properly be called the Hollanders of Alaska.

To the eastward near the southern end of the Alaska peninsula is Belkofsky, with a population of nine white men, two white women, and two hundred and fifty-seven Aleuts and creoles. In addition to the buildings of the great trading firms, the village has thirty frame houses and twenty-seven barrabaras.

In 1880, they raised among themselves \$7,000 for the erection of a new church. One-half of them can read and write in the Aleutian language, and they support a small school. Their revenue from the sale of sea-otter skins amounts to about \$100,000 a year, or \$373 for every man, woman, and child in the village.

On the island of Ounga, one of the Shumagin group, is a settlement of fifteen white men and one hundred and seventy natives. As, by a regulation of the United States Treasury Department, only natives are allowed to hunt the sea-otter, these white men have married native women, and thereby become natives in the eyes of the law. This revenue of the sea-otter trade in this village averages about \$600 a year to each family.

Off the south coast of the Shumagin Islands are the famous cod banks of Alaska, from which are taken from 500,000 to 800,000 fish annually.

#### HYDAHs.

Graham Island, one of the Queen Charlotte group, and the southern half of Prince of Wales Island, on the coast of Alaska, is the home of the Hydah Indians. They are a large, well-formed and handsome race, with light complexion, and have long been noted for their bravery and ferocity in war. Terrorizing all the neighboring tribes, they were known as the "bulldogs" of the North Pacific. They have not even hesitated to



ciative words. We may put over against his estimate of what the Gospel has done for India what his own friend Chunder Sen says of it, and leave the one to offset the other; and then go further and note the revelation made to the world in the statistics of the Calcutta Conference: and perhaps better yet, the spirit of that great meeting as a promise for the future.

The good work among the Teloogoos moves steadily forward, and the Jaffna College of Ceylon has enjoyed a revival. So, too, has the mission of the American Board among the Zulus—one much needed, and still needed all over that thirsty land. The work of the Central Lake Region is pressed with vigor in the face of great obstacles. The Scotch have lost an invaluable man in the death of Mr. Stewart, the engineer of the Stevenson road, and a royal man every way, recently deceased. That road goes steadily forward, and a steamer, the Good News, is supposed to be afloat on the waters of Tanganyika, as well as a steel life-boat taken across country by Captain Hore, the indefatigable. A nobler set of men than those on the three great lakes, the Victoria Nyanza, Tanganyika and Nyassa, it would be hard to find. The movements of the American Board in West Central Africa show slow but encouraging progress, as the best thing that can be hoped for in such enterprises. The battle all over Africa, between Protestant Christianity and native superstition, Mohammedanism and Roman Catholicism, waxes hotter and hotter and there is no retreat for us. Thus far the American Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians have done but little for Africa. Is it not about time that they also grapple with the great Problem? The central portion of the continent approached by way of the Congo and the Zambesi, seems to be the great prize especially sought. Along one of these arteries, the greatest, Mr. Stanley makes steady progress, having cleared the way to unlimited exploration of that river and its tributaries. Portugal and France renew their so-called claims as the world wakes up to the possibilities of the Dark Continent made light, and make demands too absurd to be listened to with patience. Even so this is better than the indifference of ages of complicity with the crimes that have darkened African history.

Over South America the breath of civil and religious liberty is warming into life the latent elements of dissatisfaction with the old policy of the Papacy under which this portion of our continent has been given over to bigotry, ignorance and intolerance, and they are finding a tongue. The prediction of an overturning is boldly made. The favor shown to Protestantism reaches up into Guatemala and Mexico; and let us hope the day is not distant when from northern to southern extremity of the whole American continent civil and religious liberty shall have beneficent sway, and an earnest evangelical spirit everywhere set forth and boldly proclaim the free grace of God in Jesus Christ.

Over this land of our own, taking all denominations into account, there has been probably the greatest activity ever shown in the matter of Home Missions proper, including church-building, missionary education, Sunday-schools and Bible-distribution; and, on the whole, a generous response to the calls upon the churches for the work in the regions beyond, though funds are lagging latterly with respect to several of our missionary organizations.

We must not close this hasty sketch—a mere glance at the broad field, without reference to the 400th anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, which was taken up as almost nothing of the kind was ever done, all over

the world, where Protestantism has got a footing. And where it is intrenched, there too, Roman Catholicism was constrained to celebrate it, though but to deprecate its manifold mischiefs and to depreciate the character and work of Luther. On the whole the influence of this anniversary has been most propitious, and the relation of Luther's work to the modern era of missions, though long in making itself felt, is one of greatest interest to the church of Christ at large. It should not be forgotten that from Germany and Holland some of the foremost of missionaries sent out by English societies were drawn before English Christians were fully awake to the duty of evangelizing the world.

On the whole this has been a good year. What about the next? Shall 1884 claim a great revival over this continent? Are we asking for it? Does the Church of God want it? How shall we keep pace with these calls from abroad and the harvest ripening before our eyes, if we do not get such an impulse to consecration and heroic devotion to the Master's work? Now is the time to answer such questions.

#### THE OUTLOOK FOR 1884.

WE begin with the first week of the New Year to make its record—let us not be slow in making up our minds what it shall be, by the Grace of God. Let not days and weeks go by before coming at a definite purpose. Past days cannot be recalled. Give time and thought *now* to looking backward and forward, so that as the old year ends and the new begins, you may start with the year, and fill each day full of service for the Master. This world needs from you—from each of us—more and better praying; more and better giving, more consecrated lives, and a broader, firmer grasp of what is meant by the petition—"Thy kingdom come!" And what the world truly needs it will glorify the Master if we truly heed and give just this of prayer and means and life. Thus will we help to freight richly 1884.

#### THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

TWENTY-FIVE years have now gone by since the Lodianna Mission inaugurated this observance of a "Week of Prayer," and invited Christians throughout the world to unite with them in prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all flesh. Could the history of the "Week of Prayer," adopted in quick response to the call of the mission through this quarter of a century be fully written, we doubt not the record would be a surprise even to those who have most sacredly kept it. That history can never be written. But, allowing ourselves the leisure to run back in thought over the experience personal to us, we come upon much which goes to confirm the belief in its great efficacy for good.

There have been contrary opinions about the desirableness of such a special week; there have been the most varied methods of observance; there has been the abuse which waits for this week to begin to do what should be begun at once, and to expect from it fruit for which there has been no adequate preparation. But something like this can be said of almost any good thing, adopted as a custom. We have long felt, and not less deeply now, that the usual programme put forth by the Evangelical Alliance is ill-adapted to its purposes, too complex and hardened with details. The annual programme put forth for us is too distracting because offering, often for a single hour, a half dozen things for thought and prayer.

# THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

## The Gospel in All Lands.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS is published in Baltimore every Thursday. Subscriptions can commence at any time, but must close with the last of some month. There are two volumes a year, commencing with January and July. It is best that subscriptions should close with either June or December.

The price to Clergymen, Theological Students, Missionary Societies, Missionaries, and all others, is \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months, 50 cents for three months, 25 cents for one month in advance. This includes postage to subscribers in the United States and Canada. To subscribers in Foreign Lands the postage is an additional charge, which is 52 cents a year to any postoffice in the Postal Union.

Subscribers in Great Britain can send us an order for ten shillings on any good bank in Great Britain or a money order on the Baltimore Post-office in payment of one year's subscription.

"The Gospel in All Lands" was started in February, 1880, and since June, 1880, has been owned and published by the present publisher. It was continued through 1880 and 1881 as a forty-eight page monthly, and became a sixteen page weekly January 1st, 1882.

The first volume consisted of but four numbers, February, March, April, May, 1880. There was no June number. The second volume commenced with July and closed with December, 1880. The third and fourth volumes comprised the numbers of 1881. The fifth and sixth volumes the numbers of 1882. The seventh and eighth volumes the numbers of 1883.

The publishing office of "The Gospel in All Lands" was moved from New York to Baltimore May 1st, 1883, and the Magazine will be published in Baltimore until further notice.

Commencing with February, 1884, a Monthly Edition is issued, containing nearly all the matter in the weeklies of the preceding month. Price 25 cents a month, or \$2.00 a year, to subscribers in the United States and Canada. To subscribers elsewhere the postage is an additional charge.

In remitting, send checks on New York or Baltimore, or a Postoffice Money Order payable to "Eugene R. Smith, Baltimore." If these cannot be obtained, send the money in a registered letter. Fractions of a dollar can be sent in one cent United States postage stamps. Canadian or English stamps cannot be used. Address all Editorial and Business Communications to

Rev. Eugene R. Smith,

114 W. Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

A pastor writes: Please renew my subscription to the "Gospel in All Lands." I could not keep a-going without it. How did the Church carry on its missionary work so long without such a help as afforded in this general Missionary Magazine?

We are thankful for the many commendations we have received, and the prospect is that we shall be able to furnish a more satisfactory help to missionary workers during 1884 than ever before. Will not all of our subscribers aid us by securing one or more new subscribers, thereby widening our influence and increasing our usefulness.

Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., LL. D., of New York, writes: "I have greatly enjoyed the 'Gospel in All Lands.' I especially love its undenominational character. I wish it were in every Christian household to stir up the missionary feeling."

The Common Sense Binder is intended to preserve the numbers of GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS as they are received each week and will hold the numbers for one year. It will be sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.00.

## Gospel in All Lands, 1881.

18 pages a month.

VOL. III. Jan. - American Indians. Feb. - Papal Europe. March - Africa. April - Papal America. May - China and the Chinese. June - Oriental Churches. July - Japan. August - The Jews. September - India. October - Mohammedans. November - The Malays. December - Unoccupied Mission Fields.

## Gospel in All Lands, 1882.

Sixteen pages a week.

VOL. IV. Jan. 5 - Christian Work in Cities. 12 - Home Missions. 13 - The Freedmen. 26 - China. Feb. 3 - Woman's Missionary Societies. 9 - The West Indies. 16 - Mexico. 23 - Central America. Mar. 3 - American Missionary Societies. 9 - Missionary Congress. 16 - The Progress of Christianity. 23 - People and Religions of India. 30 - Christian Work in India. Apr. 6 - Eastern Missionary Societies. 12 - Medical Missions. 19 - China and Laos. 27 - Burma. May 1 - Northern Africa. 15 - Eastern and Central Africa. 22 - Southern Africa. 29 - Western Africa. June 5 - Bible Work. 12 - The East. 19 - Canada. 26 - The People of the Northwest. 29 - Indians of the United States. July 6 - Continental Missionary Societies. 13 - Roman Catholic Missions. 20 - Brazil. 27 - South America. Aug. 3 - Missions and the Sunday School. 10 - Independent Mission Work. 17 - Missionary Methods. 24 - Japan. Sept. 7 - False Religions. 14 - Missions in relation to Missions. 21 - Persia, etc. 28 - Turkey. Oct. 5 - Missionary Literature. 12 - Protestant Europe. 19 - Roman Catholic Missions. 26 - General Missions. Nov. 2 - False Liberty. 9 - Resources of Missions. 16 - Syria and Palestine. 23 - The East. Dec. 7 - Educational Mission Work. 14 - Malaysia and Australasia. 21 - Sandwich Islands. 28 - Missionary Work.

## Gospel in All Lands, 1883.

Sixteen pages a week.

VOL. VII. Jan. 4 - Monthly Survey. 11 - Missionaries. 18 - China. 25 - Missionary Spirit. Feb. 1 - Christian Work in the World. 8 - Children and Missions. 15 - Mexico. 22 - India Decennial Missionary Conference. Mar. 1 - Monthly Survey. 8 - Woman's Work in Missions. 15 - General Missions. 22 - Indians and the People. 29 - Mission Work in India. Apr. 5 - Monthly Survey. 12 - Missionary Meetings. 19 - Siberia and Slaves. 26 - Mormonism. May 3 - Monthly Survey. 10 - Living to Missions. 17 - People of Africa. 24 - Missions in Africa. 31 - Christian Work in Missions. June 7 - Monthly Survey. 14 - General Missions. 21 - American Indians. 28 - Missions in the United States. July 5 - Monthly Survey. 12 - The United States Policy, etc. 19 - South America and Missions. 26 - Religious Beliefs of the World. Aug. 2 - Monthly Survey. 9 - The World-Field. 16 - Burma and Missions. 23 - Japan. Sept. 6 - Monthly Survey. 13 - The Chinese Question in the U. S. 20 - Persia. 27 - Missionary Work. Oct. 4 - Monthly Survey. 11 - Opium Trade, etc. 18 - Europe. 25 - American Board of Foreign Missions. Nov. 1 - Monthly Survey. 8 - Missionary Biography. 15 - Turkey. 22 - Missionary Biography. Dec. 5 - Monthly Survey. 12 - Missions Culture. 19 - Missionary Societies. 26 - Japan. 23 - The World.

We can furnish the numbers for the years 1881, 1882 and 1883, at \$3.00 a year, or six dollars for the three years, postage paid for this country.

The numbers of each year bound in cloth at \$3.00 each, or \$9.00 for the three. If sent by mail, add 50 cents to each year for postage. The bound copy of the numbers for 1883 will be ready about February 1st 1884.

The only numbers of the year 1880 that can be furnished are:

August - Palestine, Syria, and Jewish Missions. November - Australasia and Malaysia. December - Slaves and Burma.

They cost 25 cents each.

Any of the monthlies of 1881 can be furnished separately for 25 cents each, and most of the weeklies of 1882 and 1883 can be furnished separately at six cents each.

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Each number of "Gospel in All Lands" for 1884 will be devoted to one subject."





# First Presbyterian Sabbath School

N. W. CORNER MADISON ST. & PARK AVENUE.

BALTIMORE.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

DECEMBER 29, 1882.



### Order of Exercises

#### Anthem - Praise the Lord, Praise Him

Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Men and angels, unite in happy song!  
Praise the Lord! praise him  
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and long!  
Praise him, ye heavens! praise ye stars of  
light!  
Praise him, ye mountains! oh praise him  
day and night

#### Chorus.

Praise the Lord! praise him  
Men and angels, unite in happy  
song!  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Sing Jehovah's praises, loud and  
long!

2. Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Praise his name, for his promises are sure;  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
For his mercies ever shall endure.  
Praise him, ye children! men, maidens, old  
and young!  
Kings bow before him from every land and  
tongue.

3. Praise the Lord! praise him!  
Earth's Redeemer, the blessed Prince of  
Peace!  
Praise the Lord! praise him!  
May Jehovah's praises never cease!  
Sing ye his glory, send forth his name abroad;  
Tell the glad story of this our mighty God.

Prayer: . . . by pastor, . . . Rev. J. T. Lewicki, D.D.



## SCRIPTURE READING.\*

# THE LOVING GOD.

Superintendent - Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.

School - For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

## THE LOVING GOD FORETELLS A SAVIOUR FOR MANY.

### The Prophecy and the Fulfillment.

#### This Saviour is to be

I. A Redeemer - Sept. - And the Lord God said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this thou art cursed. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head.

School - To this end was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.

II. A Revealer of God. - Sept. - I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and will put my words in his mouth; and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him.

School - Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, which was a Prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people.  
\* \* \* \* \* And they were astonished at his teaching, for he taught them as having authority and not as the scribes.

III. In David's Family. - Sept. - And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a Branch shall grow out of his roots.

School - I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things for the churches. I am

the root and offspring of David, the bright the morning Star.

IV. At Bethlehem - Supr. - But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.

School - Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King.

V. Coming among men - Supr. - Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel.

School - Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?

VI. With Divine Powers - Supr. - For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

And

School - He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David: and he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no ends.

VII. Nature - Supr. - And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

And

School - And the child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him. for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

VIII. Sonship - Supr. - Thou art my son; this day have I begotten



thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance; and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

By

School - And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth. \* \* \* \* And lo, a voice out of the heavens, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.

IX. A Personal Sacrifice - He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall for others be satisfied: by his knowledge shall thy righteous servant justify many, for he shall bear their iniquities.

School - So Christ also was once offered to bear the sins of many. Wherefore also he is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him.

X. To Put away Sin - Script - In that day, there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.

School - And the blood of Jesus his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

XI. Thine Iniquities - Script - And this is the name whereby he shall be called, The Lord, Our Righteousness.

School - Out of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us wisdom from God and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

XII. Blessedly - Script - Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

and

School - And Jesus answered and said unto them, Go your way, and tell for the things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the deaf are cleansed and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised

up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them!

XIII Eternally - Subt- His name shall endure forever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in <sup>him</sup> all nations shall call him blessed.

School - Wherefore also God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

\* By permission of Biglow & Main, from Service arranged by F.A. Jarvis

Hymn - O God, the Rock of Ages.

Choir, School.

O God, the Rock of Ages,  
Who evermore hast been,  
What time the tempest rages,  
Our dwelling-place serene:  
Before thy first creations,  
O Lord, the same as now,  
To endless generations,  
The Everlasting thou!

Choir  
Solo Bass

Choir, Sop. & Ten.

In God let all sing praises  
For this our day of joy,  
His gift to us from heaven;  
Let songs each tongue employ.  
Fulfilled is now the promise,  
To us is given a child  
To make his people holy,  
To cleanse a world defiled.

Choir, School.

Our Saviour is a warrior  
He comes for victory;  
And yet the conqueror's mother  
A virgin meek shall be.  
To God again sing praises;  
Exalt His wondrous grace;  
Give thanks, the Saviour cometh,  
And we shall see his face.

Choir  
Solo Bass

Choir, Sop. & Ten.

We welcome thee, O Saviour,  
Thou hope of every heart;  
Though thine is a life of sorrow  
Thine every bitter smart,  
Thou art the world's one jewel -  
How bright thy glories shine!  
Thou art thy people's Saviour,  
O sweet Saviour, thou art mine

Solo Choir



## The Loving God in the Story of Bethlehem.

The Christ Child - Supt. - Now it came to pass in those days there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled.

School - And all went to enroll themselves, every one to his own city.

Supt. - And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and family of David.

School - To enroll himself with Mary, who was betrothed to him.

Supt. - And it came to pass while they were there, the days were fulfilled that she should be delivered.

School - And she brought forth her firstborn son, and she wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

### Hymn - The Night has Fallen.

The night has fallen on Bethlehem's plain,  
And all is still;  
The winds have finished their evening refrain,  
With silent thrill;  
The stars look quietly down from the sky,  
The air is free from a sound or a sigh,  
The world is sleeping and hushed every cry  
On vale and hill.

The night has bronzed all over the earth  
With fatal power,  
And men have played in their desperate mirth  
With death's dark hour;  
But souls enlightened have looked for a day  
With Truth and Purity bearing the sway,  
The Sun of Righteousness driving away  
The clouds that lower

### CHORUS.

O shepherds, hear ye wonderful, wonderful tidings  
Soon will waken the slumbering night  
Soon will greet you a heavenly light

Behold there is breaking a brighter morn  
The angels will sing of a Saviour born  
The Lord is coming, the Babe of Bethlehem.

The night looks out on the Orient beam,  
That brings the dawn;  
The <sup>sun</sup> will turn to the quivering gleam  
And the night be gone;

The golden visions of prophet and seer  
Are growing brighter with every new Year;  
The one desire of all nations is here -  
The day comes on!

The Shepherd's Vision - Supt. - And there were shepherds in the pasture  
try abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over  
their flock.

School - And an angel of the Lord stood by them, <sup>and</sup>  
the glory of the Lord shone round about them.

The Glad Tidings - Supt. And they were sore afraid. And the angel said,  
unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings  
of great joy which shall be to all the people.

School - For there is born to you this day in the city  
of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Supt. - And this is the sign unto you:

School - Ye shall find it, wrapped in swaddling clothes  
and lying in a manger.

The Angels Song - Supt. - And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude  
of the heavenly host praising God and saying,  
School - Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace  
among men to whom he is well pleased.

Hymn - It came upon the Midnight Clear.

It came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth,  
In touch their harps of gold:  
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men  
From heaven's all gracious King,"  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,  
With peaceful wings unfurled;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world:  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

O'er beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way,  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.



The Divine Word — Supt — And it came to pass when the angels went away fulfilled. from them into heaven, the shepherds. Said one to another

School — Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing that is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known to us.

Supt — And they came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph and the babe lying in the manger.

### Hymn — In the Field with their Flocks.

In the field with their flocks abiding,  
They lay on the dewy ground;  
And glimmering under the starlight,  
The sheep lay white around,  
When the light of the Lord streamed over them,  
And lo! from the heaven above,

"Glory to God in the highest  
On earth good will and peace.

An angel leaped from the glory  
And sang his song of love: —

(CHORUS in Unison)

He sang, that first sweet Christmas  
The song that shall never cease,

"To you in the City of David  
A Saviour is born to-day!"  
And sudden a host of the heav'nly ones  
Rushed forth to join the lay!  
I never hath sweeter message  
Thrilled home to the souls of men  
And the Heav'n's themselves had never heard,  
A gladder choir till then, —  
For they sang that Christmas Carol,  
That never on earth shall cease, &c.

And the shepherds came to the Manger,  
And gazed on the Holy Child;  
And calmly o'er that rude cradle  
The Virgin Mother smiled;  
And the sky in the star-lit silence,  
Seemed full of the angel lay,  
"To you in the City of David  
A Saviour is born to-day;"  
On they sang — and I ween that never  
The carol on earth shall cease, &c.

The Highest Proof of — Supt — None was the love of <sup>God</sup> manifested in us.  
Divine Love.

School — That God, hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him.

Our Love-Gift — To Alaska Boys & Girls —

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, III.

# The Loving God in a true Christian Heart.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

The Source of Love - Script. - And because ye are sons, God sent forth  
the Spirit of his Son into our hearts, crying,  
Abba, Father.

School - And hereby we know that He abideth in  
us by the Spirit which he gave us, \* \* \* \*  
the fruit of the Spirit of Love.

The Duty of Love - Script. - Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to  
love one another.

School - If I speak with the tongues of men and  
of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding  
brass, or a clanging symbol.

The Manifestation - Script. - Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil  
of love. See the Love of Christ

School - Now we that are strong ought to bear  
the infirmities of the weak, and not to please  
ourselves.

The Proof of Love - Script. - But who so hath the world's goods, and be-  
tredeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his com-  
passion from him, how doth the Love of God abide in him?

School - Let each one of us please his neighbor  
for that which is good, unto edifying. For  
Christ also pleased not himself.

The Measure of Love - Script. - A new commandment I give unto you  
that ye love one another even as I have loved you that  
ye also love one another. By this shall all men know  
that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.

School - Let us not love in word, neither with the  
tongue; but in deed and truth.

The Object of Love - Script. And he took a little child, and sat him in  
the midst of them; and taking him in his arms, he said,  
unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little  
children in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever  
receiveth me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.



# Presentation of Offerings for the Alaska Box.

## PRAYER OF OFFERING.

### Hymn - For Christ's Sake.

We give Thee but thine own,  
 Whatever the gift may be;  
 All that we have is Thine alone,  
 A trust, O Lord, from Thee,  
 To comfort and to bless,  
 To find a balm for woe,  
 To tend the lone and fatherless,  
 Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,  
 To God the lost to bring,  
 To teach the way of life and peace,  
 It is a Christ-like thing,  
 And we believe Thy word,  
 Though dim our faith may be;  
 Whatever for Thine we do, O Lord,  
 We do it unto Thee,

## DISTRIBUTION OF REWARDS OF MERIT

### Parting Hymn.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above,

Thus may we abide in union,  
 With each other and the Lord,  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

## BENEDICTION.

### Distribution of Remembrances for each one

#### FRONT SEVERE KIND FRIEND

DEPARTMENT OF SUPERINTENDENCE  
OF THE  
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

RICHMOND, VA., *March 1, 1882.*

After considerable correspondence and conference it has been decided to hold the winter meeting of the Department of Superintendence in Washington, D. C., on Wednesday, March 22, at 10 o'clock a. m., to continue two days. Sessions will be held in the lecture room of the Congregational Church, corner Tenth and G streets. The Ebbitt House will furnish accommodations to those in attendance at \$2.50 per diem. Special conferences will be held in the hotel parlors, the first on Tuesday evening, March 21.

Hon. H. W. Blair, Chairman Committee on Education and Labor, in prosecuting an inquiry under the direction of the Senate into the condition of common school education, has expressed a desire to gather from the leading educators who may attend from the different parts of the country any facts or opinions that they may be able to communicate.

Papers will be presented as follows:

City Systems, by Hon. J. D. Philbrick.

A Word for Teachers, from my Experience in the Care of the Insane, by Dr. W. W. Godding, Superintendent Government Asylum for the Insane.

Improving the Qualifications of Teachers, by Dr. W. T. Harris.

Some Fundamental Inquiries as to the Common School Studies, by Dr. J. M. Gregory.

Concerning Obstacles in the Way of Better Primary Education, by Hon. H. S. Jones, Superintendent of Schools, Erie, Pa.

Notes of Educational Progress in Europe, by Dr. A. D. White, President Cornell University.

On the Necessity for a Few Facts in Regard to Ventilation of School Houses, by Dr. J. S. Billings, U. S. A., Expert Sanitarian and late President of the American Public Health Association.

Chairs of Pedagogics in our Institutions for Superior Instruction, by Prof. G. Stanley Hall, of Cambridge, Mass.

The Neglect of Education in Alaska, by Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

Wednesday evening will be devoted to the consideration of the subject of national aid to education. Addresses are expected from Dr. J. L. M. Curry, from his standpoint as Agent of the Peabody Education Fund; from Rev. A. D. Mayo, from his observations North and South; from Hon. Dexter A. Hawkins, from a Northern standpoint.

The order of exercises and additional topics will be presented by the appropriate committee at each meeting.

The occasion is believed to be most auspicious for the meeting. Word has been received that superintendents from the most remote points will be present, and it is hoped that the attendance will be large.

W. H. RUFFNER, *President.*

H. S. JONES, *Secretary.*



23 Centre St., N. Y.  
August 1, 1893.

Dear Brother:

The Synodical Committee of Home Missions of the Synod of New York, in connection with the Woman's Synodical Committee and the Board of Home Missions have in contemplation to hold a series of Home Missionary Conventions in your part of the State from Sept. 17 to Oct. 8.

It is proposed with your approval and the concurrence of your people, to have such a convention in your place evening a conference the next A. M. conducted by yourself, of neighboring churches and pastors, a ladies' meeting in the P. M. and a general meeting in the evening.

The speakers for your part of the State will probably be Dr. Sheldon Jackson and one of the Secretaries, Mrs. James, President of the Woman's Executive Committee, Miss Alice Robertson from the Indian Territory and Miss Campbell from Utah.

As our plan embraces a series of daily services, we could not consult you as to whether the days mentioned would be satisfactory or not, we can come only on these days and we hope they will be agreeable to you and that you will give such notices in your congregation and to neighboring pastors and churches as will secure a full attendance.

It will undoubtedly be somewhat burdensome to you but we hope it will be profitable to all the people who gather to hear.

We hope you will suggest a collection at the close simply to cover the travelling expenses of the speakers.

Please send any response to this letter or any suggestions on the subject to the Secretaries of the Board, 23 Centre St. New York.

Yours truly,

*W. Phrazer Ch*  
*J. O. E. B.*

# The Board of Home Missions

OF

The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America,

P. O. Box 1938.

23 Centre Street, New York, ..... 188

You have already been invited by the Home Missionary Committee of your Synod to unite with the Woman's Synodical Committee and the Board of Home Missions, in a series of Home Missionary Conventions in this State before the meeting of Synod.

Such a Convention has been appointed at your place for the                      and                      of  
It will open on the evening of                      The next day it is proposed to have a meeting  
at 10 A. M. of your own, and the neighboring pastors and congregations conducted by yourself for  
prayer, and conference on the whole subject of Home Missions, or the particular work in your own town or  
Presbytery.

A prominent feature of the occasion will be a Woman's Meeting at 2 o'clock P. M. of the second day, under the auspices of the Woman's Synodical Committee, presided over by Mrs. HORACE EATON, of Pahnra, N. Y., the President, or some other member of the Committee, and addressed by the women named below and others.

The usefulness of these Conventions will depend on the interest the friends of Home Missions show in them. We hope a cordial invitation will be given not only to neighboring Presbyterian pastors and churches and congregations, but to all other denominations as well. If our own people need stimulus and information so do others, and the speakers can address one thousand as easily as five hundred. Would it not be well also to advertise the meeting in the village or city newspapers, and invite reporters to come and avail themselves of an opportunity to obtain a column of new and useful information? We hope you will secure the services of a good choir; Select Hymns and familiar music will be furnished from our recently published "Home Mission Hymn Book." At the last or some other meeting of the Convention we hope you will call for a spontaneous free-will offering to the work of Home Missions, not to take the place of a regular collection, but in the hope that such a collection may gain some special gifts that will cover the expenses of the Convention, and perhaps much more.

The second evening will be the concluding service.

Addresses, with Map Illustrations, may be expected from Rev. H. KENDALL, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the Board; Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D., author of "Alaska and its People;" Rev. D. J. McMILLAN, Synodical Missionary from Utah; Rev. WARREN B. RIGGS, of Texas; Miss ALICE ROBERTSON, from the Indian Territory, and Mrs. D. R. JAMES, of Washington, D. C. The Mormon Question, the Indian Problem, Work among the New Mexicans, Woman's Work in Home Missions, Mission Schools in Alaska, Utah, Indian Territory, and among both Indians and Mexicans in New Mexico, Arizona and elsewhere, City Evangelization and the General Work of Evangelization East and West, North and South—in the New North West opened by the North Pacific Railroad, and the New South West opened by the Southern Pacific and other Railroads, will come under discussion.

We cannot but think that these meetings will be full of interest to every patriot and every christian. We hope for full houses.

Yours truly,



# The Board of Home Missions

OF

The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America,

P. O. Box 1938.

New York, November 22d, 1883.

Dear Brother:

It is proposed by the Board, in connection with the Synodical Committee on Home Missions, and the Woman's Synodical Committee, to hold a series of Conventions in Eastern New York similar to those recently held in Central and Western New York. The time devoted to them will be the preceding evening and the whole of the next day, and the speakers will be one of the Secretaries; the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D.; the Rev. D. J. McMillan, of Utah; Mrs. Charles E. Walker, of Colorado; and Miss Alice Robertson, of the Indian Territory.

Will it be agreeable to you and your good people to have such a meeting? If agreeable, will.....evening, December.....and the next day be a convenient time?

Where there are more churches than one, the selection of the place of meeting, the appointment of the Conductor of the morning Conference, and the arrangement of the details will be left entirely with the Pastors and Sessions.\*

Inclosed you will find a slip containing a detailed account of the way the recent conventions were conducted. It is expected to pursue the same plan, unless the Pastor or Pastors of the place desire a modification.

A prompt reply to this circular will be thankfully received by

Yours fraternally,

H. KENDALL.

WM. C. ROBERTS.

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\* It is hoped that a cordial invitation to attend these meetings will be extended not only to neighboring Presbyterian Churches, but also to those of other denominations.

# Friends' Missionary Advocate

YEH SHALL RECEIVE  
IS COME UPON YOU!  
WITNESSES UNTO ME.  
POWER AFTER THAT THE HOLY GHOST  
AND YE SHALL BE  
ACTS I VIII.

VOL. II.

TWELFTH MONTH, 1886.

No. 12.

ESTHER TUTTLE PRITCHARD, EDITOR.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Alaska—Compiled for Advocate.....	177 179
How to Keep the New On.—Life and Light.....	179
The Kickapoo Mission.—Margaret C. Kimber.....	180
Africa—Selected.....	181
Correspondence.....	182
Foreign Missions of English Friends.....	183
Editorial, General Booth.....	184
Editorial Notes.....	185, 186
HOME DEPARTMENT:—Western Society.....	186
New England Society.....	187
Philadelphia Society.....	187
Iowa Society.....	187
Indiana Society.....	188
Canada Society.....	189
Kansas Society.....	190
HELPS FOR AUXILIARIES:—Nauhaught the Deacon. By J. G. Whittier.—Uniform Lesson on Alaska, 190, 191	
OUR YOUNG FOLKS:—Totems (with Illustration).— Medicine Men in Alaska.....	192

## ALASKA.

When Secretary Seward was asked what he considered the most important act of his official life, he promptly replied, "The purchase of Alaska," and presently added: "But it may take two generations before the purchase is appreciated." One generation has passed, and our country is waking up to the value of this new territory.

Its area is 580,107 square miles and the coastline, up and down the bays and around the islands, measures 25,000 miles; if extended in a straight line it would belt the globe.

It is the region of the highest mountains and the greatest volcanic system in the United States. "The wonderful chain of Aleutian Islands, stretching out in prolongation of the Alaskan peninsula (like a great arm stretching toward the coast of Japan) seems like the piers

of a broken bridge which once joined America to Asia." It abounds in hot and mineral springs, and is traversed by one of the largest rivers (the Yukon) of our country. This river is 70 miles wide across its five mouths and intervening deltas, navigable for 2,000 miles and computed to be about 3,000 miles long.

Generally speaking, Alaska has a frigid winter and a torrid summer, but, owing to the Japan Gulf Stream, the winter climate of Southern Alaska and the island chain is much the same as that of Kentucky and W. Virginia. Fort Yukon, situated above 66 degrees of latitude, has mid-summer days almost twenty-four hours long, and a short-lived temperature reaching 120 degrees. The heat is so insupportable that, as in Central India, all labor is suspended in the middle of the day. Then vegetation starts from the earth and rushes through its brief career, maturing in a fortnight what elsewhere requires a season. But the mid-winter temperature at Fort Yukon is as low as 70 degrees below zero, in which our thermometers are useless, because the mercury is frozen. Yet this terrible temperature is harmless to vegetation, because it is then hidden under twelve feet of snow. At the seaside throughout Alaska, rain or fog prevails, while the weather inland is sunny and warm. . . . But the cool and moist climate of the coast is not favorable to the ripening of grain, and the fierce heat of the Yukon inland is too brief for that purpose. No grain, therefore, has been planted with success in Alaska; nor do garden vegetables thrive well. This region, therefore, can never be largely agricultural, any more than New England, though much of it is well-fitted for grazing and the production of butter and cheese."

Its fisheries are the finest in the known world. Salmon are found weighing 60 lbs., and in ex-



ceptional cases 120 lbs. Canneries have been established at different points. It is estimated that Alaska could supply the world with herring, halibut and salmon. "Herring visit the rivers in such multitudes that a child, having driven three nails into the end of a stick, and beating the water with it, may take some at every stroke, and fill a canoe in an hour."

The fur product amounts to \$1,000,000 annually. The seal-skins alone paid a revenue into our treasury of over two and one half million dollars from 1870 to 1880—nearly one half the purchase price of the territory.

"Besides the furs and fish, it may be well to remark that *coal* abounds, of most excellent quality; petroleum, also, along Copper River, while the mineral deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper and marble are frequent and extensive; fire-clay, gypsum and sulphur are inexhaustible, and amethysts, garnets, agates, carnelians and fossil ivory are found in large quantities."

The lumber resources comprise thousands of square miles of yellow cedar, white spruce, hemlock, and balsam fir. Mr. Seward said: "I venture to predict that the North Pacific coast will become a common ship-yard for the American continent, and speedily for the whole world."

The number of inhabitants is estimated at 35,843, composed of the following tribes:

Inuits, or Eskimo .....	17,617
Aleuts .....	2,145
Creoles—Russian fathers and native mothers .....	1,756
Tsimshians .....	5,100
Thlingits .....	6,487
Hydats .....	788
Whites .....	2,000

"The native inhabitants of Alaska are few, considering its vast extent. They are not Indians, but superior in mind and different in manners. They live in houses half under ground, that they may be warmer. The fire is in the middle of the floor, and the smoke escapes through the roof. They are supposed to be akin to the natives of the opposite coast of Asia. Some tribes are ingenious in manufactures, skilful in carving ivory, and almost artistic in decoration. Their small canoes are admirable, and some of their large ones will carry a hundred men. The Aleuts, inhabitants of the Alaskan chain, seem to have milder qualities than the rest, and even to possess kind and amiable dispositions. No atro-

cious crime among them came to the knowledge of a missionary stationed there during a residence of fifteen years. Other tribes, however, show harsher characteristics, manifesting themselves in the murder of infants, of aged or helpless relatives, and of slaves at the death of their masters. Some of their habits are intolerably filthy. Some tribes treat their women with such brutality that their miserable lives often end with suicide. Their minds are darkened by childish superstitions concerning disease, death and transmigration. Their shamans pretend to cure sickness, or to point out its cause, after wild and fierce incantations, sometimes taking the form of savage and atrocious fanaticism.

RELIGION.—This is a feeble polytheism. They pay little attention to the good spirits, as they consider them harmless, but they offer propitiating sacrifices to evil spirits or devils. The medicine men are their priests. This form of religion is called Shamanism, and is said to be the same as that of the old Tartars before the introduction of Buddhism. Like the Orientals, they believe in the transmigration of souls, but into other families of human beings, and not into animals. These peculiarities of belief, together with the custom of widows exposing themselves more or less to the flames on the husband's funeral pyre, seem to confirm the view of an Asiatic origin.

MISSIONS.—Under an imperial order of the Empress Catherine in 1793, eleven monks sailed for Kadiak Island. At one time the Greek Church had eleven missionary districts and claimed 12,140 members. The Lutherans, also, sent their missionaries, but when the country was transferred to our government, in 1867, the Russian schools were abandoned and ten years passed before any one went from the United States to carry the gospel. British Columbia had its Episcopal missions and a very successful Methodist mission under the Rev. Thomas Crosby. The Church Missionary Society of England had a flourishing mission at Fort Yukon, which now contains over 1,600 members, besides smaller churches at Fort McPherson and LaPierre's House. Their work began twenty years ago.

In 1876 nine Christians of the Tsimpsian tribe went from Fort Simpson, B. C., to Fort Wrangell, to obtain work. They met on the

Sabbath for worship, and thus began a religious awakening among the Stickeens. Mr. Crosby came to their aid. The Spirit was poured out, and forty souls turned to the Lord. A school was started and two Christian natives left in charge of the work until further help should come.

In 1877, ten years after the purchase of Alaska, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson was sent by the Presbyterian Church to this place. Mrs. McFarland, a remarkable woman for executive ability and religious zeal, went with him. She began at once to teach, while Mr. Jackson returned to the States to represent the needs of the field to the government and the home church. For seven months Mrs. McFarland was the only Christian white woman, and the only Protestant missionary, in Alaska. Questions of all kinds were submitted to her, and her decisions accepted by the natives. Great chiefs came from long distances to enter the school of "the woman that loved their people" or to plead for teachers to be sent to their tribes. She soon had a large school, and in 1878 a Home for Girls. The latter was especially needed, as the moral degradation of Alaskan women is almost without a parallel. Other missionaries of the Presbyterian Church followed, and Mr. Jackson returned to found new schools and mission stations. These have now been established among the Sitkans, Hydahs, Chilcats; Hoonyahs, Hootzenoos, Auks, Ta-koos, &c.

Other Protestant missions have followed. The zealous Moravians entered the field in 1885 and now have a mission on the Kuskokwim River, where they have two missionaries and their wives. Another missionary left the States for Alaska during the past summer. The Baptist H. M. S. have a missionary and his wife under appointment to establish a mission at Port of St. Paul, on Kodiak Island. The P. E. Church has sent a missionary to St. Michael, on the western coast, and our own church has just appropriated funds to defray the expense of prospecting in this field with a view to founding a mission.

I once heard an old veteran say, and I thought it was extravagant at the time, "I consider the use of money the surest test of a man's character." I thought, no, surely his use of his wife and children is a surer test than that; but I have lived to believe his sentiments.

—Catherine Booth.

## "HOW TO KEEP THE NEW ON."

The old question of how to keep the new on! It intrudes upon all departments of life, into every kind of work. And it is a vital question, because unless some elements, at least, of the new remain to our work, enthusiasm must fail, and with it the soul of the work, the vigor of the worker. "No man is so old as he who has outlived enthusiasm." No work that moves the world is ever done except by hearts so in love with their work that to them it seems new every morning and fresh every evening. Much work is done, indeed, by weary, unhoping toilers, whose only spur is necessity or duty. God help such, for they are bond-servants until their souls are winged with enthusiasm, that they may rise above their work rather than crouch under it.

It may seem an anomaly, and certainly it is a pity, that this problem often presents itself to those engaged in missionary work. Not to those upon the foreign fields. I have been privileged to know many missionaries, and I have yet to hear one complain that his loving interest in his work has grown cold as the work grows old. But we, whose duty no less than privilege it is to stay up the hands of these noble enthusiasts; we, to whom falls by far the easier share of the work,—we find it hard, many times, to arouse the interest which only stays while the new is on.

How many mission circles are formed, and flourish so finely at first, every child in the community coming; petitions sent in that "we may meet *every* week instead of every other one;" pledges readily assumed; then, ah! there are many who can finish the story—the songs grown a little old, the stories of heathen need losing a little of their freshness, the work proving to be not quite all play. And so, little by little, the attendance decreases; the enthusiasm no longer glows; the work falls upon a faithful few; the anxious leader, seeking her lost sheep, receives excuses many and various, but two the most frequently,—“I forgot,” and, “I really haven’t time.” And she knows that the new is off.—*Life and Light.*

To know the facts of modern missions is 'the necessary condition of intelligent interest. . . . A fire may be fanned with wind, but it must be fed with fuel.—A. T. Pierson.



## THE KICKAPOO MISSION.

## SECOND PAPER.

MARGARET C. KIMBER.

Since the article upon this mission in the last number of the *ADVOCATE* was written, later accounts have been received of the progress of the work. It is important that all interested should recognize the fact that this tribe, although small, is a veritable fortress of heathenism, entrenched within the wild habits and customs of savage life, and fortified with bitter prejudice against Christian education and white man's ways. The only hope of gaining entrance is by long and patient siege, conducted with tact and kindness, with constant prayer for divine blessing upon each effort. The missionaries now in this field are Charles W. Frazier and wife, sent out by the Associated Committee of Friends, and Lizzie Test, working under the W. F. M. S. of New England Yearly Meeting. They are located at Kickapoo Station, fourteen miles from Shawneetown, Indian Territory. This station consists of a few buildings put up some years ago by the Government, and mostly abandoned afterward, when it was found impossible to bring the Indians into civilization, or to induce them to send their children to school. Charles Frazier and wife are in a small house near the blacksmith shop, somewhat sheltered in position; while Lizzie Test, with her Indian interpreter and wife, occupy the old school-house, which stands upon the open prairie. They have partitioned it with cotton cloth into two sleeping rooms, kitchen and school-room. This station is seven miles from the Kickapoo village, where the tribe lives in summer; no persuasion as yet having induced them to let white people build nearer to them. In winter they move several miles further to a more sheltered place, where they can more readily get a supply of wood and water. During the autumn the larger part of the people go off upon the hunt, leaving only a few women at home to dry the meat, and care for whatever may be left behind. Last month their rations of beef were issued to them at the station, and this brought a large number of Indians, including some of the Chiefs, to the Mission. They were invited in to a meal, and one Chief, Mose, became very friendly. He said the young men

all desired to come to school, but the Chief of the wilder part of the band was greatly opposed to it. They were all talking about it, and something would soon have to be done. He wanted the children to come, and would "work heap much to get boys." They would send boys first, the girls would follow. The following Sabbath three or four children and grown people came in, and a small school and prayer meeting was held. All were attentive to the interpreter, and one Creek woman said, "We are to be pitied, we know nothing about Sunday, or when it comes." After this three little boys came, it was hoped to stay. They were bright, and enjoyed the picture books and kind care shown them, but it was soon found they had run away without consent to school, and had to go back again for fear of punishment. Under these circumstances the missionaries have been taking counsel with their friends at Shawneetown as to the best course to pursue. One suggestion has been to procure two tents, as comfortable as possible for winter use; one for sleeping and eating in, the other for school and mission work. They propose with these to camp out with the Indians in their winter quarters, and use every opportunity to win their friendship and confidence, and bring them to the light of the Gospel. We feel that the courage and devotion which has led our dear friends to plan such a campaign as this, whether it shall prove practical in the details or not, must lead in time to good results. Their hearts have already been gladdened by what may be called the first fruits of the Mission, the conversion of the Indian interpreter spoken of above. Doubts were felt as to the fitness of his Christian character for such a responsible position, and when brought into the mission he was impressed with a need of a change of heart before he could show to others the way of life. At an evening meeting in the school-house he came forward and gave himself to the Lord for the work. His example has been a fresh inspiration to all around him. Let those of us who are in comfort at home remember these dear friends at this distant outpost, with winter before them, and the prospect from last summer's drouth of much suffering for food among the Indians, with but scanty means at their command to relieve the needy. In the Home Department will be found a list of the supplies

classes each day besides the sewing classes.

The city authorities have taken steps to have the plaza, or public square, upon which the Hussey building and Friends' Meeting-house front, planted in trees. It has hitherto been the camping ground of carriers of the trade from the interior with their donkeys and ox and mule teams, and all the attendant untidiness. A very desirable change.

The storm or "chubasco" that visited Matamoros in Ninth month, blowing down many of the huts of the poor, injuring many better buildings, and flooding all the lower parts of the city, did not damage the Hussey building except to thoroughly saturate its walls; some damage was done to its fencing and out-houses. The printing office suffered some and the meeting-house more, but is estimated that all these damages and the cost of repairs will be covered by about \$200, though some improvements contemplated in connection with the repairs may require a larger outlay. We have cause of great thankfulness that the mission has suffered no more and that the family in the Hussey Home was preserved in those trying hours from undue fear, in trust in the Heavenly Father's care. The following incident is from a letter of J. L. Ballinger, written soon after the storm: "One of the little girls in my class in the Highway and Hedge Sabbath School was in the house of a Catholic after their house had fallen during the late 'chubasco.' She knelt down to pray before going to sleep, turning her back to the side of the room which was covered with saints. The woman of the house said, 'Get up! Don't turn your back on the saints.' She rose in obedience, went to the further corner of the room, and knelt as before. The next day the mother of the little girl related this to me. I thought it worthy of remark if, in only one year, this little girl had grown strong enough in our faith to withstand all the Catholics might say to her even in their own houses. It is quite evident that we may make impressions on their young minds and hearts that neither time nor influence can efface." L A Winston writes recently that this little girl is going to stay in the home with them for a month as a visitor pupil. She says, "The child was present when the arrangement for the visit was being made with her mother; and when the mother was asked, 'when' the little girl said in such a glad voice, 'In the morning! in the morning!' She has no shoes, so I am going to have her a "50 cents" pair made. We find it cheaper and better to have shoes made for the children."

We have sorrowful news from Santa Barbara. Virginia, the wife of Luciano Mascooro, died on the 22d of Tenth month, in her twenty-seventh year. She was a Christian, and, we trust, prepared for death. But we are sad at the thought of four small

children left motherless, the youngest only an infant of days, at thought of the companion left desolate, his plans for his life-work undone. The Santa Barbara mission, to hold which he sacrificed so much and labored so hard the last six months, must now, we suppose, be given up by him. We are informed that he expects to return to Matamoros soon. M. J.

KERR CITY, FLA., 11th mo 13th, 1886.

CANADA SOCIETY.—Since our last report public meetings in the intetest of the W. F. M. S. have been held in connection with each quarterly meeting, and reports sent in to the quarterly executive from each auxiliary. The Corresponding Secretary for Pelham Quarter writes that their meetings are well attended, and a lively interest taken in them. The membership is increasing. Several of their Bible Schools are collecting for the girls' school in Mexico.

The quarterly meeting of Yonge Street W. F. M. S. was held at Uxbridge. In the absence of the Corresponding Secretary a friend reports: "The attendance and interest evinced by all was encouraging. We had an essay entitled 'A Cry for Help,' and our hearts were thrilled by the enquiry, 'What are we doing to answer the cries that are continually going up far and near for help?' We had a very interesting letter from S. A. Pardie; he said: 'The work in Southern Tamaulipas has been wonderfully blessed of God, and is at present our most interesting field. Certainly more fruit has been granted according to funds employed there than at any other station in our mission.'

"Our auxiliaries are small, but are earnest in the work, nearly \$50 having been received from four of them. A good collection was taken up at the close of the meeting."

WEST LAKE QUARTER.—Cheering news has come in from this quarter. The Cor. Secretary writes: "I believe there is an auxiliary in every preparative meeting now. The W. F. M. S. in Bloomfield are in steady work. Moscow Auxiliary report they are doing very well."

By request our friend Alma Dale, of Uxbridge, has kindly sent us the following report of her visit to this Quarter to advance the cause of foreign missions: "At the Quarterly Meeting held in Moscow we had a public meeting on Seventh-day evening and a full house. We revived, or rather resurrected the Quarterly Meeting Society, and found an auxiliary in Moscow Preparative Meeting. Went to Wellington and held a public meeting in the interests of their auxiliary, and got the children pledged to form a mission band, which they have since done. Formed an auxiliary at Bloomfield, also one at Storrington, to be known as the Sunbury Auxiliary.



"One incident of my work I must give: On Seventh-day evening, at Moscow, a friend was appointed to serve as President of their society. On First-day evening in meeting I sat down by her side and she told me that for two weeks she had heard ringing through her mind and heart the word, 'Mission, Mission, Mission,' till at last she said, 'Lord, if there is anything thee wants me to do for the missionary cause, show me and I will do it.' She knew nothing of the meeting so soon to be held. She gave me to understand that she believed the Lord wanted her in just the position she had been placed. After I left, this good, faithful servant of God went out to collect for the missionary cause, and in one day had nearly \$10. She asked God for \$20 and I am sure she will get it. If every third sister in our auxiliaries would do as this sister of whom I write, Canada Yearly Meeting would double her missionaries and subscriptions inside of six months.

"May our Heavenly Father pour out upon the sisters of our yearly meeting a spirit of prayer and willing service in this great missionary cause." S. A. D.

KANSAS SOCIETY.—The first annual meeting of our W. F. M. S. met on the 11th of Tenth month, at 2 P. M. The meeting was opened by the reading of a part of the 42d of Isaiah, followed by an earnest prayer for guidance in the work. The meeting was large, and although we were limited to one hour and a half in which to transact the business, no one could doubt the *interest* and heart sympathy that our sisters manifested in all the detail of the work. All could respond heartily, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," not only for one another, but for our sisters in foreign lands. Our secretaries' reports were encouraging.

The treasurer reported \$292.38 in the treasury, and yet the auxiliaries have not all reported, so that it was impossible to give the exact amount raised during the year. A collection of \$58.53 was taken up at once. We were kindly invited by Western Yearly Meeting to unite with them in their work in Mexico City, Mexico, they having secured the services of Ervin Taber and wife as missionaries to that place. As we have long been interested in Mexico, we gladly unite with them, realizing that in "Union there is strength." We were much strengthened and encouraged by the kindly, earnest words of Ervin Taber and A. H. Pickering. Twenty-five dollars were appropriated to the education of a little girl at Matamoros, Mexico, until Christmas. The *ADVOCATE* was commended in highest terms, and subscriptions earnestly solicited, as we find in it all that we need. We hope even greater prosperity for it the coming year. We also approve Western Yearly Meeting's proposi-

tion that the different Societies unite in preparing a Union Report of their work.

Our officers for the ensuing year are: President, Mary H. Wood, Lawrence, Kansas; Vice President and Editorial Secretary, Mattie E. Newby, 1328 Liberty St., Kansas City, Mo.; Recording Secretary, Lydia Henshaw, Lawrence, Kan.; Corresponding Secretary, Mary White, Prairie Center, Kansas; Treasurer, Sarah Woodard, Lawrence, Kan.; with vice presidents for each quarterly meeting.

The annual address by our president Mary H. Wood, was characteristic of her, earnest, able and effective, and full of the missionary spirit. We would like to give it in full, but space will not permit.

Our Executive Board extends a cordial invitation to our sisters of the Executive Board of the W. F. M. S. of Western Yearly Meeting to meet with us at our annual session next year.

Resolutions of sympathy were tendered our beloved sister Lydia Smith, vice president of Hesper Quarterly Meeting, for her loss in the death of two sons and a daughter during the past year.

We missed many faces this year in which we had learned to recognize the "missionary spirit," but they were pleasantly called to mind by the earnest messages which we read from their pens. Our meeting closed with much good feeling and earnestness, and we believe the "missionary cause" received a fresh impetus in our Yearly Meeting which will not be without practical results for Him who said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." M. E. N.

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## *Helps for Auxiliaries.*

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### NAUHAUGHT, THE DEACON.

Nauhaught, the Indian deacon, who of old  
Dwelt, poor but blameless, where his narrowing Cape  
Stretches its shrunk arm out to all the winds  
And the relentless smiting of the waves  
Awoke one morning from a pleasant dream  
Of a good angel dropping in his hand  
A fair, broad gold-piece, in the name of God.

He rose and went forth with the early day  
Far inland, where the voices of the waves,  
Mellowed and mingled with the whispering leaves,  
As through the tangle of the low, thick woods,  
He searched his traps. Therein nor beast nor bird  
He found; though meanwhile in the reedy pools  
The otter played; and underneath the pines  
The porridge drummed, and as his thoughts went back  
To the sick wife and little child at home,  
What marvel that the poor man felt his faith  
Too weak to bear its burden—like a rope

That, strand by strand uncoiling, breaks above  
The hand that grasps it. "Even now, O Lord!  
Send one," he prayed, "the angel of my dream!  
Nauhaught is very poor; he cannot wait."

Even as he spake he heard at his bare feet  
A low, metallic clink, and, looking down,  
He saw a dainty purse with disks of gold  
Crowding its silken net. A while he held  
The treasure up before his eyes, alone  
With his great need, feeling the wondrous coins  
Slide through his eager fingers, one by one.  
So then the dream was true. The angel brought  
One broad piece only; should he take all these?  
Who would be wiser in the blind, dumb woods?  
The loser, doubtless rich, would scarcely miss  
This dropped crumb from a table always full.  
Still while he mused, he seemed to hear the cry  
Of a starved child; the sick face of his wife  
Tempted him. Heart and flesh in fierce revolt  
Urged the wild license of his savage youth  
Against his later scruples.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He gazed around A black snake lay in coil  
On the hot sand, a crow with sidelong eye  
Watched from a dead bough. All his Indian lore  
Of evil blending with a convert's faith  
In the supernal terrors of the Book,  
He saw the Tempter in the coiling snake  
And ominous black-winged bird; and all the while  
The low rebuking of the distant waves  
Stole in upon him like the voice of God  
Among the trees of Eden. Girding up  
His soul's loins with a resolute hand, he thrust  
The base thought from him: "Nauhaught, be a man!  
Starve, if need be; but, while you live, look out  
From honest eyes on all men, unashamed.  
God help me! I am deacon of the church,  
A baptized, praying Indian!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Then

Nauhaught drew  
Closer his belt of leather, dulling thus  
The pain of hunger, and walked bravely back  
To the brown fishing hamlet by the sea;  
And, pausing at the inn-door, cheerily asked:  
"Who hath lost aught to-day?"  
"I," said a voice,  
"Ten golden pieces in a silken purse,  
My daughter's handiwork." He looked, and lo!  
One stood before him in a coat of frieze,  
And the glazed hat of a seafaring man.  
Shrewd-faced, broad shouldered, with no trace of wings.  
Marvelling, he dropped within the stranger's hand  
The silken web, and turned to go his way,  
But the man said: "A tithe at least is yours;  
Take it in God's name as an honest man."  
And as the deacon's dusky fingers closed  
Over the golden gift, "Yea, in God's name  
I take it with a poor man's thanks," he said,  
So down the street that, like a river of sand,  
Ran, white in sunshine, to the summer sea,  
He sought his home, singing and praising God;  
And when his neighbors in their careless way

Spoke of the owner of the silken purse—  
A Wellfleet skipper, known in every port  
That the Cape opens in its sandy wall—  
He answered, with a wise smile, to himself:  
"I saw the angel where they see a man."

J. G. WHITTIER.

## UNIFORM LESSON FOR FIRST MONTH.

### TOPIC — ALASKA.

Locate Alaska on the map and describe its physical features.

To what country did it formerly belong, and in what year was it transferred to the United States?

What was the purchase price?

Climate, soil, resources and productions.

What revenue is realized by the Government from the seal-fur fisheries?

INHABITANTS. { Probable origin.  
                          { Characteristics.

Educational System.

Religion.

Indian Medicine Men.

Tribal Heraldry, or Totems.

MISSIONS. { Greek.  
                  { Protestant.

ESSAYS. { Considerations that justify the found-  
                  { of a new mission, viewed from both the  
                  { home and foreign standpoint.  
                  { General remarks on the initial work of  
                  { founding a mission.

REFERENCES: Alaska, by Sheldon Jackson, Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers, New York City. Gospel in All Lands for September, 1896, Mission Rooms 805 Broadway, New York, price 25 cts.\*

NOTES: The condition of women in Alaska beggars description. Converted mothers confess to the missionaries that they killed their girl children as an act of love, so that they might never know the curse of grown up womanhood. I have never read of such ingenuity of torture as our sex has been condemned to in that country."—FRANCES E. WILLARD.

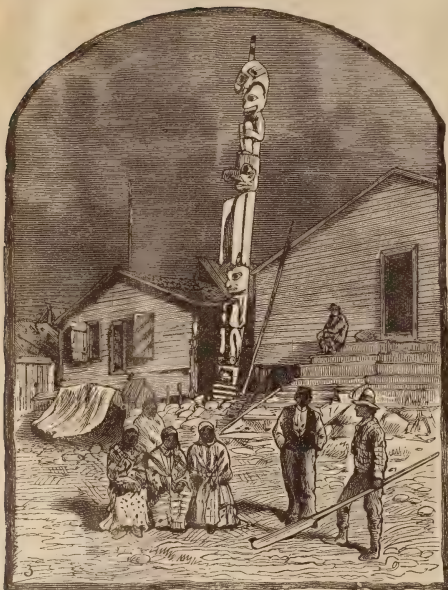
Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education for Alaska, writes me that "with the commencement of schools there in September, every teacher would be furnished with a sufficient number of Barnes' 'Child's Health Primer,' and be required to teach it regularly." The teachers will also be furnished with Barnes' Hygiene for Young People.—F. E. WILLARD.

The Presbyterian church now has in Alaska 7 ordained missionaries and 12 female missionaries, 5 schools with 146 scholars, 2 churches and about 300 members.—*Exchange*

It was suggested at the last annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. that a worker be sent to Alaska.

\*The last Government Report on Education in Alaska, prepared by Sheldon Jackson, is also a valuable source of information.





A TOTEM STICK AND GROUP OF INDIANS AT FORT WRANGELL.

## TOTEMS.

The Alaskan tribes have several chiefs, one of whom is head chief. Upon all public occasions they are seated according to their rank. This rank is distinguished by the height of a pole erected in front of their houses. The greater the chief, the higher his pole. Some of these poles are over 100 feet high. The Indians are again subdivided into various families, each of which have their family badge. These badges, or *totems* among the Thlinkets, are the raven, the wolf, the whale and the eagle. Their emblems are marked on the houses, canoes, household utensils, ornaments, and even clothing of the people. These crests or badges extend through different tribes, and their members have a closer relation to one another than the tribal connection. For instance, members of the same tribe may marry, but not members of the same badge. Thus a wolf may not marry into the wolf family, but may into that of the whale.

In front of their leading houses and at their burial places are sometimes immense timbers covered with carvings. These are the genealogical records of the family. The child usually takes the totem of the mother. For instance, at the bottom of a post may

be the carving of a whale, over that a raven, a wolf and an eagle—signifying that the great-grandfather of the present occupant of the house on his mother's side belonged to the whale family, the grandfather to the raven family, the father to the wolf family; and he himself to the eagle family. These standards are from two to five feet in diameter and often over 60 feet in height, and sometimes cost from \$1000 to \$2000, including the gifts and entertainments that attend their dedication. Formerly the entrance to the house was a hole through this standard, but latterly they are commencing to have regular doors hung on hinges. Among the Stickeen these badge trees or *totems* are usually removed to one side of the door.—Alaska, by Sheldon Jackson.

## MEDICINE MEN IN ALASKA.

The utmost extreme of disgusting cannibalism, or of rabies like that of hydrophobia, is not uncommon among the "medicine men" of the Haidahs. "The chief, who seems to be the principal sorcerer (among the Haidahs), and, indeed, seems to possess little authority save for his connection with preternatural powers, goes off to the loneliest and wildest retreat he knows of, and half starves himself there for some weeks, till he is worked up to a frenzy of religious insanity, and the *nawloks* (fearful beings, not human), consent to communicate with him. During this observance the chief is called *taamish*, and woe to the unlucky Haidah who happens to meet him during its continuance! At last the inspired demoniac returns to his village, naked, save a bear skin or ragged blanket, with a chaplet on his head and a red band about his neck. He springs on the first person he meets, bites out and swallows one or more mouthfuls of the man's living flesh, wherever he can fix his teeth; then rushes to another and another, continuing his revolting meal till he falls into a torpor from his sudden and half-masticated surfeit of flesh. The victims of this ferocity dare not resist the bite of the *taamish*. On the contrary, they are sometimes proud of its scars. All the Alaskans are held in abject fear by the medicine men."—Missionary Review.

## FRIENDS' MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

ESTHER TUTTLE PRITCHARD, Editor and Publisher.

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# Decoration Day, 1888.

## Sitka, Alaska.



*President*—M. P. BERRY.

*Orator*—JUDGE L. F. DAWSON.

*Chaplain*—REV. A. E. AUSTIN.

*Grand Marshal*—LT. G. H. BARNETT.

*Aides to Marshal*—GEO. KOSTROMET-  
INOFF, J. J. McLEAN, T. C. DORAN.



*Committee of Arrangements*—JUDGE J. G. BRADY, N. A. FULLER, J. M. VAN DERBILT.  
*Committee on Memoirs*—EDWARD H. BROWN, HARRY A. WILDE.

The Procession will form in front of the Custom House, at 1 o'clock, p. m., in the following order:

PRESIDENT,  
VETERANS,  
MARINES,  
CIVIL OFFICIALS,

FIRE BRIGADE,  
SCHOOL CHILDREN,  
CITIZENS,  
INDIANS.

*Ceremonies at Graves*—Address by Willoughby Clark, Esq. Prayer by Rev. A. E. Austin. Singing.

*Exercises in Mission Hall*—Invocation by Rev. A. E. Austin. Singing. Opening address by Major M. P. Berry. Singing. Reading of memoirs by E. H. Brown. Singing. Oration by Judge Lafayette Dawson. Singing. Address by Col. M. D. Ball. Singing—Doxology.



# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
 Lord  
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
 wrath are stored;  
 He hath loosed the faithful lightning of his terrible  
 swift sword;  
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-  
 cling camps;  
 They have builded him an altar in the evening dews  
 and damps;  
 I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar-  
 ing lamps;  
 His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
 call retreat;  
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-  
 ment seat;  
 O, be swift my soul to answer him! be jubilant my  
 feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauties of the lilies Christ was born across  
 the sea,  
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and  
 me;  
 As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
 free,  
 While God is marching on.



# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

[Key of D.]

Oft, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
 The home of the brave and the free,  
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
 A world offers homage to thee;  
 Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
 When liberty's form stands in view,  
 Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,  
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,  
 Thy banner makes tyranny tremble,  
 When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,  
 And threatened our land to deform,  
 The ark then of freedom's foundation,  
 Columbia rode safe through the storm,  
 With the garland of victory o'er her,  
 When so proudly she bore her bold crew,  
 With her flag floating proudly before her,  
 The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

The boast of the, etc.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,  
 And fill your cup to the brim,  
 May the wreath they have worn never wither,  
 Nor the star of their glory grow dim.  
 May the services united ne'er sever,  
 And hold to their colors so true,  
 The Army and Navy for ever —  
 Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Three cheers for the, etc.

# MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

[Key of A.]

BRING the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another  
 song —  
 Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along —  
 Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!  
 So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
 While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the joyous  
 sound!  
 How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary  
 found!  
 How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground  
 While we went marching through Georgia —  
 Chorus.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful  
 tears,  
 When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen  
 for years;  
 Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth  
 in cheers,  
 While we were marching through Georgia —  
 Chorus.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach  
 the coast!"  
 So the saucy rebels said — and 'twas a handsome boast,  
 But they forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,  
 While we were marching through Georgia —  
 Chorus.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her  
 train,  
 Sixty miles in latitude — three hundred to the main!  
 Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
 While we were marching through Georgia —  
 Chorus.

# HOLD THE FORT.

Hold my comrades, see the signal  
 Waving in the sky!  
 Reinforcements now appearing,  
 Victory is nigh!

CHORUS — "Hold the fort, for I am coming."  
 Jesus says still,  
 Wave the answer back to Heaven, —  
 "By Thy grace we will."

See the mighty hosts advancing,  
 Satan leading on;  
 Mighty men around us falling,  
 Courage almost gone.

See the glorious banner waving,  
 Hear the bugle blow;  
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
 Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
 But our Help is near;  
 Onward comes our great Commander,  
 "Cheer, my comrades, cheer!"

## THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

[*Key of A Flat.*]

Yes, we'll rally round the flag boys, we'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,  
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, up with the star,  
While we rally round the flag boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million free men more,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,  
And altho' they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

So we're springing to the call from the east and from the west,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,  
And we hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,  
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.—*Chorus.*

♩ ♪

## MEMORIAL HYMN.

God of the living and of the dead  
We bow before thy face;  
Pleading thy goodness and our need,  
We supplicate thy grace.

As in the days that once were ours,  
In camp, on march, in field,  
Our strength was in thy mighty arm,  
Thy guardian love our shield.

As when the storm of battle lowered,  
Our courage was in thee,  
And for our country and one flag,  
We fought on land and sea.

As we have mourned with aching hearts,  
The love of comrades brave,  
And gather here to scatter flowers  
Upon each cherished grave;

So muster back our dead to-day,  
With us our ranks may fill,  
And stand in glad fraternity,  
Shoulder to shoulder still.

So give us faith in human rights,  
In justice and in thee,  
That we may hold those once our foes  
In Christian charity.

So make each patriot soldier's grave  
A sacred shrine to be,  
That a high altar it may prove  
Of stalwart loyalty.

Then when the great inspection day  
Shall sound its bugle call,  
May we, in heaven's grand parade  
Give answer one and all.

## TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

[*Key of A.*]

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,  
Many of the best are dead;  
Three years have passed in a weary round  
Since the last good-bye was said.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
Wishing that the war would cease,  
Many are the hearts, now fighting for the right,  
That hope for the dawn of peace,  
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,  
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,  
Thinking of the days gone by,  
Of the brave ones dead and their dear ones crowned  
With the grief that will not die.—*Chorus.*

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground,  
Weary of the ways that kill,  
Of the fatal shot and the cruel wound—  
The pickets are firing still!—*Chorus.*

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,  
Many will fight no more—  
For the dead and dying on the old camp-ground  
The war at last is o'er.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,  
Wishing that the war would cease,  
Many are the hearts now looking for the light,  
To see the dawn of peace,  
Dying to-night, dying to-night,  
Dying on the old camp-ground.





NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God to thee,  
Nearer to thee !  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me ;  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
Nearer, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me—  
Nearer, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be—  
Nearer, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !

Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be—  
Nearer, my God, to thee !  
Nearer to thee !

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing ;  
Land where our fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love ;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing ;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God our King.

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*Soldiers and Sailors buried in American  
Cemetery:*

WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,  
B. W. LIVERMORE,  
JAMES DOYLE,  
PATRICK FLYNN,  
— BROWN,  
JAMES KINGSBURY,  
WILLIAM COULTER,  
— SMITH,  
JOHN JONES,  
WILLIAM BUCHANAN,  
JOHN S. BRUNNER,  
W. P. STRUM,  
WILLIAM MORRIS,  
HENRY CLIFFORD,  
JAMES SULLIVAN.

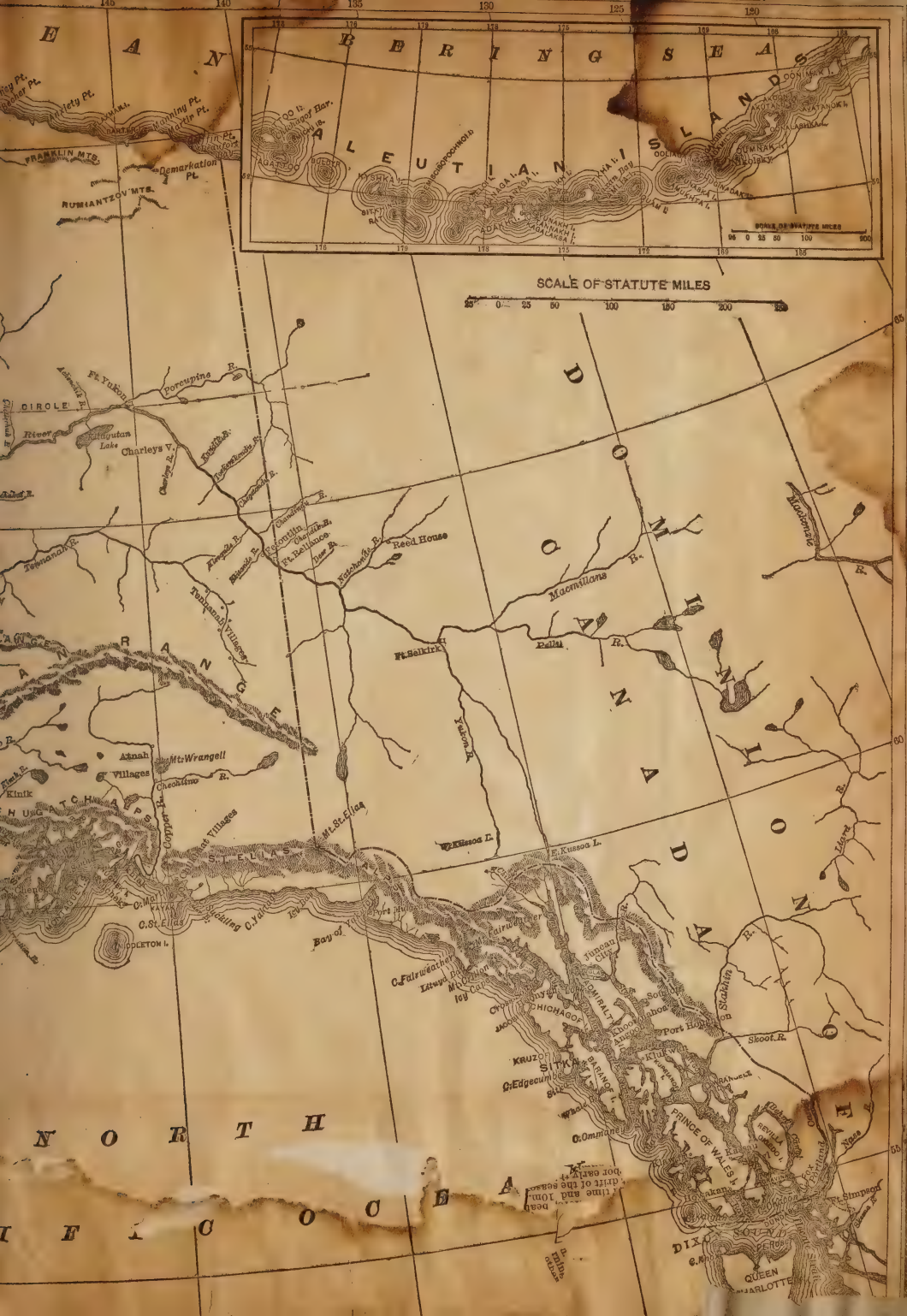
*In Russian Cemetery:*

PATRICK BURNS,











## UP THE SAINT ELIAS ALPS

## SUCCESS OF THE "TIMES" EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.

## NEW RIVERS AND GLACIERS.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA'S PERILOUS ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS TO THE HIGHEST POINT EVER REACHED—DIFFICULTIES BRAVELY MET AND OVERCOME—GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES OF OUR HITHERTO UNEXPLORED TERRITORY.

SITKA, Alaska, Sept. 10, via Nanaimo, British Columbia, Sept. 19.—The New-York Times Alaskan expedition was left at Icy Bay on July 17 by the United States steamer *Pinta*, Capt. Nichols commanding, and began the survey of that bay at once, with preparations for explorations in the St. Elias Alps, on and about Mount St. Elias, which great mountain was afterward ascended to a height above the snow level greater than was ever made before above that line by alpine climbers.

Icy Bay is a mere indentation on the Alaskan coast, some 50 to 60 miles west of Yakutat Bay, and would have no existence were it not for an immense glacier emanating from Mount St. Elias and jutting out into the Pacific Ocean far enough to make the western side of the bay. There is no protection to ships in a storm from a southern quarter, and great swells make a formidable surf in the finest weather. Even in this surf, which was quite heavy at the time, the *Times* party and its effects were landed by Lieuts. Emerson and Stewart in a small boat from the *Pinta*, at considerable peril to themselves and the crew, and in a most commendable manner. In every way the officers of the *Pinta* showed consideration and kindness to the *Times* expedition, so far as lay in their power to assist them in their undertaking.

On Monday morning, July 19, the expedition for the exploration of the mountains got under way, the plan then being to have two parties, one camp apart, and to measure the difference between their height barometrically by one day's simultaneous records, for 10 to 12 hours, one-half hour apart. Lieut. Schwatka had the advance party, which left on the morning of the 19th, and Prof. Libbey the other. The course at first lay up the eastern shore of Icy Bay to where the Indians said a large river came in at the head of the bay, thence up this river to where it came from under the ice of immense glaciers, or as far as the Yakutat Indians ever go when hunting bears, mountain goats, &c., and thence to the base of Mount St. Elias.

At 8:30 o'clock the party struck a small river, 50 to 75 yards wide, which had to be forded middle deep in ice water from the glaciers. The next hour's walk was over a beautiful prairie, with heavy grass and wild pea vines, interspersed with strawberry patches, loaded with fruit, and many pretty clumps of evergreen trees. This march brought the party to the great river

which empties into the head of Icy Bay, and which was struck about six to eight miles from its mouth. Its immense size was a great surprise, as it was not supposed that such a river existed in that part of Alaska, where it was first struck. The stream is from a mile to a mile and a half wide; 800 to 1,000 yards is water, the remainder being low mud, sand, and gravel. The bay is covered at high water, when the stream must be a second Mississippi in appearance.

Its western bank is a perpendicular wall of ice, part of the same great glacier which forms the western shore of Icy Bay. It was loaded with glacier mud from the Mount St. Elias Alps, and its swift current, with waves about a foot high, was thought to be eight or ten miles an hour. It was surmised at the time, and afterward partially corroborated, that the great river is entirely too big in every way to be drained by only the seaward slopes of the St. Elias Alps in the vicinity of the mountains from which it comes. It must head far beyond the range, and break through them at Reptarian Pass, and after draining the Tzavine districts its muddy waters from the glaciers discolor all the waters of Icy Bay, and for many miles out to sea. It was named Jones River, after George Jones, Esq., of New-York City, and geographically was one of the most important discoveries of the expedition. It is not thought to be rivaled by any Alaskan river emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

Attempting to ascend it along its banks, the party was forced into a wide detour to avoid its many channels, which spread into a vast network of swift waters in the flat lands lying between the St. Elias Alps and the Pacific Ocean, so extended that the river must be five to six miles wide at its widest part. The march lay across islands and along channels. The party camped the first night on Jones River, at the spot where it debouches between two glaciers. The Yakutat Indian packers now complained considerably of being greatly fatigued, having carried about 75 pounds each 15 miles over a terrible road for pedestrians. They were sent back next day as a rest and for bringing up another party, instead of advancing further. Next the barometer was read and the height between the first and second camp determined.

Next day, July 21, Prof. Libbey's party came up and it was determined now to advance continually and measure backward barometrically, should any success be met with that would warrant it. The constant cloudy state around Mount St. Elias was already sufficient to create strong doubts as to the party being able to ascend it unless the weather became very much better for that purpose. Mosquitoes and gnats were the great torment everywhere, even on the ice of the wide glaciers, many miles from vegetation of any kind.

On July 22 the consolidated party advanced over the glacier on the east side of Jones River, that stream running between two distinct glaciers which often bridge the river with ice, making it easy, however, to pass from one side to the other. The day's travel lasted from 8 in the morning until 7:30 in the evening over a terrible road of rough boulders and rocks, or glaciers coupled with mud, on slippery hills of ice.

The glacier to the eastward of Jones River, an immense field of ice, was named "Agassiz Glacier," after the late Prof. Louis Agassiz, whose researches in glacial physics are well known. It extends for nearly 60 miles along the base of the St. Elias Alps, and is probably 15 to 20 miles across. It

may cover 1,000 square miles of land, but half to two-thirds of that would certainly be within a safe estimate. Its thickness could only be inferred, but if resting on flat land, which is probable from the appearance of the surrounding country, it must be nearly 1,000 feet on an average, as shown by barometrical surveys. The Agassiz mariane shows much igneous rock, and appears black at a great distance.

The great glacier to the west of Jones River, though not so well known in superficial extent as the Agassiz, may cover as much ground as the first named. It was named the "Gnyot," after the late Prof. Guyot, of Princeton College, New-Jersey, also well known in scientific matters pertaining to glacial phenomena. Its rocks predominate toward a sedimentary character, and it appears of a light gray color from a distance.

That day's march over the glaciers told severely on all the Indian packers, they being fagged out and their footgear worn to tatters. It also brought the party to near the base of the high, conspicuous range of hills called Chaix Hills, after Prof. Paul Chaix, President of the Geneva Geographical Society. At the base of the hills is a forest which the party tried to reach for camp, but the rushing branches of Jones River and an immense lake of huge floating icebergs interposed, and the party camped on the ice of the glaciers, with the prospect of getting off it toward Mount St. Elias very discouraging. The Alpine lake, so gorged with ice that but little of its water could be seen, was named "Castina Lake," after the President of the Italian Geographical Society.

On the 23d of July reconnoitring parties were sent right and left to find a way to the timber at the base of the hills across the stream, and one party was lost on the glacier until the next evening, delaying the advance by making searching parties necessary for a day or so until they came in. The party to the left, or westward, found a way out where Guyot Glacier had bridged an immense stream, and was shoving its foot into the forest, crushing immense trees into pulp and splinters. One tree of the forest measured 21 feet in circumference, and all were large. It is the nearest forest to Mount St. Elias, the Chaix Hills being clothed with grass, brush, and trees on the south side and with ice and snow on the northern slopes that connect with the glaciers and ~~west~~ of Mount St. Elias.

On July 25 the party attempting to make the ascent got away at noon, when the last searching party got in, and swung around the next spur of the Chaix Hills, which brought all of Mount St. Elias in full view, from the base to the top, apparently 10 to 12 miles away. Coming around the spur brought the party upon a new glacier, 6 or 7 miles wide and about 10 to 15 miles long, coming directly from the south side of Mount St. Elias, being formed at the foot of the glaciers on that side of the great mountain. It was named "Tyndall Glacier," after Prof. Tyndall, of London, and its bed gave the party a direct way to the base of the mountain. All was now thoroughly Alpine in character. As far as the eye could reach everything was shrouded in ice and snow for miles. No Winter scene in the polar regions could be more desolate. It was an Alpine valley, grand beyond possible description. Mr. Seton Karr, of the party, who had seen much mountain service in the European Alps, pronounced it immeasurably ahead of everything there for grandeur and gigantic proportions.

At night the party camped near the base of Mount St. Elias, on a little oasis on the Arctic Desert, where stunted willow and brush could be had for cooking the supper.



That night there was a heavy frost, the stunted brush being covered with hoar frost, and ice forming on a half full tin cap so thick that it could be inverted without spilling its contents. The party was now less than 1,000 feet above the snow level, too, as shown by the barometer.

The party for the ascent started out next morning at 6 o'clock with bright weather, the plan being to go all day and night and until late the next night, or to make about 40 hours' continuous marching, with an occasional short rest, short enough to prevent chilling. The party consisted of Lient. Schwatka, Seton Karr, and Wood. The barometer being read at the bottom at camp No. 2 by Prof. Libbey, the party took about six pounds each, having spare clothing, two Esquimaux reindeer coats, 60 feet of rope, two ice axes, and alpenstocks, ice croppers, mercurial and aneroid barometers, hypsometer, prismatic compass, thermometers common and clinical, &c., altogether about 20 pounds to each party. They made a long detour of the Tyndall Glacier until 8 o'clock, when the crevices in the ice became so large and the snow bridges across them so dangerous that the party was tied to a common rope—Wood, the lightest, ahead, Schwatka second, and Seton Karr last.

Red snow in large patches was passed about 9 o'clock, and snow fleas were seen near this time. At 10:15 the party

could see all the glaciers on the south side of Mount St. Elias, not one of which broke its course into a hanging or falling glacier. All were from 300 to 3,000 feet, in almost perpendicular descent, and all were clearly impassable. The rock ridges and buttresses were the only things left by which to ascend, and the most feasible of these was started for, but before it was reached it was seen to be perpendicular, between glaciers at places, and impassable.

Shortly after the Tyndall Glacier at its head began yawning in fearful crevices of 10, 20, and 30 feet across, with few snow bridges, and the ice breaking into seams ahead, the ice ridge being so narrow that it was at times only wide enough for one member of the party at a time to pass. It was like walking on the comb of a steep roof, with crevices hundreds of feet deep on either side.

The huge seams reached, the party was forced off the steep glacier into a ridge, which it was thought might connect with a better part of the mountain, where the ascent could be continued. By 2 o'clock light patches of clouds commenced forming on the mountain side, and a heavy fog hung over the Chaix Hills, which by 5 o'clock had settled over everything above 7,000 feet, and from which Mount St. Elias did not emerge for four days after. By 5 o'clock the party had ascended the southern spur of Mount St. Elias, getting a good view of all the approaches on that side, and Mr. Seton Karr then pronounced it utterly inaccessible from the south.

The low clouds rolling on made all further attempts futile. The barometer read at the places gained by the members showed an ascent altogether above the sea level of about 7,200 feet, nearly all of which was above the snow level. This gave to the TIMES party, it is believed, the Alpine record of the highest climb above the snow level ever made, certainly the highest on an almost wholly unknown mountain. The party returned to Icy Bay well satisfied with its record. Its geographical results were beyond its expectations. A few only have been mentioned here.

Three immense peaks, from 12,000 to

8,000 feet high, were named after the President, "Cleveland Peak," the Secretary of the Navy, "Whitney Peak," and the commander of the Pinta, "Nichols Peak." Returning from Icy Bay to Yakutat Bay a swamp was encountered, and the party barely escaped. At Yakutat three separate excursions were made, and many new geographical features mapped. Ethnological collections and photographs were secured by Prof. Libbey, there being about 200 of the latter. Mr. Seton Karr made many fine sketches, about 50 in number, while sci-

tific observations were made at all available and necessary points. Altogether, the party, for the short time it was absent, and considering the obstacles it had to overcome, has achieved a most thorough and substantial success, but it will require a book to chronicle its accomplishments in full.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

## ALASKA'S HISTORY AND VALUE

### I.

#### AREA AND CLIMATE.

The area added to the territory of the United States by the purchase of Alaska is far larger than the average citizen supposes. It comprises 514,700 square miles. Most figures like these, however, often mean little to the unreflecting reader. The space of 514,700 square miles is a considerable area. It is nearly nine times the area of England and Wales. It is more than twice the area of France. It nearly equals the area of Australia. The area of Texas falls short of it by 240,400 square miles, or nearly one-half. Of our large States, exclusive of Texas, in order to obtain an equal area, it would be necessary to reckon in not only New-York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Missouri, but one or two more, for these States combined give a total of only 418,510 square miles. Stated again, it may be said that the area of Alaska is greater than that of the original 13 States. The extreme length of the country from the Arctic Ocean to the southern boundary, is 1,100 miles, and the greatest breadth of the mainland 800 miles. Reckoning in the islands we should have an extreme length of more than 2,000 miles and an extreme breadth of 1,400. The coast line, including all the bays and islands, according to Mr. Bancroft, [the Pacific coast historian, to whom this narrative is deeply indebted,] exceeds the circumference of the earth. One of the Alaskan islands, and not the one situated the furthest west, is almost as far west of San Francisco as San Francisco is west of Washington, while the last of the islands to the westward is nearly as far distant from Sitka, the capital of the Territory, as Sitka is distant from New-York. These facts are impressive facts and it is well to bear them in mind while considering this vast northwestern Territory and THE TIMES'S exploring expedition.

The climate of Alaska is another fact to be borne in mind. It is remarkable for its mildness. People from a temperate zone may dwell there comfortably. In Winter the severest weather seldom prevails for a long period. The average temperature has been fixed at 42°, though extremes have been recorded of from 58° below zero in January to 95° in Summer. There are large sections where the average temperature is higher than in Stockholm or Christiansia, and where the fall of snow is less than in those cities. The latitude of the most habitable portions is about the same as that of Scotland. Although snow covers the ground in the Yukon River region for nearly eight months out of the twelve, the period of real Winter weather there is much shorter. Frederick Whymper, who spent a whole Winter

at Nulato nearly 20 years ago, on the 26th of November records the temperature as 2° above zero. This was followed by a steady fall until Dec. 5, when the coldest day of the Winter was experienced. The thermometer was then 58° below zero. Otherwise the weather that day, he says, "was lovely; no wind blew or snow fell during the whole time, and we did not feel the

cold as at many other times." He adds that Spring made an early appearance. On April 5 there was a thaw. On the 9th fens were seen. On the 10th willows and the smaller trees began to bud. The ice in the river started to break up on the 5th of May, and on June 5 real Summer temperature was felt. The thermometer reached nearly 80° in the shade. This was at a point almost in the latitude of Behring Strait. Lient. Schwatka while making his journey down the Yukon in 1883 found the heat overpowering at old Fort Yukon. Whenever the weather was clear his party really suffered from the heat, and yet they were actually within the arctic regions, a thousand miles distant from the point where the river empties into the sea.

The reason for this mild temperature in Alaska is found in the existence of a sort of Gulf Stream known as the Japanese current, or Kuro Sivo. The consequence of it is that no other territory so near the pole enjoys so warm a climate. Some of the islands are especially well favored. At Oonalaska, a name which recalls Campbell's fine line—

"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore," the cold of zero and the oppressive heat of Summer are rarely felt. Grasses are said to grow luxuriantly everywhere on this island, and until the introduction of firearms led to their extermination reindeer used to graze in numerous herds upon them. Of course but for this Japanese current Alaska would be unfit for human habitation, and the country is indebted to it for her immense growths of cedar, spruce, and hemlock trees. But along with these benefits comes an excess of humidity, especially on the southern seaboard. The prevailing Winter winds are easterly, and those from the south bring rain and snow. The contact of the warm Japanese current with the arctic shores produces heavy rain clouds and dismal fogs. Navigation is, therefore, much interfered with in the Winter months. The inland passage it is quite impossible to make during certain seasons of the year. The fogs often continue for weeks at a time. June, July, and August are the favorable months for voyages. The inland passage is then a delightful and picturesque beyond description. This passage extends from the head of Fugot Sound, in Washington Territory, to Chitka, in Alaska, for a distance of about a thousand miles, through a vast archipelago, the waters usually as quiet as any broad river and surrounded by towering rocky shores. The southeasternmost portion of Alaska, through which this journey carries the traveler for a long distance, is only about 50 miles wide, and includes the Prince of Wales and Baranoff Islands, on which latter stands the town of Sitka, the seat of government.

Of the interior of Alaska, except along the Yukon and in the region explored by Lient. Schwatka in 1883, scarcely anything is well known. What little has been ascertained about

it shows that it is for the most part mountainous, with vast intervening plains. THE TIMES'S expedition will, it is hoped, contribute something to the knowledge of this subject, and especially so through the explorers get a peep from the top of Mount St. Elias into the vast world beyond. The volcanic character of the country is one of its most striking features. The source of the Yukon as found by Lient. Schwatka, is a small lake, which he conjectured may be the crater of an extinct volcano. He accordingly gave it the name of Crater Lake. On the island of Oonalaska are several enormous volcanoes. One of them rises to a height of 8,000 feet. Mr. Whymper names 13 islands of the Aleutian group on which are one or more extinct or active volcanoes. Of the Yukon River it is difficult to speak adequately in a few lines. It is one of the world's largest streams. At its mouth, so great is the volume of water poured into the sea, that the sea is said to be composed of fresh water for 10 miles out. Some of its tributaries are themselves rivers of great size. One of these, called the Tannanah, is estimated to be from a thousand to twelve hundred miles long. At its mouth it is as large as the parent stream—two or three miles wide. The scenery of the Yukon is of the grandest and most interesting character. It includes towering ramparts which rival the famous ones at the



iron Gate of the Danube. At a point 1,800 miles above its mouth the stream contracts into scudding whirlpools and eddies pouring through a cañon about a mile long, the waters white with milk-like foam. The upper ramparts near old Fort Selkirk for 100 miles are said to "almost equal the Yosemite or Yellowstone in stupendous grandeur." Above Fort Yukon the country for a long distance is as level as a Western plain, and the river spreads itself out over an enormous area, dotted with innumerable sandbars and flat islands. Some portions of this part of the stream are estimated to be seven miles wide and others twice or three times that width, these figures including the islands. The Yukon in that country is 1,000 miles from its mouth. The entire length of the river has been reckoned at 2,900 miles. Although ships can not enter it from Norton Sound, flat-bottomed stern-wheel boats can proceed over the greater part of its length. The trip to Fort Yukon and beyond has been often made by such boats. A great pest of the river country in Summer is mosquitoes. Here in a country very near the arctic zone this great scourge of all animate things thrives mightily. Even the moose cannot endure its attacks and plunges into the water, wading or swimming to escape them. Native dogs are known to have been killed by them. The grisly bear has died as a consequence of them. Travelers have found their strength completely exhausted in keeping off the ferocious attacks of these insects.

## II.

### BEHRING'S VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

For the discovery of Alaska the world is primarily indebted to the far-seeing and ambitious mind of Peter the Great. The first half of the seventeenth century had been an eventful and momentous one in the eastward progress of the Cossacks. It had seen their first fast build on the Tobol, and a starting point thus established for their future expeditions. Colonies had been founded along the straight line of road between the mountains and the morasses, on which they chose to make their progress to the Pacific. The Lena River had been reached in the Spring of 1628, and the town of Irkutsk had been founded three years later. They were now distant from the sea between 500 and 600 leagues. In 1638 they began to push their way still further. A year later the mountains of the eastern border of Asia had been reached on horseback and snowshoes, and the seashore itself finally was achieved. Here a fort was built, and the name given it of Okhotsk. Okhotsk became henceforth an important point in all the Russian connections with America. Sixty years had now passed since the Cossack journey across Asia was first undertaken.

Of any land across the great sea the natives of this new region could tell the Cossacks nothing. The Russians themselves had to wait until the time of Peter the Great before steps could be taken to investigate the unknown territory beyond. Meanwhile they explored Kamchatka. At last, under Peter's orders, were organized two Kamchatka expeditions, one of which had for its object to determine whether America and Asia joined or were separate, while the other was to explore the American coast opposite and to learn something more of Japan and the Kurile Islands, a chain of islands lying between the Sea of Okhotsk and the Pacific. Both were under command of Vitus Behring, a Danish Captain who had seen 30 years in the Russian service and who had been to India. On Feb. 5, 1725, the explorers began their overland journey across Siberia. Three days later Peter breathed his last, but his work was carried forward by his successor. Various delays ensued on this journey. Two and a half years were consumed in reaching Okhotsk and another year in ship building. Finally Behring set sail along the eastward coast of Asia to the northeast. He passed and named St. Lawrence Island and then rounded what is now known as East Cape, finding that the coast as he went north turned to the westward and continued to do so. Here was evidence to him that America and Asia were not joined, and very properly are these waters known as Behring Strait.

It was not until the Summer of 1740 that the

second expedition was undertaken. Great obstacles had delayed the explorers, all of them incident to want of supplies and transportation facilities. Finally, on Sept. 8, the expedition set sail. It comprised two ships, the St. Peter, in command of Behring, and the St. Paul, in command of Chirikof, a young Lieutenant, who was the guide and hope of his subordinates and friends. Outside the Sea of Okhotsk the vessels parted. A series of other disasters followed, and it was found necessary to Winter on the Kamshatka peninsula. On the 4th of June of the following year they set sail again. The vessels parted a second time ere they had been long at sea. On the 11th of July signs of land were seen by Chirikof. He had been unable to find Behring, and had proceeded alone. Driftwood, seals, and gulls were in his track, and he proceeded boldly ahead, casting his lead constantly. Finally, on July 15, land was sighted in latitude 55° 21', and, in the words of Mr. Bancroft, "the high wooded mountains, looming before the enraptured gaze of eyes long accustomed to the tamer glories of Siberia, were at once pronounced to belong to the continent of America." Two days later a landing from a small boat was made in a great bay. But the men who made it failed to return to the ship. Another boat was sent out after them. This also failed to return. On the following morning, in the far distance near shore, were seen two boats, and every heart on ship was encouraged; but as the boats came near they were seen to be filled with savages. Chirikof's men had obviously been either murdered on the spot or held for future slaughter. He had no other boats, and was thus compelled to make for Kamchatka. Coasting to the northwest, land with mountains covered with snow was often sighted. It is probable that Onalaska, Adak, and Attou Islands were seen. Attou is the westernmost of the Aleutian chain, as the map shows. During this progress savages were encountered. Large numbers of them came out in small boats, but they could not be induced to come on board. On the home voyage the crew suffered greatly from poverty and general despondency. Since leaving Asia 21 lives had been lost. The pilot was at last the only officer who could appear on deck. Chirikof himself was very ill.

Meanwhile the fate of Behring and his men had been still worse. After the separation of the ships, owing to his failure to find his companion, Behring resolved to proceed alone. Some days later he became firmly convinced that he was near land, and ordered that soundings be made. On July 16 the lookout reported that land was actually in sight—a towering peak and a chain of mountains covered with snow. Probably Mount St. Elias was seen, as well as the range of which it forms a part. North winds soon carried them away from this point, and upon July 20 they found themselves abreast of an island, to which, from the day, they gave the name of St. Elias. This island is now known as Kyat, the name St. Elias having been transferred to the mountain peak, which was probably the first land in Alaska that the anxious eyes of Behring looked upon. Thus it was that Chirikof anticipated Behring in the actual discovery of Alaska by a single day. Behring sent two boats ashore. Rude deserted huts, constructed of logs and rough planks, the roofs covered with bark, were found. Copper implements, broken arrows, and dried salmon were picked up. Behring did not tarry long enough even, to fill his empty water casks. He was in haste to return. The consequence was great disaster to him and his ship. The crew fell sick. Every day one man or more died, until scarcely enough remained to manage the ship. Proceeding westward, land after island was passed, and finally, the supply of water becoming low, it was determined to land. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon the anchors were lowered. Then the sea began to rise and in an hour the cable broke. The other cables had all been lost. A huge wave then struck the helpless ship, lifting her over a ledge of rocks into smooth water, but ruining her hull. The only course now left was to pass the Winter on that unknown coast. Behring himself was among the sick. He lingered on until the 8th of December, when, in a miserable hut

and lying half covered by the sand, his spirit passed away. This land proved to be an island—the island that is known to this day as Behring Island. It is further westward than the region shown in the map and belongs to Russia. In the coming Summer the surviving members of this expedition returned to the shores of Asia, having built a ship for this purpose out of the remains of their old one. Their dead leader had been buried in the soil of Behring Island, and to this day a monument rises there to his memory. Thus 17 years after Peter the Great sent out his expedition to find an American Russia she had in question had been found. But what more could be said? Behring was dead, many lives had been lost, and scarcely anything was known of the land that had been seen. One can imagine the wrath of the mighty Peter had he lived to learn the results of his enterprise.

## III.

### THE RUSSIAN OCCUPATION.

The news brought to Eastern Siberia by Chirikof and the survivors of Behring's expedition aroused great ambitions to prosecute the explorations still further. There was no difficulty in finding the men to go. Hunting expeditions in search of sea otter were soon fitted out. Voyages made by Bassof, Nevodshchikof, and Tugof resulted in rich harvests of fur from the Aleutian Islands. Attempts at monopoly were made, and all the natural features of trade rivalry in a case where everything was free and where the element of mystery existed soon appeared. Conflicts with the natives then occurred, and blood was often shed. Behring and his companions had made their voyages purely in the interest of exploration, with trade merely an afterthought. Now, however, trade was the impelling force. Beautiful furs were the special attraction, and but for them the world might have had to rest in content for 50 years longer with the meagre discoveries that had already been made. These early hunting expeditions are spoken of by Mr. Bancroft as "the swarming of the Promyshleniki," a cunning and crafty race of men who had been a sort of flying advance guard of the Cossacks. "They were freebooters," he says, "who hunted on their own account and at their own risk. No one could control them. They flitted everywhere in the woods and morasses, companions of wild beasts." To whom Russia is indebted for the earliest discoveries made in Siberia. Her debt to them for knowledge of Alaska became large also. Mr. Bancroft narrates of their bloody adventures on the islands of Onalaska, Attou, and Amila is stirring and impressive reading. The discoveries made by them were numerous. Not the least important was the large island of Kodiak. Their operations covered a period of about 25 years.

Private enterprises were then suspended and the Imperial Government resumed its explorations. Considerable additions were made to the Russian knowledge of the country, although immense difficulties were encountered. During the same period expeditions were also sent out by other European powers, including Spain, England, and France, who had become jealous of the growth of Russian supremacy in the Northwest. The Spanish expedition was sent out by the home Government acting through the Viceroy of Mexico. The voyage of Cuadra led to the discovery of the coast region between Dixon Sound and Cross Sound. This included Mount Edgecomb and Prince of Wales Island. Of far more importance, however, was the expedition sent out by England in command of Capt. Cook. This great explorer gave names to many points on the southeastern coast and discovered Cook Inlet. He entered the inlet in the expectation that it would lead him north into the Arctic Ocean. Failing in this he proceeded westward, finding a route between the islands of Onalaska and one of its neighbors. He soon saw another named Sledge (Asiak) and King (Uligroik) Islands, and two days later was at the east of what he believed to be, and what really was, the western extremity of the American continent. He then crossed to the coast of Asia, returning immediately to the Alaskan shore and leaving Cape Lisburne and Bar Chape, where the ice made it impossible for



him to proceed further. This was in the month of August, 1778. Cook then sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, where he was soon afterward to be killed by the natives.

The history of Alaska now reaches the point where colonization and an organized fur trade begin. A man named Shelikof, destined to become the real founder of the Russian colonies in America, was one of a company of Siberian merchants who on the 16th of August, 1789, with 192 charts, the largest force that had ever left the Siberian coast, set sail for Alaska. After stopping at several islands to repair their ships the company landed at Kadiak, where a settlement was made. Out of this enterprise finally grew the great monopoly known as the Russian-American Company, which held away in the country for several decades. Shelikof early conceived the idea of a subsidized monopoly of trade, embracing all the Russian colonies in the North Pacific. Returning home from Kadiak he proceeded in the middle of Winter to the capital of Eastern Siberia, and laid his plans before the Governor, whom he soon won over to his schemes. Imperial sanction was subsequently obtained to his enterprise, though it was accompanied by several limitations to his power. As manager of the enterprise in Alaska the ambitious Shelikof chose a merchant then engaged in trade in Alaska and who afterward became for many years the foremost figure in the history of the country—Alexander Baranoff. Mr. Baranoff ranks him as an abler man than his chief. "Both," he says, "belonged to the shrewd yet uncultured and somewhat coarse class which then formed the main element, even among the rich men of Siberia." The story of Baranoff's enterprises in this vast solitude is extremely romantic. He had been but a short time in the country when he actually constructed a ship. His iron was picked up along the shores of the colonies, where it had been left as pieces of wreck. He devised a sort of tar by mixing spruce gum and oil. Sails were constructed out of scraps of canvas picked up in various warehouses. The vessel as finally constructed measured 73 feet in length, with a beam of 23 feet and a depth of 13½. This extraordinary craft actually sailed out of port and reached the shores of Siberia, where it produced a sensation. Of course it added immensely to the prestige of the company. That, moreover, was the object aimed at in its construction.

Baranoff's early difficulties were in many ways great. Rival companies contested the field, and it was not until 1794 that the Russian-American Company was fully organized and made secure of its exclusive privileges. This circumstance was soon followed by the removal of Baranoff's headquarters to Sitka. Here he encountered the Kalosh Indians, who at once assumed a hostile attitude, fostered, it has been said, by English and American traders, who supplied the savages with firearms and strong drink. In the Summer of 1802 the settlement was attacked, and all but a few Russian laborers and natives were massacred. Baranoff, at the time, was at Kadiak, and thus escaped. Some years later an agent of John Jacob Astor attempted to open trade with Baranoff and sold to him from his cargo a portion valued at \$7,000 piasters. Mr. Astor in 1812 sent out another ship, having on board his confidential agent, Wilson B. Hunt, who was instructed to treat with Baranoff for the establishment of permanent relations. Difficulties were encountered, and finally the war of 1812 led to the abandonment of Mr. Astor's trading post at the mouth of the Columbia River. Baranoff's administration lasted six years longer. He was then superseded, and rather summarily and unjustly. His accounts were found to be in perfect order. The property of the company at Sitka was valued at 2,500,000 rubles and the furs on hand were worth more than 1,000,000 rubles. Baranoff had been 30 years in Alaska. He was in his seventy-second year. Finally, in 1815, he started with a sad heart on home by the all-Bertha route. He became ill on board, and at Batavia grew worse. At last, while at sea in the following April he died, and was buried in the Strait of Bunda. Baranoff is unquestionably the greatest figure in Alaskan history. Two years later the Russian company secured a renewal of its charter, and rank and official standing were raised on its servants.

The chief manager was placed on the same footing as the Governors of Siberia. This charter gave the company a lease of life for another 20 years. In 1842 a second renewal was obtained. When the company sought a third renewal delays extending over several years ensued. A final outcome of them was the sale of the country to the United States.

#### IV.

#### THE PURCHASE.

The third charter of the Russian-American Company expired in 1861. In the previous year while seeking to obtain a renewal the company had submitted its propositions to the Minister of Finance. Thereupon an agent was sent out to Alaska by the Government with instructions to investigate thoroughly the condition and administration of the company. His report was very critical and suggested many changes, although on the whole it favored the renewal. Soon afterward a decree named Kasheravov wrote to the Government exposing abuses which had been previously suppressed, and as the Government on investigation found they were true it refused to renew the charter except on terms distasteful to the company. Negotiations and intrigue followed for several years; in fact, almost until the time of the purchase. Meanwhile an officer appointed by the Imperial Government had charge of the company's affairs. Russia herself had no desire to retain control of this country. She had never occupied it, nor did she wish to do so, and the idea of a sale to this country was not repugnant to her. The discussion of the sale first began some time previous to the civil war. Mr. Bancroft says that Senator Gwin, of California, as early as December, 1859, discussed the subject with the Russian Minister and told him unofficially that \$5,000,000 would be paid for the country. But further negotiations were interfered with by the outbreak of war.

In the Winter of 1866 the subject was reopened. A lease of certain territory that had been first granted by the Russian-American Company to the Hudson's Bay Company 30 years before was about to expire, and the question was raised whether this strip of land could not now be obtained for a trading company from the Pacific coast. But for a time matters had to wait, as the Hudson's Bay Company had already been asked if they wished a renewal of the lease. No satisfactory answer, however, was ever received from them, and here it is worth saying that had they decided to renew the lease it is probable that Alaska, instead of becoming a part of the territory of the United States, would have been in time a British colony. Meanwhile affairs assumed a new aspect. Early in 1867 the Russian Minister at Washington received authority from the Archduke Constantine to treat for the sale of Russian America to the United States. Late in March the Secretary of State made the Minister an offer of \$2,000,000 in addition to the sum of \$7,000,000 which had previously been proposed, the condition being that the cession be "free and unincumbered by any reservations, privileges, franchises, grants, or possessions by any associated companies, whether corporate or incorporate, Russian or any other." Four days later the Minister accepted the terms, and five days later the Czar of all the Russias, by cable, approved of the action of his Minister. At 4 o'clock the next morning the treaty was signed. In May it was ratified at St. Petersburg and Washington, and in June the President issued his proclamation. The terms of this treaty defined as follows the western boundary of our new possessions:

"The western limit, within which the territories and dominion conveyed are contained, passes through a point in Behring Strait on the parallel of 66° 30' north latitude at its intersection by the meridian which passes midway between the island of Krusenstern, or Ignalook, and the island of Ratmanoff, or Nunarbook, and proceeds due north, within the limit of the frozen ocean. The same western limit, beginning as the same initial point, proceeds thence by a course nearly southwest through Behring Strait and Bering Sea, so as to pass midway between the northwest point of the island of St. Lawrence and the southwest point of Cape Chukotski to the meridian of 173° west longitude, thence from the intersection of the said course and the meridian of 173° west longitude, a southerly westerly direction, as follows:—

of Behring's Island] of the Komandorsk couplet or group in the North Pacific Ocean to the meridian of 189° west longitude, so as to include in the territory conveyed the whole of the Aleutian Islands east of that meridian."

Formal possession was taken at Sitka in October of the same year from the summit of a rocky eminence, above which floated the Russian flag. This flag showed great reluctance to come down by remaining fast on the yard arm. When a man was sent up to detach it, the flag fell upon the heads of Russian soldiers. Immediate use was, of course, made of this had omen.

Scarcely a few weeks were necessary to transform this new town of the United States into all the appearances of an active and ambitious frontier settlement. Men of every calling poured into it. Mr. Baranoff's list of them includes speculators, politicians, officeholders, tradesmen, gamblers, and adventurous women. Stores, saloons, and restaurants were speedily opened. Squatter claims were put on record. Vacant lots were staked out and frame shanties were erected. The price charged for real estate promised very speedily to make a total at Sitka alone equal to the purchase price of the whole territory. Mr. Whymper heard of a small log house for which, with the lot, \$10,000 was asked. A charter for a so-called city was actually drawn up and an election was held for Mayor, Councilmen, and other officers. The number of candidates at the election almost equaled the number of voters. Within a month not more than a dozen Russians remained at Sitka. But to this sudden "boom" there came an early check. Five years later Sitka had a smaller population than during the Russian occupation. A great source of difficulty was the fact that, except in cases of small tracts deeded to Russians at the time of the purchase, no legal title to land could be obtained without a special act of Congress. Of course mortgages could not be given, and men who owned property, whether real or personal, could not bequeath it, owing to the absence of probate courts. Moreover, there was no way of collecting debts except after the primitive manner of frontier mining camps. What was worse, the military occupation of the country which ensued was entirely unsuccessful. During the few years of its continuance Indian outbreaks were more frequent than they had ever been. Immorality among both Indians and white persons prevailed to a frightful degree. Five hundred soldiers were stationed in Alaska in 1869, and many officers admitted that 200 would have been enough, while civilians declared that none at all were needed. On the withdrawal of the troops Indian outbreaks entirely ceased, and yet there was no one in the country having authority to punish offenders.

The question then arose what to attempt next. The great difficulty was the conflicting claims of the several sections, scattered as they were over so large a territory. In 1883 Alaska was simply a customs district, with one Collector and some deputies. A few regulations made by the Secretary of the Treasury passed for laws, and the crew of a single war vessel acted as a police force. Finally, in May, 1884, a bill had been passed and signed by the President organizing Alaska as a civil and judicial district. The general laws of Oregon were made the laws of Alaska, so far as they were applicable, and Alaska was created a land district. The present administration of Alaska has been described as that of a county in the State of Oregon. The officers appointed by the President under the new act reached their several stations in the Fall of the same year. John H. Kinkead, an ex-Governor of Nevada, was Chief Magistrate, and Ward McAllister District Judge. Gov. Kinkead was superseded in May of last year by A. P. Swineford.

#### V.

#### TOWNS AND INHABITANTS.

During the Russian occupation the town of Sitka, although the centre of Government and of business, was far from being an inviting place. It is probable that the Russians care little to make it so. They lived on terms of singular familiarity and even intimacy with the natives. Native servants commonly called their masters by their first names. Baranoff had by a native woman a daughter, of whom he was very fond. In 1805 a Russian visitor found Baranoff



living in what he could describe as little better than a hut. His bed during heavy rains was often afloat, and a leak in his roof was looked upon as too small a matter to receive attention. And yet Baranoff was a man of education and real attainments as well as a very able administrator. Savage ways of life and the savage want of a sense of refinement and cleanliness had obviously been far too readily adopted. It was a case where the majority had conquered—at least in matters of social and domestic decency. As late as 1841 a traveler on his way around the world declared Sitka to be the dirtiest and most wretched place that he had ever seen. Four years earlier another traveler gave the opposite verdict. He spoke of the excellent shipyard and arsenal that he found there, of the solidity of the buildings, and of the ease and grace with which the women danced at a ball which he attended. Possibly these two visitors were in Sitka at opposite seasons of the year. Sitka in January and Sitka in July are two very different places. Rain and fog without end might make even an earthly paradise, as a place of prolonged residence, gloomy indeed. But there can be no doubt that Sitka in those days, whatever else it was, was a most interesting and curious place. It may be that the town has lost somewhat of its activity and acquired picturesque quality, as well as of its dirt, since the Russian flag was supplanted, nearly 30 years ago, by the Stars and Stripes. It is situated on a low strip of land, from near the centre of which rises a rocky eminence a hundred feet or more above the general level, making a natural fortification. This eminence in the later days of the Russian occupation was crowned by the Governor's residence. Hills thickly wooded surround the plain, with snow-covered peaks forming the background, while immediately across the harbor rises from another island the towering, snow-clad crest of Mount Edgoumbe, an extinct volcano 8,000 feet high. The Russians painted their houses yellow with the sheet from roofs red—colors which were advantageously set off against the surrounding evergreens and peaks of snow. Above all other buildings, save the Governor's residence, was reared the spire and dome of the Greek Church, which were painted a bright green. Many antiquated buildings of the old fur company times remain to this day. Several ancient hulks roofed over and propped up on shore, and used as magazines, add to the general quaintness of the town. In the year 1845 a well furnished clubhouse for the officials had been erected, and there was a library and an observatory, as well as schools and a hospital. A wharf with stone foundations had been built out into deep water. Several storehouses were standing on it, and on this rocky eminence rising above the plain there was a fort, with two rows of cannon commanding every part of the settlement. The inhabitants numbered about 1,000. After the American purchase the population declined until, in 1875, it numbered only 500. For 1893 the figures were 568, of whom 250 were white people and the others Indians or creoles. Adjoining Sitka is an Indian village, numbering in 1869 over 50 houses, with about 1,200 inhabitants. A road leads out of Sitka for a short distance into the forest. It is the second road ever built in the country.

About a hundred miles to the southeast of Sitka is Fort Wrangell, on an island of the same name, and the head of navigation for the Cassiar mining region, which lies eastward across the border in British Columbia. Fort Wrangell is about 130 miles north of the British Columbia line. It is an extremely picturesque place. When the mining Indians came it was active Fort Wrangell was said to be the busiest place in all Alaska. Each Spring 4,000 miners poured into it, and in the Fall returned with an average in good seasons of \$1,500 each. The bulk of these earnings fell into the hands of the storekeepers and the sellers of strong drink. The place is now nearly deserted, except for the Indians. Buildings were erected there by the Government at a cost of \$150,000. They have since been sold for a small sum. Several hundred white men used to spend the winter there. A few stores still remain with faith in the mines unchanged.

Further south and close to the southern

boundary is Fort Tongass, the first military post established after the purchase. Timber and pasture lands are plentiful here, and fish and game abound. North of Sitka about 200 miles lies the town of Harrisburg—Juneau City—at the foot of a perpendicular bluff. In 1883 this was thought to be the most thriving settlement in the country. In winter it contained about 1,000 inhabitants.

Many miles to the westward, in Cook Inlet, are a few settlements. One of them, named Selkovich, has about 70 natives and creole hunters. Another, Ninielikot, has 30 Russians and creoles, who subsist mainly by agriculture. This region is a favored one in respect to sunshine.

The neighboring islands of Kodiak and Afognak have been called the garden spots of Alaska. Rich pastures are found there and wild flowers grow in profusion. St. Paul, the early Russian capital of the country, is situated on Kodiak. The wisdom of the change to Sitka made by the Russians has been questioned. In 1880 this village contained 400 inhabitants. Stores and warehouses had been built there by the American trading companies, and labor was in demand and well paid. There were no paupers. Wood Island, opposite St. Paul, has a thriving settlement. Much ice is cut and stored there for shipment to California. A road has been cut around the entire island, a distance of 13 miles. It is the best road in Alaska. A village on Afognak Island has 350 inhabitants, who live in substantial frame houses. Spence Island has a village of 800 inhabitants. The island of Oonassaka, further to the west, is the chief centre of trade for the Aleutian group. Its population is between 600 and 700. More than half of them can read and write.

Passing thence to the north, on the southern shore of Martin Sound, is St. Michael, the chief centre of trade for the Yukon River district. The town of Nulato, a few hundred miles up the Yukon, was the furthest outpost of Russian enterprise for many years. Fort Yukon, at the great bend of the river, a thousand miles from its mouth, is the northernmost point in Alaska inhabited by white men. Back in the interior from the river are tribes who never saw a white man's face.

Here it may be mentioned that in 1860 a Russian hospital at Sitka accommodating 1,400 patients was maintained at an expense of 45,000 rubles. One at St. Paul accommodated 550 patients. Skin diseases were treated at the sulphur springs near Sitka. Consumption, fevers, scrofula, and syphilis were the most common fatal diseases.

Statistics of population in a country which has been so little explored and of the interior of which scarcely anything is really known are extremely hard to obtain. Much must be based on estimate rather than on accurate census taking. The Russians took a census of their colonies in 1841 and again in 1860. At the latter date their entire population, including creoles and Indians subject to Russian officials, was about 12,000, including 784 who were Russians. This showed a gain of 68 per cent. over 1841. The entire population has been estimated at 30,000, of whom 2,000 are whites and half breeds. The census of 1880 raised these figures to 33,426. Mr. Bancroft believes that in the early years of the Russian occupation the figures were twice as large as these.

The Indians about Sitka are known as the Kalosh tribes. They dwell in rude houses, and have a bad reputation. In winter they congregate about Sitka to the number of 2,500. They invariably burn their dead. Chilkat Indians are also known at Sitka, though their home is further south on the river of the same name. They inhabit villages of from 20 to 30 houses each along the river bank, and are divided into a number of smaller clans named after beasts, birds, and fishes. They belong to the larger race of Indians, embracing many other tribes and known as Tlinkits. Though not the equals of the Sioux or Cheyennes, there are scores of Indian tribes in the United States greatly inferior to these Alaskan savages. The largest tribe on the Yukon River are known as the Co-Yukons or Koyukons. They have wild and ferocious faces. Their tribal dress is a coat with one all before and one behind, giving them a very odd appearance. They dwell underground and are much

fearful by neighboring tribes. At Nulato they gave the Russians a great deal of trouble, ending at last in 1851 in a general massacre of all the inhabitants and the burning of the settlement. Mr. Whymper's observations of the natives in Northern Alaska favored the theory of their Asiatic origin. The Aleuts, a people resembling the Esquimaux race, and inhabiting the Aleutian Islands, are to his mind undoubtedly of Eastern stock. He knew of three natives of Alaska who were taken to San Francisco, and when dressed in European clothes constantly passed for Chinamen. A boy who had been educated and cared for in a private family was accepted as a civilized Chinaman. A glance at a map will show with what comparative ease Asiatic races could have found their way to the American continent by way of the islands in the northwest. Attoo, the westernmost of the Aleutian chain, is not an impossible distance from Behring Island, off the Kamchatka coast.

Of Mount St. Elias Lieut. Schwatka has himself already written an article contributed to THE TIMES since the departure of THE TIMES's expedition. It was believed at the time of his departure that no white man had ever climbed its slopes. The attempt made 10 years ago by Wood came to an end, so to speak, before it was actually begun. The strip of flat land between this mountain and the sea is heavily wooded. Lieut. Schwatka hoped to learn something of importance respecting the value of this timber. But the great object of THE TIMES's expedition was to explore the St. Elias Alps and climb the mighty peak. The figures that have been given of the height of this peak vary widely, as has already been stated by Lieut. Schwatka. They range from 12,662 to 19,500. The Russian hydrographic chart gives them as 17,854 and the English as 14,970. Mount St. Elias is the highest point within the territory of the United States, unless Mount Jefferson, in Washington Territory, (15,500 feet), should be proved to be an exception.

## VI. SOIL AND RESOURCES.

While much of the soil of Alaska is undoubtedly fertile the statement needs some qualification. It applies almost wholly to the islands and coast line of the south, and even there vegetation is liable to suffer from excessive rains. Grain is ripened with difficulty, but grasses and berries thrive almost everywhere. On Kodiak island fair crops of hay have often been secured. Cattle and sheep in considerable numbers have been raised. The hardier kinds of vegetables can be grown. Lieut. Schwatka, on his journey to the headwaters of the Yukon, traversed regions where the grass was five feet high, with dandelions as big as asters and buttercups twice the usual size. In these regions the hills at the same time were covered half way down their rugged sides with snow and ice. Berries were plentiful. Gov. Swineford, in a recent interview, said white turnips had been grown in Alaska weighing 10 pounds and cabbages correspondingly large. The country about Sitka is well enough adapted, he says, to grazing purposes to render unnecessary the importation of beef. This would be true were the population large enough to secure the admission of Alaska as a State. He reports further that five miles above Juneau City a man from Maine last year raised and marketed 80 tons of vegetables. Vegetables are said to have been raised as far north as Fort Yukon.

From the lumber supplies of Alaska great things may be expected in the future. There are immense spruce forests all along the southeastern coast. Forests may indeed be said to prevail at intervals throughout most of the Territory as far north as the Yukon Valley. Hemlock spruce is plentiful, and in the Yukon district the white spruce abounds. The yellow cedar, which is the most valuable timber of the country, is found in the southeast, where it frequently attains a height of 100 feet and a diameter of 5 or 6 feet. Considerable shipbuilding was carried on by the Russians, and Mr. Bancroft thinks it not improbable that shipbuilding may some day rank again among the foremost industries of Alaska. Coal and iron are near at hand.

Of great importance are the fisheries of Alaska. Possibly the waters of this region may some day



become one of the main sources of the world's supply. From 8,000 cases in 1880 the salmon pack increased in 1883 to 86,000, a yield worth about \$180,000. In 1885 the pack was 65,000 cases. The average weight of salmon after being cleaned is 15 pounds. In flavor the Alaska fish is equal to the Scotch and Norwegian, which are the best in the world. The supply is practically inexhaustible. On the Yukon the run is immense. The season lasts only about six weeks. Several canneries have been started since the American purchase, and they have been profitable. It is conjectured that this industry may in time eclipse the Columbia River enterprises altogether. Salmon is the chief food of the natives, who are thought to take from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000 fish a year, or three times as many as are required to supply all the canneries on the Pacific coast. The Russian company exported annually to the Sandwich Islands from 100,000 to 150,000. Westward of Cook Inlet and elsewhere there are extensive cod banks—probably the largest in the world. The area already known is more than 100,000 square miles. The take of cod since 1870 has averaged about 500,000 fish a year. Halibut, herring, and mackerel are the other fish with which these waters abound. Herring arrive in vast shoals along the whole southern coast. The mackerel are equal in size and flavor to those caught in Atlantic waters. In San Francisco they have sold for \$24 per barrel. Herring oil fisheries near Sitka two years ago produced 150,000 gallons of oil. Last year they produced 300,000 gallons. The product for this year will, it is thought, be still greater. In 1880 the Alaskan fisheries proper were valued at a total of \$565,000. These figures, of course, do not approach those for the fur-seal industry, but the time will come when they will surpass them. The one must decrease, the other increase.

The fur interests of Alaska will receive as much space as this whole article, so great are they and so varied is their history. But the sketch here must be brief. The Russian company during its first term, with an original capital of 723,000 rubles, increased afterward to 1,238,740 rubles, obtained between 1797 and 1820, a period of 23 years, net earnings of 7,685,608 rubles, of which 4,250,000 rubles were distributed as dividends and the remainder added to the capital, making it about 4,570,000 rubles. During the ensuing period of 21 years the yield fell off considerably, but the dividends did not. They were shipped in that time 25,000 otter, 458,000 fur-seal, 162,000 beaver, and 180,000 for skins, 138,000 pounds of walrusbone, and 260,000 pounds of walrus tusks. The sum distributed among the shareholders for this period was about 8,500,000 rubles, or double the sum for the first period. For the third and last term there was a further increase, the dividend amounting to 10,210,000 rubles, or an increase of nearly 17 per cent. The working capital had now become over 13,600,000 rubles. The receipts for this third term exceeded 75,700,000 rubles. The mere statement of these figures is sufficiently forcible. Of the fur operations since the American purchase, it may be said that between 1871 and 1883 about \$9,000,000 was paid to the United States Government as rent of the Foullof Islands and tax on sealskins. The Alaska Commercial Company for these seal-skins originally contracted to pay a fixed rental to the Government of \$55,000 a year, besides a tax of \$2 62½ on each fur-seal skin and 55 cents per gallon on seal oil shipped from them. They also engaged to maintain a school on each island, and to furnish the natives with certain amounts of food and firewood free of charge. Between 1870 and 1883 our average revenue was about \$317,000. For last year the company paid the Government \$262,437, the number of sealskins taken being 99,980. At the time the company acquired its lease it represented a capital of \$9,000,000 and owned 50 trading posts in various parts of the country. It gathered last year nine-tenths of the world's supply of sea-otter skins. The catch now averages from 5,000 to 6,000 a year, which is more than double the number secured before the purchase. These skins are worth from \$75 to \$100 in London. About 2,000 blue fox skins are taken.

The other resources of the country are several in number, but their full value remains to be revealed. Coal has been found near the mouth of Cook Inlet. From 1857 to 1881 over 2,700 tons were mined by the Russians, the value of which was estimated at 48,000 rubles. The thickness of the vein varied from nine to twelve feet, with 70 per cent. of mineral. Its extent was great. The coal future of Alaska may be very great. Petroleum of good quality has been found near this same region. Copper was known to the natives and used by them. Masses weighing 30 pounds and over have been found. On Prince of Wales Island there is a valuable copper mine. Lead has been found at several places, though not in large deposits. Silver ore assaying \$150 a ton was found in 1881, but it was 30 miles from tidewater. Gold has been discovered in a hundred streams, but the mining of it there has never yet become very successful. On a gold mine at Douglas Island, known as the Paris Lode \$400,000 has been expended, and Mr. Bancroft says the results have "fully justified the outlay." A stamp mill, with a capacity of 300 tons a day, was completed in the Summer of last year, and between June 19 and Sept. 19 the aggregate yield amounted to \$156,000, though the mill stood still for one-third of the period in consequence of a dry season. These results led the company to undertake to erect two additional furnaces and to place electric lights in the mill mine and surrounding works.

Mr. Whymper's visit to this country was made soon after the purchase. He heard everywhere on his way across the continent expressions of disapproval of the steps taken by the Administration. Alaska was satirically named "Walrus-Isle," and mock advertisements appeared offering the highest price for waste lands, worn-out colonies, and submerged and undiscovered islands. The impression he got from the country, however, was a favorable one. He was unwilling to believe that the bargain would prove a bad one. This was at a time when it would have been easy and natural—especially for an Englishman—to take the other view. It is recorded of Mr. Seward that when some one asked him what he considered the most important measure of his political career he replied: "The purchase of Alaska, but it will take the people a generation to find it out." The foregoing summary of the resources of Alaska may help to show how near right was the great Secretary.

#### THE "TIMES" ALASKAN EXPEDITION

We print this morning the first news received from the TIMES Alaska exploring expedition since its departure from Sitka more than two months ago. In that interval Lieut. SCHWATKA and his party have explored Icy Bay and the inland country about its shores, have discovered and named one large river, three glaciers, one lake, and a range of lofty hills, and have struggled up the icy and forbidding steep of Mount St. Elias itself to a point 7,200 feet above the level of perpetual snow, which is a feat probably surpassing all previous records of mountain climbing, since this gigantic Alaskan peak differs from all other mountains upon which Alpine climbers are accustomed to take their Summer holiday in being clad with eternal snow and ice from its base up.

This is a splendid record of achievement for the TIMES expedition. Lieut. SCHWATKA has not been able to gratify his soaring ambition "to crown the top of Mount St. Elias with shoe-leather of American make," but he surmounted the southern spur of the great mass, and from that point all the approaches to the summit were in full view, and were seen to be such as the foot of man could never tread. Mr. SETON KARR, an experienced English mountain climber pronounced the peak to be "not climbable from that side."

by which the crest of the spur was reached was no pleasure promenade. The three members of the party who made the ascent, Lieut. SCHWATKA, Mr. SETON KARR, and Mr. WOOD, were tied together by a rope to prevent accident, and in this way they crept along over the ridges and crevices of "Tyndall Glacier" in a manner that must necessarily have been slow, painful, and wearisome, and by no means devoid of danger. The conviction that nature had set her irrevocable veto upon all attempts to climb Mount St. Elias from the south side and the gathering of heavy clouds and fog led the party to retrace its steps to the camp below.

Whether Mount St. Elias will ever be "polished off," as Mr. WHYMPER, the prince of mountain climbers, lightly puts it, must now be held to depend upon the character of its northern and eastern slopes. It was not until 1787, after 25 years of repeated endeavors, that DE SAUSSURE set foot upon the top of Mount Blanc. Perhaps the time may not be long distant when—in some part through the pioneer service of Lieut. SCHWATKA and the TIMES expedition—our almost unknown Territory may become a sufficiently attractive summering place to tempt the Alpine Clubs of this country and Europe to put it on their lists; and in that case the insolent loftiness and steepness and iciness of Mount St. Elias, piquing and provoking the hardest climbers, may lead to a successful onset of some ill-defended ridge or ravine, and then the highest peak in North America will have to take its place with its towering brothers of the Alps and Andes which have had to bear the indignity of shoe leather.

The results thus far achieved and set forth in our dispatch from Lieut. SCHWATKA are geographically important. It will be possible henceforth to add to the maps of Alaska the large river called by Lieut. SCHWATKA Jones River, in compliment to a gentleman whose relations to the expeditions, save ice and Indians, will be made known in the subsequent reports.

A new interest has unmistakably been awakened of late in the vast territory which was acquired for the United States through Secretary SEWARD's negotiations, and THE TIMES is disposed to give intelligent direction and practical basis to this feeling. To this end we publish this morning a large and accurate map of Alaska, showing the entire length of the great river, the Yukon, explored by Lieut. SCHWATKA in 1883, and presenting in detail the other physical features of the Territory as far as they have been explored. In addition to this we print a full and careful sketch of Alaska, telling the story of its discovery and occupation, and of its purchase by the United States, and giving all accessible facts about its area, soil, and climate, resources, and inhabitants. We commend the study of the map and the perusal of the accompanying sketch to the readers of THE TIMES. A great many of them probably will be surprised to learn that Sitka is a somewhat centrally located town of the United States, being almost as far east of the westernmost of our Aleutian Islands as it is west of New-York.



sons. All these are more or less compared with each other, and the result is a large number of a blank, and a great saving for the men traveling, and especially the traveling of the Yakut Indians. The smallness of the Yakut canoe is due to the fact that the size of the canoe is determined by the size and design from each other. First, in the kind of canoe, quite marked and distinct, probably some 200 such, there are three in order of their size, commencing with the smallest, and ending with the largest. Among the Yakut Indians, numbers needed for the trip. It becomes more apparent why as large a canoe as possible is in case of a sudden storm. It becomes more difficult with no harbor or refuge between the two. They had to be made on the open ocean—the fact that the difficulty of the trip from Yakut to Icy Bay was to be seen. If the reader will reflect along the coast, but not the sign of a large canoe.

cial wars—right in the same village oftentimes—and it takes but little to see how loose must be the ties that bound the members of a village together where they could break bread at each other's tables one day and break each other's heads the very next. Among the Yakutats, I understand, the highest of the high castes is the dogish family, to which the chief Yen-at-set belongs, and it was into the Semitic clutches of this aristocracy that I fell when I got to bargaining for my Hydah canoe for the Icy Bay trip, while it was to some other sub-clan (probably the Tadpoles or Chipmunks of low caste) that the good canoe belonged, and the royal blood would not deign to negotiate with me for fear of contaminating their princely caste by having to associate with their plebeian brethren. By directly sending for this canoe and having a delay of two or three more days it might possibly have been secured, but already the one or two days I had expected to be at the village had lengthened into five, and I determined to make arrangements to have a Hydah canoe come to meet me at Icy Bay, Capt. Nichols, of the Pinta, having very kindly promised to take THE TIMES party there. It should also be added that as the time dragged its slow length along the Captain had also determined, to save the party further delay, to take it to Icy Bay, towing the large canoe when it came. It only remained to secure the Indians themselves, some four or five of whom would be needed as guides, packers, &c.—everything, in fact, for which a savage of the country can be made useful. I might here add that the owner of the good canoe at the head of Yakutat Bay was also thoroughly acquainted with Icy Bay and the region from there up to the base of Mount St. Elias, where he claimed to have hunted mountain goat, ptarmigan, silver-gray and black foxes, and other Alpine game. Individually we had been told that he had expressed an opinion (without being asked for it, however), that had he been requested to go he believed he would have declined, for near the base of Mount St. Elias, he reported, there was a perpendicular wall of ice which he believed that no human being could ever get over by any means that he knew of, and on that account alone he considered the trip altogether too dangerous. The dangers of the trip, in fact, were constantly kept before us in every conversation that we had, evidently for the purpose of influencing their prospective wages.

Somebody in Southeastern Alaska, not necessarily an ethnographer, but with "a keen eye to the main chance," has said that he believed the Thlinket Indians were one of the lost tribes of Israel, from the similarity to one of the tribes not lost in driving a hard bargain in every act of

barter and sale into which they entered; and certainly if it swung on this peculiarity in comparing them with any race, lost or living or extinct, it is conspicuous enough to justify the conclusion on this analogy. As soon as I made a proposition to my would-be guides and packers, I was surprised to find that they belonged to a stronger league than the Knights of Labor or the trades union, for they asked a per diem that would have made any laborer in the United States stand on his head with joy to receive, and some three to six fold greater than their more favored brethren in the Alaskan inland passage, where there are enough white men's industries to establish a regular per diem for common labor. Of course, the inevitable "sing-song" of the great dangers of the trip were harped upon in every key possible to conceive. It seemed vain, indeed, to inform them that no dangerous work whatever would be required of them; that all they had to do was to carry our effects and guide the white party to the base of the big mountain, and that once there the white men alone would make the attempt to ascend, if it was attempted at all. They tried to make us believe that the whole length of the path from the treacherous shores of Icy Bay to the mountain's foot was bristling with dangerous obstacles that could only be overcome by paying them outrageous wages. That the white men in some way that they could not exactly explain would surely require them to go to the top of the mountain and that as surely they would get killed in the undertaking, so the only way to get even at once was to charge us at a rate in advance that would make us life insurance companies, with the full insurance as wages.

The solution of the difficulty was a novel and entirely unexpected one. In vain I told them that I would get the Captain of the Pinta to take me back to the Chilkat Hoonah or Sitka country, and get my Indian packers from there at reasonable and standard rates. That, in fact, we could do without Indians altogether rather than pay such exorbitant rates. All this fell on apparently deaf ears. I have spoken, of the fact that the Sitka clan of Indians sometimes fit out with trading material from the white stores at Sitka and visit the Yakutat clan for trading purposes, charging two and three prices for their wares—a mild form of extortion that one might think would justify the Yakutats in demanding proportionate wages. At the time of our arrival at the Yakutat village there were two or three Hydah canoes with men and trading material from Sitka bartering among the natives, and, although at first only listless spectators to the proceedings, smiling quite visibly at the absurd demands of the Yakutats for such high wages as they had never dreamed of in their palmiest days of labor, yet when they saw these Thlinket Knights of Labor remain firm, and having, probably, about exhausted their trading material or the furs and peltry of those with whom they were trading, and seeing an opportunity for work at wages above their usual rates, a canoe-load of them came forward and offered to go to Icy Bay, taking their fine Hydah canoe, at a rate about two-thirds to three-fourths that demanded by the Yakutats, and yet two or three times greater than they (the Sitkas) had ever before received. The Yakutats had enough "gumption" about them to know there was no use offering the same terms that the Sitka men had put before me, so they at once underbid that offer as far as the Sitka Indians had gone under them. The "long and short of it" finally was that I got the Yakutat In-

dians at regular rates, they making, even then, some slight concessions to ward off any offer that the Sitkas might make.

Among these Sitka Indians—in fact, at the head of the trading expedition—was a character well worth a brief description. This character was a female with the Anglicized name of Mrs. Tom, a burly amazon of the Northwest that had ten times more to say than females in those parts usually have; and throughout all Thlinket-land the consent of a squaw is needed by her husband to conclude any arrangements that he may want to make, unless of a very trivial and immediate nature, and even then the by far "better half" can undo the contract. This Mrs. Tom was reputed to be worth some \$4,000 or \$5,000, most of it in blankets, (the Thlinket standard of commercial valuation

instead of the \$5-cent dollar,) and with this at her bidding she more than lorded, or ladyed, it over all her sex—and the other sex, too, for that matter. She rejoiced in two husbands—if more than one husband can be a source of rejoicing to the average woman—and for the latter, who was an ordinary slave before he became one of an extraordinary nature, it is said she paid something like \$1,000 in goods and chattels—certainly a very low figure considering the usual market price for husbands in civilization. She was, in her youth, a Yakutat Princess, and this gave her influence in this clan, which she improved to the utmost for trading and bartering purposes. When she first arrived she gave forth that she was bent on missionary work to convert the Yakutats, but as she shortly after made some *koochenoo* (vile alcohol made by the natives from sugar or molasses) from some of her trading material and got on a prismatic spree, in which one of her husbands blacked both her eyes, this line of attack was abandoned and she settled down to her trading with unwonted energy. By nightfall of the 16th of July our Yakutat guides and packers were on board the Pinta and before dark we weighed anchor and stood out into the broad Pacific once more, glad to get rid of such an annoyingly haggling race of people. The night set in dark and foggy and in this kind of uncertain weather we found ourselves next morning in the more uncertain Icy Bay.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

## The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1886.

### IN THE SURF AT ICY BAY.

PERILOUS LANDING OF "THE TIMES" ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE FIRST CAMP ON THE BEACH.

ENORMOUS TRACKS OF THE ST. ELIAS GRIZZLIES, THE TERROR OF THE YAKUTATS—STRAWBERRIES IN PROFUSION AT THE FOOT OF THE GLACIER—TWO DAYS OF REST BEFORE STARTING FOR MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

In a letter from Icy Bay, of date July 17, Lieut. Schwatka describes the difficulties experienced by THE TIMES Alaska expedition in securing the services of guides and packers from among the Indians of Yakutat Village, 50 miles from Icy Bay. The haggling of the natives is described at length and Lieut. Schwatka says they seem to be bound to



gether in their extortions by a sort of Knight of Labor organization, which renders it next to impossible to make terms with them. The question of how to get a canoe large enough to make the outside journey to Icy Bay was also a perplexing one to solve. There were only two canoes of sufficient size in the neighborhood, and one of these proved to be rotten. Finally, however, after a delay of five days, and when all hope of finding a canoe and guides seemed to be gone, some Indian traders from Sitka came forward and offered to perform the journey for a much smaller compensation than the Yakutats had demanded. The latter at once reduced their price, and the result was that the traders were finally engaged at a reasonable figure. The entire party then embarked on the United States steamer Pinta and taking the canoe in tow, started for Icy Bay. The perilous landing of the party at the last-named point and a description of the flat lands about Mount St. Elias are given in the subjoined interesting letters from Lieut. Schwatka.

#### LANDING IN THE SURF.

ICY BAY, Alaska, July 19, 1890.

The early morning of the 17th of July was a cold, damp, disagreeable one, with great banks of fog chasing each other rapidly over the waters of Icy Bay as the Pinta let drop her anchor in about seven fathoms of water, hardly knowing where she was till the fog cleared up except by the roaring sound of the surf that surrounded her, and that gave a sort of an acoustic idea (if I may be allowed the expression) of the shores, that could not be seen except in places as rifts in the fog drifted over them.

Early in the morning on a day in the middle of July about the latitude of 60° north means a great deal earlier than one is accustomed to in even the most northern part of the United States. At midnight it was light enough on clear nights to read such type as that of THE TIMES, while at 1:30 to 2 o'clock in the morning it could be called broad daylight if the weather was not thick and heavy. At 3 o'clock in the morning, the hour we arrived in the bay, foggy and dismal as it was, it was about as light as we could expect if the heavy weather continued.

Icy Bay, as we described it in our last article, is a mere shallow crescent in the land, with no protection even in the mildest weather from the long heavy swells that sweep in from the broad Pacific Ocean and that, curling in long sweeping breakers, are the invariable accompaniment of these shores, producing the heavy surf which must always be encountered whenever a party wants to land. Of the dangers and constancy of this heavy surf we had heard among the natives of the Yakutat village; but from their evident desire to greatly exaggerate every obstacle to its utmost possible limits, to influence their prospective wages, we had not placed a great deal of reliance in their doleful description of the terrors of the Icy Bay surf. It turned out afterward that it was about the only thing they had told the truth about, probably from sheer inability to exaggerate it, at least as we understood them.

Shortly after breakfast—which found a tendency of the fog annoyingly slow, however, to lift off of land and water—a reconnaissance of the eastern shore was decided upon by Capt. Nichols, to see if any favorable place could be found for landing through the surf, which beat on the eastern shores, near which we were anchored. Icy Bay, as Sir Edward Belcher describes it, has two distinctly different shores: one a sand beach backed by high timber a few hundred yards to the rear, while the other is the perpendicular banks of ice of a huge glacier projecting into the sea. In fact, Icy Bay would have no existence if it was not for this great glacier, as by its running a number of miles out into the sea, perpendicular to the trend of the coast it has formed a right-angled triangular indentation, which Vancouver, I believe, termed

a bay, although as far as shelter or any apparent signs of a bay from even inside is concerned it is hardly deserving of the name. Of course, the landing against this perpendicular wall of ice (except where the moraine had shoved out a shore of sand and gravel near its edge) was out of the question, not only on account of the incline of the icy wall, but also for the reason that these walls, the same as all glaciers protruding into the sea, are continually shedding icebergs into the water, and this, too, at the least provocation; the striking of an oar or the bow of a boat against the mass might send a thousand tons of ice into and over the occupants in a way easier to imagine than describe. Sir John Franklin, on his arctic voyage, relates the startling incident of the report of a musket in the hands of a landing party from his vessel, on the western shore of Spitzbergen, determining the falling of an iceberg from a glacier half a mile away, an iceberg so large that the tidal wave it produced when it fell threw the pinnacle of the landing party 95 feet further upon the shore, where the party had just landed. The front of a loaded cannon in time of war is not more dangerous than the front of a glacier projecting into water deep enough to float away the icebergs that it sheds.

The reconnoitering boat was in charge of Lieut. Dombaugh, who made a thorough inspection of the beach for a long distance on either side of the ship's anchorage, and reported that at that stage of the water, and with low water with the tide coming in, the sandy beach seemed from his boat almost perpendicular for about five to six feet, which made a peculiar kind of sand beach against this wall, and that it would be dangerous to attempt to land in small boats having any considerable amount of load in them, and there certainly was no object in attempting to land with any heavy loads, as we had so much stuff of all kinds that had to be landed. This, too, was confirmed to a certain extent by our Yakutat Indians, some few of whom had visited Icy Bay—a favorite locality for that tribe to visit for seal and sea otter, which here abound—that they never attempted to land their large Hydah canoes except a little time on either side of high tide, preferably as it was going out, and when there had been no southern storm for a long time to produce the long high swells which in breaking on the shore gave the heavy surf, a strong opinion was being favorable, on the contrary, to beat it down. It was at one time thought that the best way after all would be to return to Yakutat Bay and leave the party to get the Hydah canoe there and return in it, as it was a more favorable craft for beaching in the surf, which was now very high owing to recent heavy storms, and which would also give it a good time to die down if no storm intervened. The obvious delay in this plan,

after noon (the tide being high about 2 or 2:30 in the afternoon) the first boatload of our effects, a light load, indeed, got away in charge of Lieut. Emmons, with one of the white men of THE TIMES party along with it. It was a long time finding a suitable place to land, which looked bad enough, as Emmons was known to be a man who would take any risk within the bounds of reason to accomplish a duty he was sent to do, and his experience in the surf, as well as that of his quartermaster, Sullivan, was sufficient to justify a good knowledge of that uncertain method of landing a boat and its effects. Two or three times the little anchor was dropped and the rope and chain from it payed out till the boat's prow was resting where the breakers of the surf commenced with the first little white-capped wave that in another 10 or 15 yards was a perpendicular wall of rushing, seething water, five to six feet high, that like a mass of milk in color hurled itself against the steep beach with a shock like a miniature earthquake, and which sent some flying high in the air and a perfect flood of froth 80 to 50 feet curling over the beach, and which seemed deep and swift enough to sweep an elephant from its feet, let alone a puny man.

Some idea of the terrible thumping of this surf against the hard sandy beach can be had by saying here that after the party had moved inland on the first day's march of the

19th of July, and were distant from the beach some six or seven miles in a straight line, the shocks of the heaviest breakers of the surf could be heard every minute or two as if a great giant tree had fallen not very far from camp. This was especially noticeable when the wind was favorable, or toward the listener, on a quiet day. In the meantime the second boat, under Lieut. Stewart, got away some 10 or 15 minutes after the first boat under Lieut. Emmons, and in it was my humble servant. We, too, had a comparatively light load, and like the first boat had a hard time finding a good beaching place, paying out from our anchor once or twice and then retreating from the deafening surf, which toyed with the boat as if it was anxious to get it in its clutches and dash it to pieces. So high were the swells that when one of the small boats was in the trough of the sea it was completely out of sight to the other, though it be on the crest of a wave. The sight, therefore, as we watched the other was a very singular one indeed, and it seemed as if it was several times in the boiling, dancing surf when it was only from our peculiar point of view that made it appear so. When Lieut. Emmons's boat did at last make a dash for the beach on the crest of a curling, hissing breaker it was not until we saw the men rushing up the beach with some of the stuff on their shoulders that we were actually aware that the boat had made a landing. It was then determined that we should run in alongside, giving a wide berth for possible collisions in such an uncertain element as a rolling surf, but having the advantage of the first boat's crew to assist after our prow struck and where everything has to be done with remarkable rapidity in getting out the load, and holding the boat bow on, with each recurring breaker throwing it high in the air. Within less than a hundred feet of the shore, where the high breakers were striking like a trip hammer, the anchor was dropped, and, stern first, the boat was allowed to drift in slowly, the men standing at their oars to row back at a second's notice should it be needed. The prow was in the first slight break of the curling waves as our quartermaster, Smith, was paying out the rope from the anchor, and when the next great swell came on, which seemed a thousand feet higher than St. Elias as we sunk in the trough, we caught it on the crest, and letting go the rope and throwing in the oars we rode forward on the boiling current hissing on both sides, and as soon as the boat struck every man piled out in a manner more hasty than ceremonious and dignified, for hardly had we gotten our feet before the next giant came thundering in and carried our boat 10 to 15 feet further on the beach, filling the stern with a sheet of water that fortunately did no damage. The boats had to be managed altogether by persons near the shore, for to go to that part of them further out was to have the next breaker sweep nearly over the person's head. Yet a few daring spirits remained there, as they could work to a better advantage in holding the boat head on, but getting drenched from head to foot for their pains. Were it not for the hold on the boat's gunwales the reeding wave would have swept them out, coming as it did breast high. The next two loads were a little larger, but completed all our effects, and with the men on the beach to assist them at a moment's notice, and the previous experience, it seemed as if, despite this extra weight, the two boats were landed the second time with but a half the drenching and pounding of the first trip.



AS KNIGHTS OF LA-  
BOR—THE YAKUTAT CLANS AND  
CASTES IN SOUTHEASTERN ALASKA  
—OFF FOR ICY BAY IN THE PINTA  
AT LAST.

ICY BAY, Alaska, July 17, 1886.

Our last article left us at the main village of the Yakutat Indians, (better speaking, the Yakutat clan of the Thlinkets,) in the mouth of Behring or Yakutat Bay, "dickering" and haggling for the employment of four or five of these Indians as guides and packers, with a large canoe to carry the whole party and its effects to Icy Bay, where we would spend two or three weeks exploring in the St. Elias Alps, and even make an attempt to ascend the monarch of that range as far as possible should circumstances permit. ~~So it was the intention of Capt. Belcher, commanding the~~ Pinta, to leave ~~as at this point if we could~~ secure a canoe and Indians; otherwise, in the case of failure in this direction, to help us all he could to reach Icy Bay, a little over 50 miles from the Yakutat village northwestward up the coast of the Pacific Ocean. This same Icy Bay, as its name suggests, was not in very good repute as to its navigability among seafaring men. When at Sitka we heard (as usual at a remote distance from any danger, real or imaginary,) the most doleful tales concerning its unwelcome shores. The coast survey chart, on an annoyingly small and nearly useless scale, showed it to be a mere indentation in the great coast, a mere shallow crescent with the words "Icy Bay" printed out on the ocean, as there was not room enough inside.

It was reported on "Findlay's Pacific Coast Guide," or Alaska Directory, as follows: "Icy Bay lies to the northwest of what was Point Riou. It is terminated by steep cliffs, from whence the ice descends to the sea. At the eastern side of the bay the coast is formed of low, or rather moderately elevated, land. Its west point is a high, abrupt, cliffy point, bounded by a solid body of ice or frozen snow." This description certainly did not look very encouraging on the face of it.

Sir Edward Belcher, who afterward became quite famous in arctic exploration by searching for Sir John Franklin's unfortunate expedition, made, about 1837, an exploring trip along this coast in her Majesty's ship Sulphur, then making a scientific voyage around the world, and thus remarks about Icy Bay in a not very consoling way: "Icy Bay is very aptly so named, as Vancouver's Point Riou must have dissolved, as well as the small island also mentioned, and on which I had long set my heart as one of my principal positions. At noon \* \* \* we passed through a quantity of small ice, all of a soft nature. The whole of this bay and the valley above it was now found to be composed of (apparently) snow ice, about 30 feet in height at the water cliff, and probably based on a low, muddy beach; the water for some distance in contact not even showing a ripple, which, it occurred to me, arose from being charged with floating vegetable matter, probably pine bark, &c.

"The small bergs or soft masses of ice forming the cliffy outlines of the bay were veined and variegated by mud streaks, like marble, and where they had been exposed to the sea were excavated into arches similar to some of our chalk formations. The base of the point named by Vancouver

... probably remains, but being free for some distance of the greater bergs it presented only a low sand or muddy spit, with ragged, dirty-colored ice, grounded. \* \* \* We were within the white water about two miles, which I am now satisfied flows from the ice, but why it preserves its uniformity of strength and direction is yet a problem to be solved." (Voyage of the Sulphur, Vol. I., pp. 78-80.)

The Government Coast Pilot of Alaska consolingly adds in its meagre description of it that "it is probable that the glacial formation may sometimes fill the bay, and that the island which Vancouver thought he saw was a mass of ice aground."

At Sitka we heard of some skipper who, coasting along this forbidden shore, came too near Icy Bay, and in a calm which fell on him then and there allowed his vessel to be dragged into the bay by a strong current setting in, and that during the time he was skirting the shores his hair stood on end as stiff as basket willows at what he saw, for on every side the deep blue waters were teeming with bristling icebergs rearing their keen-edged heads above his vessel's masts, while the shores of the bay were formed of perpendicular walls of ice, the terminal front of a glacier that every few minutes was splitting into icebergs with a roar like the firing of a great cannon, and, falling into the sea, sent out huge tidal waves that rolled the ship and the surrounding icebergs as if they were in a furious storm out at sea instead of in a sheltered bay. As soon as our skipper had drifted around the ice-bound coast of the bay he made haste to spread his sails to the very first breeze he could pick up that would assist him at all, and now vows that he will never be seen again within a hundred miles of the dreaded bay if he can keep his dead reckoning near enough to avoid it.

Such were the reports we heard of Icy Bay, and to me it seemed as if I was getting back into the arctic regions once more. Another description of Icy Bay, however, is needed after we get on the spot: about the grassy prairies, the rolling hills of warm white sand, the level stretches of swamp up to the middle with high grasses, the forest with almost tropical luxuriance of foliage, the salmon berries in the woods and the dense profusion of strawberries on the prairies back of the beach, where plover, snipe, and aquatic fowl abound.

But enough for that description when our journey brings us there, and to return to our Yakutat Indians, whom we left haggling on every point that came up for consideration. The chief, Yeu-at-set'l, and in fact the entire population of the village, was away, except a decrepit medicine man, as the Pinta dropped anchor in the splendid harbor (Port Mulgrave) just off the Indian town. The medicine man was hired to go to the head of Yakutat, or Behring Bay, and have the chief and a number of good strong men, with a large canoe, come down to us so that arrangements could be made for the Icy Bay trip. In a day or so they were







by the wayside; he always retreats when seen in an open place, seeking the shelter of the trees and brush, where he will never come to bay, but continue to run, the Lord and the bear only knowing how far. If the wind is blowing on the back of the Indian traveler the keen sense of scent in the bear, coupled with the fact that a keen scent is not necessarily needed on the windward side of the average Indian, keeps Bruin off as effectually as open prairies. All these are arguments in favor of saying that the Alaskan grizzly's ferocity is not as great as the native Indian would make one believe. But when an Indian, under other circumstances than the above, in the deep recesses of a dark forest, suddenly hears a terrible roar right before him that lowers the temperature of his blood about a dozen degrees, a crashing of underbrush that sounds like the breaking up of his own bones, and has a paw measuring 8 by 14 inches dropped thoughtlessly on his shoulder accompanied by an open mouth bristling with huge spikes of ivory that closes over his head, the sorrowing friends of that Indian are fully justified in attributing any amount of ferocity to such an animal without laying themselves open to the general charge of cowardice on account of their slightly erroneous opinions regarding the really true character of the beast. The little black bear of the same locality is a most arrant coward, and will never quit running till the dogs that have been used to bring him to bay begin to nip his hamstrings so unpleasantly that he has to sit down on them for protection of these vulnerable parts, or take to a tree if one be near and the dogs are not too close upon him to pull him down. Once "treed" or brought to bay in this manner the Indian Nimrod of Alaska puts an end to his existence at his pleasure; his arms being generally some old musket that has done duty in our civil war on one side or the other, and that having escaped the old-iron dealers finds its way to frontier traders and from them into the hands of the Indian hunters; or possibly some still more antiquated flint-lock musket that has been sold by the Hudson's Bay Company when it was a power in this northwestern locality. It is no wonder that the Indian, having no other beasts in his country that can scratch or bite except these two species of the genus *Ursus*, should attribute such unaccountable ferocity to the greater of the two. He is their man-eating tiger of the Alaskan jungles, the lion of their forests, and, as I have said, he is shunned by them throughout the length and breadth of our latest acquired possessions. But in and around the bear's tracks on the little prairies between the timber and the sea was something more agreeable to contemplate than grizzly bears, i. e., a profusion of luscious strawberries. We had been surprised at finding this fruit in such fair size and goodly quantities on the flat lands of Yakutat Bay, but here, under the very shadows of Mount St. Elias, and surrounded by ice, snow, and glaciers on nearly all sides, it is putting it mildly to say that we were simply astonished to see strawberries of much greater size and in far greater quantities than we had seen at the more favorable locality of Yakutat Bay, or, to put it in a more favorable comparative light for the general reader, to say that they even rivaled in size and numbers the average wild strawberry patches of the United States. One of the men gathered a four-quart pail in less than two hours. I have gathered a handful or two without taking my knee off the ground; and these, too, of the very best flavor. I gathered one clump of a vine,

which had 17 berries of all stages of ripeness, and all touching each other they were so thick; about half of them being ripe enough to be eatable. I do not think I exaggerate in the least when I say that I think it strongly probable that if a small party was shipwrecked or cast away on the shores of Icy Bay during the strawberry season they could maintain life by this means, if it is at all possible to live wholly on this precious fruit. And this strawberry season here is not a short one. We had them all the time we were at Icy Bay, and at Yakutat, where we had a better chance for observations. In many places the creepers from the vines were so numerous that one had to mind his steps or they would teach him a lesson, although they pulled up readily from the light, sandy soil. In the woods were innumerable bushes of huckleberries, and these added to our stores whenever we cared for them, while in perfect profusion was a berry unknown to the eastern but familiar to the Pacific coast, known as the salmon berry. Both were berries of the woods, thick enough, gracious knows, but a little hard to get at in the tangled underbrush of an Alaskan forest. Imagine a huge raspberry with a salmon color when about to ripen—red to blackish red when ripe—and which makes it look like a great berry that had been constructed from the eggs of salmon roe, and you have a rough but adequate description of the salmon berry of the Pacific coast. Its taste at first seems coarse, but it greatly improves with constant use.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

Continued on Page  
48. 2nd Column

Continued from page  
49

as to that stream being the last ford and before night time saw us in camp we were as wet as rats about our logs in fording them.

After leaving this little river our walk for the next three miles is over a beautiful prairie land reaching from the timber almost to the sea, now a strip nearly a mile wide. Hereofore the trees of the forest had risen, with a sharply defined wall of abruptness, clear to their full height at once, as if patterning after the mountain sides, and it was a freak that nature liked in these northern climes—being abrupt. But now, instead of this high, black wall, as if it were a perpendicular bank of black earth or stone, the trees slowly faded by diminishing heights and openness into the prairies where little groups and clumps of fir and pine brush completed the picture. There seemed to be something of a soil on this pretty prairie, too, overlying the everlasting sand. The strawberry vines were thicker and so were the flowers that were blooming in all directions, and in general it was this square mile or two of all in Alaska that put me closest in mind of some of the pretty places at home. But let the eyes be lifted from the ground, and there were snow-capped mountains, glacier fronts, moraines, and other evidences of polar and Alpine forces enough to dispel the illusion that there could be much of this pretty country before us.

35  
Shortly after 10 o'clock, just as we broke through a clump of small fir, we came to the banks of the great river, and its size was certainly astonishing, for I was not prepared to believe that there was such a stream coming into the Pacific Ocean at this point. At first I was much inclined to think that we had suddenly come upon a fair-sized river of possibly 200 or 300 yards in width that had just then assumed to give us a roaring, rushing freshet on the day and hour of its discovery, for the swift water (I believe it had a current of 10 or 12 miles an hour) was running waves a foot high, and the water seemed to be pure white mud itself. This latter part was easily attributable to glacial action, and is always constant in streams fed like this particular one, while as to the swift current and roaring water the Indians told me that this was equally constant on the great river. Certainly from that time out, for some 10 days after, we never saw the stream at as low water as it was this particular morning, and did see it about a foot higher before we finally left it. At this point, where we first encountered it, the river could be seen to the best, or at least most imposing, advantage of any of the numerous places at which we afterward saw it. It was apparently about two or three miles from its mouth where a low fringe of white drift timber could be seen where the whiter surf broke over the bar of sand and mud that such a stream, overcharged with sediment, would naturally deposit there. Looking straight across, it seemed to be about a mile to a mile and a half wide. Of this width from 800 to 1,000 yards was in water, the remainder being in low mud and sand flats freely sprinkled with huge drift timber. These flats were so low that another foot of water must have obliterated two-thirds of them, giving the river a perfect, majestic width. The depth can only be inferred, but its swiftness, the sand and mud flats, and the rolling waves would seem to indicate that for so wide a stream it was comparatively shallow, that is, not over six or eight feet in the deepest part. This idea seemed to be confirmed, as far as it could by such means, in our fording the numerous smaller channels and tributaries of the great stream, although fording the main channel, as we saw it, was clearly out of the question. I doubt if it could be done by animals of any kind, let alone the pedestrian with a load on his back. Mr. Seton-Karr got a fine sketch of the noble river, looking up its channel, a little east of north, Mount St. Elias making a picturesque background in the very centre of the sketch, which to the west was flanked by the other bank of the river, the great glacier which forms the western shores of Icy Bay, and on the east a pretty series of timbered points jutting out from the flat lands that faded away in the distance till they came to a huge moraine of a glacier coming down from the St. Elias Alps. It was where the point of that moraine faded into the valley of the river, as it appeared to do, that I desired to make at least before establishing my first camp. I named the great river, on whose banks I was the first white man to set a foot, and having the right to name after Mr. George Jones, of New-York City, the patron of the expedition.

After a few minutes' stopping at this point getting bearings and sketches, we started up the left (eastern) bank of the river, fully assured from appearances before us that we would make the point of the moraine ahead by 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the furthest, and probably sooner, if nothing unusual intervened. Several things very unusual intervened.



We had not traveled over half an hour, and that half hour greatly embarrassed by swampy sloughs coming in from the land side, when we came to a large tributary pouring in directly across our path and at which the Indians were greatly surprised, for one of the party had been as far as the moraine some years before on a hunting expedition and had never met this stream, so he said. It seemed too wide (about 50 yards) and deep to ford at its junction with the main stream, and as it forked within sight we walked up it to find a better crossing place over the divided waters. From the forks it was evident that the inner, or northwestern stream of the two, was but a channel from Jones River cutting across, and this clue, with the fact that both were apparently new streams not known to the Indian guide, made us believe that all these streams were but diverging channels from the main river which it had possibly made within the last few years, and that they were not tributary streams at all. If this conjecture was right, all we had to do was to keep on the eastern bank of the easternmost channel and we would not have to cross any of the streams. We did not know then what a roundabout route we were planning for ourselves, or we might have easily been induced to have made a straighter course, or "bee line," for our distant point on the moraine.

We traveled back on our course some two or three miles, until we were nearer the camp we had left in the morning than we were the Jones River where we had first met it. The further we got back from the main river the further some irritating channel would push out to the eastward to bar our course from having perfectly dry land to walk upon, until at last, when the river across all its channels and intermediate islands must be some five or six miles wide, and there seemed no end to the water on our right, we commenced plunging in and making a straighter course for our proposed camping place. It was now quite evident why the Indians had wanted to keep along the banks of the river, and it was also equally but more painfully evident that the banks of the channels which we were now wading along were recently

made, as the Indian guide and others had surmised. Along the old banks of the main stream the muddy river, by ceaseless overflows, had deposited much of its sediment and had built a sort of dike of mud, that when dry, or as dry as anything on the ground ever gets in this part of Alaska, means better walking than that I have described as being peculiar to the Alaskan swamps and forests, and for which we would have to exchange it if we wandered too far away from the stream. On the land side of this dike was generally a swampy patch of grass growing, and although one had to splash through the water in varying depths, yet the ground at the bottom was firmer and less slippery than that of the true swamps lying between the forests; a difference which can only be truly appreciated when the person has a load of 60 or 70 pounds on his back. On this day's march I noticed that the Yakutat Indian packers rested quite often, every half hour at times, while I could remember the Chilkats carrying their much heavier loads three and four times as long without resting, and never taking such short periods of packing. Our course now took us much through the timber and swamps by following the new channels, and this kind of walking I have already described. After we got cutting across in a more direct line we came to many mud and sand flats that gave us, as we expected at first, a feeling of relief from athletic tumbling among the trees, but when we got into the

time, it is just as evident as the possibility of accomplishing either one of the other arts. We finally came to a channel in the river which, though it might be forded, ran along a steep bank, so that one could hardly ascend it, and then joined a heavy running current, the crossing of which on foot was clearly out of the question. So we forded the smaller stream on our right and reluctantly entered the chaparral on the hillsides.

It can be briefly described in a word or two. The brush was about 20 feet high, and growing so thick that one often had to turn sidewise to shove through it. Many dead trunks had fallen across these at all levels, from the ground to far above the head. Even this would have easily been supportable had there been anything like a level piece of ground underneath on which to set the foot, but instead of that there was nothing but rows of great boulders, oftentimes 6 to 10 feet through, from underneath which sprang chaparral shoots like grass from under a stone or log. Then all this was up and down hill in the most exasperating way, but at no time could one see out through the brush to assist in guiding the way. My pack, besides a few little trinkets, mostly instruments, consisted of the photographic apparatus, the tripod of which, with its iron-shod legs, projected well beyond the body of the load, and the exasperating manner in which those tripod legs reached and wrapped themselves around every limb and bough and tied themselves in a hard knot to every trunk of a high bush that I passed was enough to make a far more pious person than I think darkly of the world. Just when my legs were stretched the widest, one of my feet high on a boulder that had to be surmounted, and with a convulsive spring I launched forward, those tripod legs went out like the arms of an octopus and grasped everything in sight and pulled me over on my back, and then threw dead

leaves and twigs in my eyes. The first time I caught up with the Indian packers I transferred this irritating piece of furniture to the first one I could convince that its weight was immaterial and would not be noticed. One of our men, Wood, who had seen considerable work in the Alaskan forests and underbrush, did good work in going forward with a hand axe and partially clearing the trail, which at some places brought us up sharply with impassable obstacles and sent us off to the right or left to find a way around. After about a mile or a little further of this despicable work we came to a small open place, which the foremost persons greeted with shouts of joy, and which certainly did look like a little Garden of Eden by contrast with what we had gone through. We had to plunge into the brush again shortly, however, but the next open space came much sooner, and the next was very soon again, and larger, the brush getting smaller and not much higher than our heads. Open spaces became lanes, and by 8 o'clock we were launched on the moraine of the great glacier, with nothing to contend against but its rolling hills of ceaseless boulders piled over each other, broken in the far-away distance by long stretches of pearly white that revealed the true nature of the mass on which we were walking, and which looked so strongly unlike it directly underfoot. Ice was seen occasionally, however, in great black banks which we encountered and which we had to carefully avoid or we would have gone sliding down into great puddles of muddy water at the bottom. It was not pure white ice, such as one is used to at home, but at 20 feet away even looked like a steep bank of mud, its true character being only revealed when struck with an ice axe or stepped upon, by our heavily hob-nailed shoes, which sent the splintery ice flying in every direction. These muddy pools were the same kind of water that was seen in the great rushing river to our left, and they found underground—or under ice—outlets to that stream to help swell its torrent. Now and then we found pools of clearer water, cold as ice, from which it sprang, but they had no outlets and the sediment slowly settled in them. Sometimes at their bottoms was a little streak here and there of that beautiful turquoise-blue, that invariable accompaniment of glacial ice, and of which we were to see so much before our journey was over; so much of it that we almost got weary of it, but that looks strangely fascinating when the eyes first rest upon it. Over the moraine were sharp little pinnacles to be seen, putting me in mind of some of the grotesque clay banks in the Bad Lands of the far West, but on a more diminutive scale. Approaching one of these sharp cones, needles, or columns, one sees that they are apparently made of sand and fine gravel, and, wondering how that sabulous material could stand at such an abrupt and unknown angle, he strikes it with the iron point of his alpenstock, and finds that it is ice thickly covered with a veneering of sand and fine gravel, and he might as well have expected to find that a sanded and painted piece of wood was stone. All this sanded and dirty ice had this appearance but for a short distance within it, probably two or three inches at the outside, a mere superficial veneering that once through and a person comes to ice as clear as crystal and of the compactness of tempered steel. We broke off little bits of it here and there as we walked along, eating it to stay our thirst, brought on by the warm sun beating down upon us by the middle of the forenoon, the heavy banks of clouds having cleared away and left us at the mercy of the



sun, seemingly twice as hot as I had ever felt before, as we stumbled over the ridges of boulders. It was a very queer sensation to feel so uncomfortably warm with unknown hundreds of feet of ice beneath one's feet, but it was made painfully evident that such was the case by the rapid manner in which a person covered with perspiration would chill through when stopping to rest, before getting half rested in fact, unless an extra article of clothing was thrown over him.

Even the most egotistic do not willingly pour their personal troubles or failings into the public ear, but I had one that I thought might be interesting to the general reader, however uninteresting and exasperating it was to myself. My eyesight compelled me to wear glasses, and without them it was quite hard to see my way clearly where my footsteps had to be watched closely as on these treacherous boulders on the inclines of the rolling glacier. I had had considerable trouble with my glasses in the arctic clouding over with the frozen breath just at the very minute I needed my eyes the most, but I thought that when I left that climate with its cold temperatures I could never be sorely troubled again unless the unkind fates should send me back there again. Now they were clouded over in another way, but equally as effectual. By the perspiration coming from my forehead, where it gathered rapidly and fell as I struggled over the boulders in the hot sun on those oppressive days. In a few minutes a handkerchief kept busy on my brow was wringing wet with the moisture, and any attempt to clean my eyeglasses with it was out of the question. A dozen

steps and my forehead was shedding water like a roof on a rainy day, and just when I was looking down to see which one of a half dozen rickety, uncertain boulders I would step on next a dozen drops of perspiration would fall on my glasses, and I felt as if somebody had suddenly interposed a plate of ground glass between my eyes and the ground. There was no help for it at all, and the only way was to grin and bear it, and struggle along, detaining the party as little as I could, but should a fellow-voyager ever be likewise situated, I would advise him to wear spectacles instead of eyeglasses, and build them so far out over his nose that no condensing forehead would keep them covered with a perpetual mist or rush of water over the glasses. If this should ever do this much good to any one, I would feel justified in having wailed my own little personal wail.

On our left, as I have said, was the Jones River, and where this vast stream flowed, hemmed in by perpendicular walls of ice, under which it finally disappeared as it was ascended, it marked the junction of two great glaciers, and that line of junction was almost as well contrasted as the boundary of a piece of white paper tacked on a blackboard, so marked were the different colors of the stones that each bore on its moraine. The immense glacier on the eastern side of the Alpine River I named after the late Prof. Agassiz, whose researches in glacial physics and Alpine phenomena are so well known to the scientific world. The one to the left or western side of the Jones River was named after the late Prof. Guyot, of Princeton College, whose researches in glacial phenomena clearly entitled him to that honor. Prof. Libbey, of my party, had been an assistant under this great chief when at Princeton, and at his suggestion or request I was glad to add so deserved a name to that vast glacier.

The Agassiz Glacier is from 10 to 20 miles wide and probably 50 to 60 long, no doubt

joining the Malaspina Glacier from off Mount Cook and Vancouver, where that mass of ice terminates on the shores of Yakutat Bay. It may cover a thousand square miles of territory—about one-fiftieth of the State of New-York—but safety would say that half of that could be depended upon; the equivalent of a glacier about 10 miles wide reaching to about West Point on the Hudson and debouching, or having its terminal front, at New-York City, and burying that great city out of sight under ice higher than any building or structure in it. Of course a thousand ideal speculations could be made regarding it that might give a better impression to this or that person regarding its vast extent, but I think for the present it is sufficient to say that it is probably the largest glacier on United States territory, and the only chance of competition is on the north-west slope of the St. Elias Range of mountains not yet explored. The Guyot Glacier is not so easy to describe as to its extent (rough as was that description of the Agassiz Glacier) as the other. It is about as far across in a northern direction as Agassiz, but how far it extends up the coast we had no means, even of the most approximate character, of knowing.

Probably the entire extent of country around Mount St. Elias may equal 4,000 to 5,000 square miles of country that is buried under snow and ice during every month of the year.

I have said that the colors of the two great glaciers—the Agassiz and Guyot—contrasted strongly and made their line of junction a comparatively easy one to follow with the eye. The Agassiz Glacier was decidedly the darker colored of the two, and an inspection of the character of the rocks and boulders of which it was composed showed that they were plutonic in origin—trap, trachyte, basalts, dark, coarse granites, &c., all of them apparently but little affected by the weather or the grinding of the glacier, for many or most of them had as sharp and splintery a fracture as if they had just been torn from their native bed or just blasted from a quarry. Nearly everything on the surface of the Agassiz Glacier was rocks and boulders, with but little sand or gravel to show any disintegration of them, or where one could put a foot on level ground. On the steep inclines these ridges of boulders were rickety and uncertain paths to traverse, and the pedestrian had to be careful in the worst places not to pull some slightly poised boulder down on his legs or feet. Numbers of times I plowed out a huge stone and sent it rolling down the steep descent, and at one time one boulder on the up-hill side weighing from a quarter to half a ton was disturbed in its equilibrium by the stepping on the stones below, and with a solemn and majestic movement it commenced descending on my individual self, while I, with a movement anything but majestic and solemn, started to get out of the way; and the lighter and more frivolous movements won the day, while the great stone came down on those I had just left with a sharp crack that was strongly suggestive of broken bones and bruised flesh. Sometimes a whole avalanche of smaller stones would be sent down some steep incline of ice into puddles of water or other debris below. Through this part of the Agassiz Glacier we made about two miles an hour when going, but rested a fair share of the time.

A little before noon we crossed from the Agassiz on to the Guyot Glacier, and found the walking on it appreciably better. It should be stated that this line of junction of the two glaciers—I suppose it might be

called a great lateral moraine—ran nearly north and south, or the direction of the route we were taking, and we could thus pass from one to the other without seriously deviating from our direction. Its color was much lighter, and an examination of its rocks showed them to be well interspersed with those of a sedimentary character, shales, sandstones, claystones, slates, &c., nearly all of them ground into mud and sand, and which gave us our better walking till the great crevasses in the ice were reached later on, when it became much worse again.

Having made a good early start we rested for two hours in the middle of the hot day, taking lunch meantime, and at 2 o'clock resumed our onward journey.

Directly ahead of us, to the northward, was a high range of hills, already spoken of, with a precipitous side presented to us, as if cut off vertically by a huge knife, and which distinctly showed us at even that great distance the stratifications of which it was composed. To have surmounted this steep side would have been very difficult and bordering on the impossible with our heavy packs, but there was no necessity for this alternative, as it faded to the valley of the Jones River on the left, where we could follow around it, and some three or four miles further east there was a conspicuous gap where it seemed as if we could break through. The top of it was rolling and covered with green grass and moss where the deeper green bushes did not grow, while here and there were clumps of evergreen trees. At the base, too, was a long line of high evergreen forest, and into this we desired to get for the night's camp, at one or

the other end of the high hills. Our course led us so much to the left or west, in following the better walking on the Guyot Glacier, that a large forest of spruce and pine trees at that foot of the steep range of hills naturally became our objective point for the night's camp, and we thought we would have but little trouble in going directly to it. There is always more or less trouble getting off of a glacier on to the ground at its sides or front, but a little reconnoitring and a fair knowledge of glacial ice generally overcomes all these obstacles. In this case we expected nothing more. When we were within about two or three miles of this forest we saw ahead of us a great level place strewn with the broken fragments of white ice, and for this we unfortunately bent our steps as the best way off of the glacier. It turned out afterward to be a large deep lake so thickly strewn and gorged with floating ice that no water could be seen on its surface. It was the very worst place we could have attempted for reaching the hillside beyond, as the glacier fronting the lake had perpendicular walls of many feet in height, where the icebergs were dropping off into the water. It was late when we reached the southern shore (or glacial bank) of the lake, and it stretched on either side of us for some distance, so after much investigation on our part and palavering on that of our Indian packers, who were pretty well fagged out, it was determined to camp on the ice of the glacier, or rather the rough debris with which it was strewn. The proverbial soft side of a plank would have been luxury compared with the rough bed we had to choose for that night. Even out on the glacier the mosquitoes and gnats were exasperatingly numerous. I had intended to send parties out to the right and left (east and west) early in the morning to find a way off of the glacier on to the land and was thinking of the Indians for that purpose; but as an animated discussion between two members of the white party as to the relative advantages of these



moraine was looming up precipitous, and reached to two hundred and more feet, which in all appearances to a casual server could not be told from any ordinary steep hill of gravel and boulders. It was covered on its sides with occasional clumps of brush that made walking along it laborious in the extreme, as if it was not already hard enough to scramble along a steep hillside of rough rocks and boulders. On its crest this brush became one almost impenetrable chaparral that extended for about half a mile to three-quarters directly backward from the ridge, and then commenced breaking into little open areas that within another quarter of a mile became lanes, and then clumps of brush that slowly died out as one proceeded northward across the glacier, which finally became only boulders till the ice was reached. Such was the report of Mr. Seton-Karr, who had gone out reconnoitring before even our supper was ready. He advised crossing the Jones River if possible, and gaining the glacier on the other side, whose moraine extended only along its side and front, and the crest once gained we had pure glacial ice on which to walk, while the glacier on the eastern side of the river was completely covered with its rocky deposits for some six to eight miles further inland before any white ice began peeping through. It was thought that at this point the Jones River might be forded before it contracted into a deep roaring current between the two glaciers, under whose junction it finally disappeared some few miles further on, to reappear again, however, some six or eight miles beyond that again, where a ridge of high hills of conspicuously stratified rock interposed themselves between us and the base of Mount St. Elias. In the great river opposite our second camp large blocks of ice were to be seen replacing the drift timber below, but seemingly continuous with it, both were so white and always on the upstream ends of the islands of mud and sand, and otherwise looking so much alike at a distance. It was decided at first that an Indian should be sent that evening to see if the big river was fordable, but when the subject was broached to them they seemed so confident that it could not be forded and that the eastern side of the river was the best to follow despite the narrow crest of brush, that it was decided to follow that bank as far as possible, or, at least leave the matter open till the remainder of the party came up and an advance was decided upon.

When leaving the camp at Icy Bay I was not sure whether I should put through on my route for one or two days before sending the Indian packers back for their second load, but much inclined to the two days' trip forward, as the Indians could return light in one day over the two days' route spent in packing, and this would save a day over the other plan; but my packers now complained so much of their fatigue in their 12 hours' jaunt of the 19th that I determined to give them a partial rest by sending them back the very next day. One of them had a bruised knee; all of them had sore feet, and were completely fagged out, they said. The return unloaded would certainly be a rest compared with a trip across the glacier, while the circuitous route we had come could be avoided altogether, (as it afterward was,) by cutting off the great corners and avoiding meeting the main channel of the Jones River until it was come to at the camp near the end of the moraine.

So they were sent back on the 20th, and that day was occupied by me in taking barometrical and other observations half hourly to establish the difference in level between the two camps, which could not have exceeded 50 feet, and more likely about half of that. To the eye the flat plain we had come over was as level as a floor, but the swiftness of the Jones River from here to where it emptied into Icy Bay, some miles below, showed plainly that there was a considerable fall.

Everywhere around us were to be seen great numbers of bear tracks, wherever there was any kind of soil that would receive the imprint, for most of the country was now heaps of stones and dense forests where nothing less than the huge mammals of the tertiary period could have left a discernible foot track, if it was even possible with them. Near a little clump of trees about half a mile from camp, and through which we had come in reaching the camp, the bear tracks were so thick on the clayey mud in the light willow brush between the trees and moraine—a mere narrow lane of a few hundred yards—that one's conscience is clear in saying that it looked as if a herd of cattle (with bears' paws on them of course) had been driven through this way. In fact, one of our Nimrods, who was "nosing" around seeing what he might be able to pick up in the way of game, stoutly asserted that he could smell bear in the dense brush near the clump of trees, and took his nose's word for it without investigating any further as to the exact whereabouts of Bruin. None was killed or seen near this camp, however. The great glaciers would have to be crossed before we could come to any other kinds of large game, which even then was reduced to mountain goats, some few of the tracks of which we saw near the base of Mount St. Elias, but did not succeed in killing any of the makers. There was one kind of animal life, however, that was painfully plentiful, and could we have

...moraine, as I have  
...common hill of gravel  
...with thick patches of dense  
...on its steep sides, yet it required  
...a casual inspection to reveal its true  
character. The constant rumbling down of  
the stones showed plainly that the front  
was in continual motion, while at points it  
could be seen where the boulders of that  
front had been rolling down and crushing  
trees 20 feet from the ground, and trees  
that could not have been over 50 to 60  
years old at the utmost limit of their age;  
so the moraine's front had certainly trav-  
eled at least the distance from the stump to  
where the débris lay beyond, (sometimes 30  
to 40 feet,) in that length of time, and  
more than likely in one-tenth of it. Every  
now and then, as one walked along the foot  
of the moraine, he would come to streams  
issuing from underneath, and at one point,  
nearly half way up its height, a vast torrent  
of water poured out from around a mass of  
huge boulders, as if there were a thousand  
nozzles of steam fire engines pouring in a  
solid stream from that place. We heard the  
sprightly dashing of this immense cascade,  
bursting from the side of the hill, a quarter of  
an hour before we reached it through the  
thick timber in which we were struggling,  
and when we came to its foot and saw it  
spreading over the ground into a dozen rills a  
foot or two deep and oftentimes three or four  
times as wide, it gave us a good idea of the  
immense volume of water that was finding  
such a strange exit from out of the hillside,  
like water pouring from a huge dragon's  
mouth in a public fountain. It was in an  
extremely picturesque place, and had it  
been near New-York City its photograph  
would have been seen in a dozen places ad-  
vertising some Summer resort. Mr. Seton-  
Karr sat down and made a good sketch of  
them, and I named them after Mr. Charles  
S. Fee, of St. Paul, Minn., who had been one  
of the conspicuous friends of the little ex-  
pedition. It may be many a long year be-  
fore mortal eyes rest on them again in their  
safe retreat, hidden by the great pines of an  
Alaskan forest, but I thought they would  
make one of those pretty bits of sketches  
that would strongly contrast with the  
colossal and stupendous in Mount St. Elias  
and her near neighbors, should the explora-  
tions and adventures of the expedition ever  
justify a little volume to chronicle them be-  
fore the world.

The next day, Wednesday, the 21st, Prof.  
Libbey's party got into camp at 1:30  
o'clock, showing how much the Indians had  
saved by the cut-off in avoiding the great  
spread of the many inland channels of the  
Jones River, over the flat lands. We now  
changed the plan as to measuring forward  
barometrically, it taking three days be-  
tween camps to do so, and our scant pro-  
visions, carried along at so much trouble,  
not justifying us in carrying this plan  
further. Should the explorations for any  
reasons, as great obstacles or a better field  
in other places, not justify us in making  
any mountain ascents at all, our labors,  
which took two days out of every three,  
would be almost useless, whereas if we suc-  
ceeded in making any ascents worth meas-  
uring backward to the level of the sea (as  
we afterward did) we could thus measure  
backward as well as in the other direction,  
and with better heart when we knew the  
results.

Thursday, the 22d, we got away at 6  
o'clock in the morning with an unpropitious  
look in the sky; heavy cumulus clouds, but  
with a few breaks in them to raise a trav-  
eler's hopes. The packs were a little heavier  
than usual this particular morning, as it  
was not intended to double camps with our  
Indian packers unless absolutely necessary,  
when we could send back to this camp No.  
2, where our spare things for that purpose  
were stored.

Our Indian guides started boldly up the  
bed of the Jones River, cutting across from  
one flat island to another, and although  
some of the channels they forded were  
rather deep and swift, there were none so  
far that a good strong man could not easily  
stem, and we only hoped that this route  
would continue as good until we got past  
the thick chaparral of brush which we all  
dreaded to enter. One of the white men  
who had been reconnoitring the 'day be-  
fore had pronounced it impassable for per-  
sons with heavy packs, while another who  
had forced his way through it said we had  
a good day's work ahead of us to get  
through the mile or two of brush before us  
with our heavy packs; so it is clear why we  
dreaded to leave even the river bottom,  
with its quicksands and deep channels, and  
take to the chaparral. In fording swift  
and deep currents a pack on one's back, not  
too heavy to interfere with a fairly free mo-  
tion of the limbs, my previous experience in  
rafting down the great Yukon River of  
Alaska had taught me was an advan-  
tage instead of a detriment, and this  
was especially true if the bottom was such  
that one could get a good foothold and the  
pack was not so low as to catch in the swift  
water. We then (in 1883) had many  
chances to demonstrate this in loading and  
unloading the raft whenever that bulky  
and unmanageable craft took a notion to  
land on or near some miserable sand flat.  
This experience, like that of swimming or  
skating to a certain extent, has to be  
learned, and does not come on the person at  
once; but once learned, by continued prac-



two directions led to a mutual challenge to demonstrate practically the way each one thought best, the conduct of the examinations was left with them. The two disputants as to the best place of getting off a glacier, along its sides or front, got away in the morning, taking an Indian with each to send back word as to their success when the land was reached and to guide the party to the spot. If nothing was found by about noon they were to return, and if the other party had not found a way to a camp in the timber more extensive reconnoitering for a way out would be prosecuted. Shortly after noon the party that had gone to the west had found where the Gnyot Glacier had thrown an icy bridge over the streams coming into the large lake so gorged with ice, and had actually invaded the timber in rear of the forest we were trying to reach, crushing the great trunks of the trees that stood in its way as if they had been so many pipestems, and one stepped from solid ice onto a fallen tree trunk ground to pulp at its outer end. Green spruce boughs were brought back to verify that they had been in the coveted woods. We waited at this camp till the limit of the time was up and far beyond for the other party to the eastward to return, our things all packed, ready for the start to the camp in the forest, which would take us about two hours to reach; so we were told by those who had been there. Late in the afternoon the Indian came back bringing a note stating that a way had been found over the glacier, but not across a bad-looking stream between it and the shore, and the roar of whose waters we had heard through the night. If this could be crossed—and it was thought it could be done in an hour—the white man would come to the northern side of the lake and fire a shot. If this was replied to by one, we would follow him; if by two, that the other party had found a more acceptable way and he (the second) must find his way to that camp.

The Indians packed up the camp effects and under the guidance of the Indian who had been to the forest they started for that point to establish camp while I remained with one of the white men to listen for the gun and to reply thereto, as had been agreed upon. Up to 9 o'clock nothing was seen of our lost white man, and an hour later my companion and I turned into bed, having first located our new camp by the bright blue smoke creeping out of the distant timber and partaken of our dinner, a quarter of a cracker apiece, all the provisions being with the Indians. Next morning he did not appear, and we joined the camp in the forest and kept the Indians out searching all day, when about 6 o'clock in the evening he was picked up near camp footstools and weary and glad to find shelter.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

lakes of mud the best (and in fact nearly only) place to go was on the outer rim, where previous deposits had built up a bank of dry mud in the shape of a dam, which the mud lake tore away at some point as soon as it overflowed, tearing down all the mud lakes below it as it swept along the incline. Now, if a pedestrian weighing 255 pounds should step on this retaining wall of dry mud that dammed back the liquid mass just about the time the whole was passing from a state of stable to unstable equilibrium, which passage was very much hastened by his weight, he was very liable to find it out in the most forcible way. I had two such adventures on the mud dams that morning in my hour's walk along the glacier's incline, and in the worst case got nearly up to my knees in mud, but thanked my stars all the same that I did not go sliding down the ice with the great mass of mud and stones that I had set in motion by my seeming awkwardness. A person once caught in such a whirling, tumbling mass would have the feeling in a physical sense that a defeated politician has in a mental way.

This hour's walk of which I speak took us off the incline facing the east and lodged us upon top of the glacier, where an arm of it again bridged the Jones River clear over to the western spur of the high hills, and over which I thought we would go to gain those hills, the top of which apparently would afford fine traveling. In this I was again mistaken, for we swung around the spur of the hill within a couple of hundred yards of the stunted brush on its point, still keeping on the glacier, and started down its now gradually sloping side to where it was joined by another immense glacier, five or six miles wide, and coming directly down the sides of Mount St. Elias. The walking now changed as radically from bad to good as if we had stepped on the sidewalk of Fifth-avenue for a stroll. We left the stones and mud and came up on the solid ice of the glacier, but where it was no longer broken into huge cracks and crevasses to obstruct our way. It was as hard as a macadamized road, and no doubt appeared two or three times as good as it really was, or would appear to one just from civilization, by glaring contrast with the despicable routes over which we had been stumbling for the last three or four days. Probably a backwoods road just put through would have seemed like a New-York City street just then. The bright white ice crunched under our feet like a newly formed crust of snow that was too strong to break through with one's weight and we went bowling along at the rate of about four miles an hour, a speed that seemed like a lightning express train now. And this white ice was only a mere crust as much as that that forms on the snow in lower latitudes, for within an inch or two of depth it had changed to a clear steel blue that I have so often described as belonging to compact glacial ice. This was well shown in the pretty little pools of water that had formed in the ice, and with the water oftentimes so pure, clear, and transparent that one would think they were empty till he inspected closely, and all of which had such beautiful blue ice on their sides and bottoms that they seemed like huge saucers and bowls of the most beautiful blue glass set in a groundwork of white. Nor were they all comparable to mere bowls and saucers. I saw a great number of holes in the ice not over three or four inches across, and full of water, that one would have supposed to have been about the same depth, but the bottom of which could not be touched with an al-

penstock 6 or 7 feet long, and the bore of about uniform depth all the way down as near as could be determined by our rough methods of examination. No system of boring with drills could have been more perfect for sinking a shaft through this compact ice than the one nature had adopted for that purpose with apparently no object in view. How these little bore holes could have been made I do not know, and had no means that I saw of telling. If the shallower ones of these pools had had dark colored or even other sediment in the bottom I could have understood that these foreign substances absorbing the rays of the sun had cut their way down into the ice, as I have so often noticed in the arctic with the never-setting sun of that region. There I have seen a brown kelp-stock cut a channel through five or six feet of ice, not a half inch wider than its thickness, before the snow was all melted off the ocean ice where it was resting; pebbles blown out on the ice by high gales have sunk a shaft a little wider than their diameter many feet down into the ice, and probably many have dropped through on the ocean's bed before the ice they cut through had broken up under the melting influence of the long arctic Summer. But no such sediment or material was to be found in the bottom of any of these pools, and in fact they seemed clearer of such sediment than the surrounding white ice which had not been cut through by the slight sprinkling of sand and gravel on top of it.

When I first saw these little pools of clear, crystal water I was not long in promising myself a royal godd drink of it, that my imagination carried up to about a gallon as the warm sun beat down on us and created a strong thirst; but I must confess that when I tasted it, sweet and cold as it was, it somehow seemed to lack palatability and appeared insipid and tasteless, not possessing "body," as epicures might say. My stomach had got so used to the heavy glacier-mud water, until it seemed like an animated mortar bed, that it actually took a few hours to get it accustomed to pure water again.

As we came around the green spur of the hills and looked northward again on our old course, a magnificent valley spread out before us reaching as it diminished in the distance to the very base of Mount St. Elias, which was now plainly visible throughout the greater part of its extent on the side presented to us.

On our right was a beautiful Alpine lake covering some 50 to 100 acres, bound in on one side by the Gnyot Glacier and on the other by the high green hills that were reflected to the smallest detail by this natural mirror. I think it was the prettiest mountain lake I ever saw in my life, and on its bosom, looming above the graceful contours of the green hills, were the rugged white outlines of Mounts St. Elias, Cook, Vancouver, Malaspina, and a score of lesser mountains. It was the most colossal painting, although inverted, I ever saw in my life, with every square inch of its many acres clearly reflecting some grand Alpine sight. It was directly on the course of the Jones River, a great widening out of that now mountain stream, and had I not been afraid that at some time it might have broken through on the glacier side and drained itself dry, and thus disappeared from existence, I would have been greatly tempted to have mapped it, taken a sketch or two, and have given it a name—probably "Mountain Mirror Lake." These Alpine lakes, however, and especially those on the course of the large streams, are probably the sources of

## The New-York Times.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCT. 7, 1898.

had in pools and this, but this was so much trouble that we preferred to take the other and allow it to deposit its sediment as much as possible before using.

Near our camp, as I have already said, was a large lake, almost full of floating ice, some large bergs, probably 100 feet high, being stranded plainly that the water in the lake must have been at some previous time at least high enough to float these colossal articles.



supply of those torrents of water that come hurrying down and create a river in a single night, as Mr. Seton-Karr saw near the Castani Lake but a few days before, and therefore too ephemeral to trust one's self to commit to a map.

The great valley, five or six miles wide, which was spread out before us was completely filled up with an immense glacier from one line of bounding hills to the other, and but a little ways in our front we could see where it joined the Guyot Glacier nearly as plain as where that great mass of ice had come in contact with the Agassiz Glacier.

Again the Jones River disappeared for five or six miles under the ice, directly along the joining of these two glaciers, and reappeared where a high, rugged bluff came down to make one of its banks—the eastern again. As long as it could have land on one side for a bank this stream seemed willing to make itself visible, but the minute both banks became ice it disappeared under that element as if it had no further object in showing itself. As far as we traced it, probably 30 miles from its mouth, it nowhere had both banks of land, but oftentimes both were of ice, and then it invariably sank under that material. As we passed from the Guyot Glacier into the next one, to which I have already alluded, we left the main channel of the Jones River off to our right, apparently coming through a gap in the St. Elias range about five or six miles west of the great mountain which gives its name to the chain of mountains. From all I saw of this river throughout the whole length we traveled along it I came to the conclusion that the stream is entirely too large in every way to be only draining the seaward slopes of the St. Elias Alps. I think that it is much head far beyond that range, and drain a considerable extent of country northward of the mountains, breaking through that chain, as the Columbia does through the Cascade Mountains, the Stickeen River through the Alaskan coast range, and other streams finding their ways through the highest mountain chains. Not only was it possible, and even probable, that the Jones River came through the gap that I have spoken of, but there were others in sight from various points, and especially the highest we attained, where it, or its tributaries or other streams could apparently break through.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon we passed off of the Guyot Glacier on to the new one, and everybody at once felt lighter hearted at the change, for we were now practically on the base of the great mountain, as every footstep forward now counted in the ascent of the mass ahead of us, although we were yet some six or seven miles from the actual rocky slopes of the true sides of St. Elias, up which the glacier on which we were traveling ascended at its origin. This immense mass of ice on which we were now walking I named the Tyndall Glacier, after Prof. John Tyndall, of London, whose researches in glacial physics are well known to those interested in such phenomena. While not of such grand proportions as either the Agassiz or Guyot Glacier, it was a much better defined one in all its boundaries, and the largest glacier running southward directly off of the true slopes of Mount St. Elias. It probably consists of 30 to 40 square miles in its superficial extent, which is sufficient, I believe, to bury the great city of New-York out of sight beneath its ice, and more than enough to pay off the national debts of all the great nations of the world at the aver-

age wholesale price of ice throughout civilization.

About this time happened an incident which many of my readers may not think worth speaking of, and still less of bringing forward as a matter of showing any national pride, but I will do so briefly, nevertheless. This trip had been an especially severe one on all kinds of footgear, and I hardly remember one where that kind of apparel went to pieces any faster than it did on this expedition in the same length of time. I have already spoken of the trouble we had with the Indians and their primitive boots, and the white men did not in any way escape unscathed in this particular. Soles of shoes were laid open, leather was cut by the stones and ice near the soles and sides, while hobnails were wrenched from the bottoms as if they had been stuck on with wax. Among the party were a couple of pairs of fine English shoes made for rough out-of-door work that in the first part of the trip were held up to us as models of endurance in shoe leather, one of the pairs being just broken in and having all its life of usefulness apparently ahead of it yet. From my previous experience on a large number of expeditions and marches, I had surmised, everything else being equal, that I would fare the worst in the party regarding my footgear, owing to my much greater weight, which tells fearfully on shoe leather on a rough trip on foot. I had a good pair of the common American hunting shoes for this trip, reaching about half way up the calf of the leg. After we had ascended the rough, splintery rocks of the Tyndall Glacier's moraine we had to stop to repair the English shoes to prevent their going to pieces, an operation to perform which I had to cut the leather tongue from one of mine to assist in the repairs, the only damage of account that either of mine received on the trip. Before I was through, however, the hobnails were swept off the bottom jumping ice crevasses and the soles of my shoes were nearly as smooth as the top of my head, and I am almost as bald-headed as a door knob.

The rocks on this moraine of the Tyndall Glacier were very dark colored, like those on the moraines of the Agassiz Glacier, and a closer inspection showed them to be mostly of metamorphic and igneous origin. Despite their hard and compact character, and the fact that they had probably been brought a less distance than those of the Agassiz Glacier, they were ground up much finer, and in some places almost into gravel, making the walking proportionately better as a result. Quartz was particularly abundant and of the most tempting character in its mineral aspects, but I do not know where a piece of fine quartz would indicate less than on one of the moraines of a great glacier draining a mountain slope, two-thirds of which was under ice and snow the year round, unless it was dredged from the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

I have often spoken of our trying to reach the high range of hills (which I named the Chaix Hills, after Prof. Paul Chaix, the President of the Geneva Geographical Society) at whose southern foot grew the forests in one of which we camped and of our attempts, or rather expectations, of reaching them—they seemed so near to and connecting with the snow-clad slopes of Mount St. Elias itself. After we had swung around the western spurs of the Chaix Hills and got upon the higher parts of the Tyndall Glacier, however, we could see that these hills were an outlying chain, quite a number of miles from the base of St. Elias, and had we crossed them we would have had to de-

scend into an Alpine valley whose lowest part was below the position we had gained

on the Tyndall Glacier. The member of the party who was on the Agassiz Glacier along the southern side of the Chaix chain found an impassable river between the glacier and the forests, and we saw a still more formidable one, studded with lakes on its course, that lay between the hills and Mount St. Elias. The latter, however, may be bridged by the glaciers in the valley, for the north and south sides of the Chaix Hills are as different in aspect as the arctic and temperate regions, the south side being covered with bright green grass (except where they are too steep to retain soil) with a forest at the foot, while the northern slopes are simply weary miles of rolling ice and snow. Everything now was purely arctic around us, and where any small, green hill broke this Alpine continuity it seemed strangely incongruous. By far the greatest amount of land that was to be seen was where the beetling buttresses of steep rock broke through the everlasting snow and ice that held on to the sides and could not keep on the bristling pinnacles and flanks simply because they were too steep to retain anything except their own rocky mass, and even then kept dropping constantly on the thick carpet of glacial ice beneath.

At 5:30 P. M. we left the moraine and went on to the ice of the Tyndall Glacier, which we held till 7:15, when we turned to the left and tried to get off of it into some dwarf brush growing on a little green hill, a seeming perfect oasis in a desert of ice and snow. It is the usual Alpine story of tumbling over moraine and threading backward and forward on a route that would be mapped by a hundred flat letter S's joining each other, only to find when at the end of this path that it must be retraced, in all its windings, as it has led to a place where the land is inaccessible. Two or three more weary windings of this sort and the land is reached, and found to be one of the most delightful spots we have seen on the trip; though this is not saying a great deal in its favor. There was enough brush for firewood, and a soft (not marshy) carpet of moss, where we could make our beds with some hopes of getting a good night's rest—for in the great forest even our camp had the drawback that the blankets of the bedding had to be spread on the twisted and gnarled roots of the many trees. We had a beautiful clear mountain stream from which to get our water, and the first thing to greet us as we placed foot on the grassy land was a loud whirr over our heads, which proved to be the arctic ptarmigan in its summer coating of light brown, a very handsome bird, and now doubly acceptable to the eye from the dreary, desolate surroundings. It was a bird with which I was somewhat familiar from my former arctic experience, but I encountered, to me, a new phase of its life among the St. Elias ptarmigan in the curious sound they utter just before they take to the wing, and which may be described as a rapid series of the noises uttered by an immense bull-frog just when he is supposed to be the happiest in the late twilight and listening to his fellows on the other side of the swamp. This peculiar sound of the St. Elias ptarmigan I had occasion to verify a number of times before I left this particular camp.

The latter part of the day settled down cloudy, with a general unpropitious aspect for the morrow's attempt to ascend the mountain, for nothing is more necessary in



# CLOUD-CAPPED ST. ELIAS

## PERILOUS WORK OF "THE TIMES" ALASKA EXPEDITION.

### CLIMBING THE ICE-LOCKED MOUNT.

TOILING OVER THE GLACIERS TO THE  
BASE OF THE TOWERING MOUNTAIN  
—CREVASSES HIDDEN BY TREACHER-  
OUS SNOW BRIDGES—THE PARTY  
TIED TO A ROPE TO SECURE SAFE-  
TY—AN ALTITUDE OF 7,200 FEET  
REACHED BEFORE NATURE'S IMPAS-  
SABLE BARRIER FORBADE FURTHER  
PROGRESS — THE HIGHEST CLIMB  
ABOVE THE SNOW LIMIT EVER MADE.

BASE OF MOUNT ST. ELIAS, }  
Alaska. July 26, 1886. }

This camp, No. 4, in which we found ourselves under the protection of the great high evergreen trees and on the soft carpet of moss under them, was, as any one would imagine, a most acceptable camp after the dismal bivouac on the ice and the hardly less cheerful one on the sand island at the base of the Agassiz Moraine. I felt as if I should have liked to remain there for a few days, resting, hunting, and enjoying myself generally, if the state of the provisions had only allowed it; but they did not, and so that was out of the question.

One imperative necessity did demand something of a stop at this camp, and this was to repair the footgear of our Indian packers, which was now in a most dilapidated condition. They had brought with them the usual sealskin boots of the natives of this region, which reach nearly to the knees and are heavily soled with the thickest of waterproof skins. They were quite good in the marshy flat lands, but over the splintery rocks of the glaciers' moraines they went to pieces almost as if they had been of paper, and that portion of the party that especially needed good serviceable footgear were now actually barefooted to an alarming degree, and it was reasonable to suppose that the hardest walking was yet ahead of us. Indian like, none of them had any reserve pairs, nor had they brought along anything for repairs, which they might have expected would have been needed on the most common trips. "To add insult to injury," one of the most dilapidated of the Indian party had been advanced a serviceable pair of shoes on the strength of his wages, and he now blandly informed us that he had bought those to keep and had left them behind at the camp on Icy Bay; this despite his protestations when he secured them that they were necessary for the trip. Some pieces of canvas were used by them, and I gave them my brown canvas leggins, hardly yet soiled, to cut up and make into shoes.

Wandering around near camp I was struck with astonishment at the great size of the trees of the forest into which we had crept. Within 20 feet of our camp fire were two trees, one of which measured 12 feet and 7 inches, and the other 17 feet in circumfer-

we expected—or sending back to Camp No. 2 for more supplies. Two Indians could do this, bringing up all we had there, while the others could hunt for mountain goats, which they declared to be numerous on the high hills overlooking our camp. Our Indians, of course, as would be expected, were for pressing on to the base of the mountain, as they in no way relished the idea of two more days over the broad glacier with its rough rocks cutting their footgear and feet to pieces; although just before that they had been equally anxious to know how soon we would let them turn back from the dreaded mountain and conduct further explorations on our own account. Those Indians who had ascended the main channel of the Jones River the day before on their searches now eagerly reported that they had then found a good way that led directly to the base of the big mountain, which they could distinctly see from where they were, and if we would start at once (it was then not quite noon) we would be at the base by 6 or 7 o'clock, or in plenty of time to get a good night's rest and be able to make a very early start on the intended ascent next morning. They vouched so earnestly for the truthfulness of this information, which, if true, allowed us all the time we wanted on our present provisions, that I determined to take advantage of this proposal at once, which they could not have the assurance to put forth when its character was to be at once proved before their eyes. So we rushed around in a hurry, and in a very few minutes the party intended for the ascent of Mount St. Elias was on its way over the Guyot Glacier under the guidance of its Indian packers.

Our first hour was over much the usual kind of traveling ground that I have already described as peculiar to moraines, but with one exception worth briefly describing. I refer to the moraine or half liquid mud on the slope of the glacier's front or side. Here, at an angle of from  $30^{\circ}$  to  $60^{\circ}$  to the horizontal, the ice slopes up from its foot to the crest of the glacier (though that so often fades off from the incline to the level top so gradually that it is hard to define it as a crest) and the mud pours over it and down the slope of ice along the little valleys made by the descending streams of water. On every level place in these little valleys, or rather on their banks, the mud would accumulate in great heaps and like water dammed back would finally break through and pour down the sides of the hill in a small avalanche of the not most inviting character, often carrying stones and boulders with it of the largest kind. Along this front or side of the glacier we now had to walk, as the great crevasses in the ice ran down to the crest, and were so numerous and perpendicular to our route that we could make no headway over them. The only place to cross the mud was on the level places, where it was the deepest, for, though less than an inch thick on the steep inclines, there it was so very slippery that walking was mostly out of the question, unless the pedestrian smoothed his way by cutting steps in the ice with his ice axe and trusted a good deal to the reliability of his alpenstock, which with us were home-made affairs that had been constructed in Sitka. This method, too, would have been too slow with unknown miles of such walking before us. It would have been justifiable on the mountain's side to gain



the ascent of a perfectly unknown mountain than the clearest of weather. The hanging of a light cloud on its side, which would be indiscernible at a short distance, becomes a huge fog bank when it is entered, and should it be over a dangerous part of the route it would seriously compromise any undertaking that perforce led through it. As we were on the eve of the undertaking we remembered with a vividness that was not at all reassuring how seldom we had seen this great mountain perfectly free of all clouds, and when the few cases occurred how transient they were, oftentimes but a few hours, and never so long as two whole days in succession.

Our plan for the attempted ascent comprehended two days, which, of course, would have to be comparatively clear weather, an aspect which we had not yet seen, (and which, I might add now, two months later, we did not see in the month and a half after the attempt during which we were in sight of St. Elias if the weather was favorable.) The great Japanese current, or Kuro Siwo, pours its warm waters along this part of the Pacific coast and supercharges the air above it with moisture, and this, driven almost daily against these high mountain barriers of ice and snow that here bend down and almost meet the ocean shore, precipitates this moisture into heavy clouds and rain, or, at the very least, into light fog and drifting, fleecy clouds hanging along the mountains' sides. And yet, in one sense, we could not think of complaining of the weather, for since we had left the Indian village in Yakutat Bay we had not had a single drop of rain. (Upon returning we afterward learned that it had rained a great deal at the permanent camp at Icy Bay, the equivalent of which were the clouds with us and the fog banks on the sides of Mount St. Elias.)

Monday morning (July 26) was a pleasant surprise for us, for the air was as clear as the proverbial crystal and not a flake of a cloud to be seen anywhere, except a mere handful thrown down on the peak of the great mountain itself, which cleared away, too, before we got started. In strict accord with our arctic surroundings, we found the morning air cold and bracing in the extreme—cold enough to set our teeth chattering as we crawled out of bed. Looking out of the little "dog" tent in which we were ensconced so thick that the typical sardines in a box would have looked like a row of telegraph poles in comparison, we saw that we had had a good heavy frost during the night. The stunted willows, the coarse grass, and the sphagnum moss were all heavily coated with hoar frost, while a small tin cup that had been left about a quarter full of water during the night was so covered with thick ice that it could be inverted without spilling the little water it contained. This was an arctic experience, indeed, in the middle of July! The July I spent in the northern part of Hudson's Bay was not troubled in any way with a frost, and even on King William's land, where the thermometer observations on it and the surrounding districts seem to indicate that it is the coldest part of the North American continent, there were but two frosts in the month of July, and neither of them half as heavy as this one at the base of Mount St. Elias, mere spicules or needles of ice being formed on the still water. I was caught in quite a flurry of snow on the 8th day of July, 1876, while hunting elk on the higher levels of the Big Horn Mountains, in Montana, but I do not recall any frost in that month, though in August we had a slight one on a still lower plane than the one in which I encountered

the snowstorm. Thinking how much I would have enjoyed about twenty degrees of the New-York City temperature of the middle of July added to that which we had—and no doubt the people of the city would have as gladly exchanged—we prepared for the ascent.

We intended, as I have already said, to do two days of almost continuous walking, resting only during the short night between the two days; a night which at that latitude and that part of Summer was hardly over two hours long, and possibly not more than appreciable on the pure white snows of the mountain side reflecting the strong twilight. We carried four to six pounds of provisions apiece of the most condensed character, which I think would be uninteresting to give too much in detail; our heaviest clothing with a spare pair of stockings each, besides two well made and well preserved Esquimaux reindeer coats that I had brought from the Arctic with me, and which I intended for special use when we stopped to rest or in case a strong wind should spring up while we were at a high altitude on the mountain. These Esquimaux coats protect every part of a person except the lower limbs, hands, and a small part of the face. In scientific instruments we had a mercurial mountain barometer, an aneroid barometer, a hypsometer, or boiling point thermometer, a verified, certified thermometer, a clinical thermometer, and a prismatic compass. Altogether I considered my additional weight as about 20 to 25 pounds, which, with my 255 pounds, made quite a formidable load for a pedestrian walking over a snow bridge that spanned an ice crevasse.

The party now consisted of Mr. Seton-Karr, Wood, the Sitka Indian boy Ker-Sunk, (Frederick was his English name, given at the Sitka mission school,) and myself. We started about 6 o'clock, after having had a good breakfast and retraced our steps over the last few hundred yards of the route of the evening before until the broken ice of the sides of the Tyndall Glacier were passed and the more compact and better ice was reached. It was the intention on starting that the Sitka Indian boy Frederick should return to this camp from the first point where the walking became dangerous enough to justify us in tying ourselves to a common rope, or if that contingency did not occur the first day that he would be sent back in time to reach the base camp (No. 5) before it grew dark, or as dark as it got. He carried the rope—a half inch to five-eighths of an inch manila—with which we were to tie ourselves together and some of our spare effects. A short delay was caused by my carelessly forgetting one of my scientific instruments until after we had gotten upon the Tyndall Glacier, and which "Frederick" had to go back to procure, and then we were fairly launched. Our course was now along the middle of the Tyndall Glacier, as near as we could estimate it, and which gave us the best walking. The ascent now was also quite rapid, and this too was quite cheering. About 7 o'clock we halted for a short rest, not so much that we cared for it just then, but from the point of view on which we stood we had the best general view of Mount St. Elias and the glaciers and ridges on its south side that we had yet encountered by all odds, and Mr. Seton-Karr was anxious to spend a few minutes in putting this scene on paper.

A half hour's walk, with a good fair ascent to cheer us along, brought us to an entirely different aspect of the ice and snow. Any one familiar with the latter knows what a treacherous element it is if

the Alpine climber has any reason to suspect ice crevasses under it, as the most uniform covering of it will conceal a great ice crack down which a person may fall for a great number of feet. We had come upon snow (in fact, we were above the snow limit on the top of the Tyndall Glacier opposite Camp No. 5) long before camping the day before—the 25th—but as there were no large ice crevasses that a person could not ordinarily leap across, we paid little attention to them. Now as the ascent became greater these huge ice crevasses became larger, too wide in fact for any one to leap across, and as in many places the snow had tumbled in and revealed great bridges of snow over the other parts, and in many others but a foot or two thick at the crown of the bridge, it was deemed best by Mr. Seton-Karr, who was given the direction of the party on the ice from his greater Alpine experience over the others, that we should thenceforth go forward tied together with the rope. This took us about 15 minutes to accomplish before we started again. We were arranged in the following order: Wood came first at the head of the rope, I came second, Frederick third, (he was dropped out in a short while,) and Mr. Seton-Karr fourth and last—stroke oar, as we called it. We were distributed at equal intervals along the rope, which was about 45 yards long, as we started. We now came, in another half hour, to a peculiar condition of the snow which was nothing more nor less than that we had reached an altitude where this material was becoming more compact, or almost half ice. This was simple enough and to be expected that the snow would soon change to a nevé, as Alpinists call it, but its direct effect upon us was to make it very hard to discern where the ice of the glacier ceased exactly and where the snow bridging the great ice crevasses began, so much did the two materials look alike. Frederick was now untied from the rope and so much of it as he had used was cut off and given to him to carry back to camp. After we had readjusted our loads—for Frederick added a little for each of us to carry by his departure—and the rope, we were now separated about 25 to 30 feet from each other, allowing about two to three yards for each in tying the rope around their waists, (I have an extremely unfashionable waist which requires about three yards to go around it and make the necessary ties and knots.) At 10:15 o'clock we were high up on the glacier and where the sides and centre were breaking into crevasses running in all directions without any bridges of snow to connect them, except at rare intervals, which required the most laborious windings to reach. Directly ahead of us we could see every glacier on the southern aspect of the great mountain, and, tempting as they looked at a great distance, was not one of them that did not now show immense and impassable ice cascades at some point of their course, the least being probably hundreds of feet in almost perpendicular descent—probably 60° to 75° to the horizontal being the least inclined. It was quite evident to even a novice in Alpine climbing that we must climb the rocks or precipitous banks of stone protruding through the ice and snow until an altitude of 10,000 to 12,000 feet high was gained. We started for the most practicable looking ridge of the many ahead of us; and it was a sorrowful prospect indeed. It looked more as if it was a case for tight-rope performers, New-York firemen, and birds with good broad spread of wing, than for common mortals to assail. In another quarter of an hour the ice was one mass of



protruding pinnacles broken in seracs, with few snow bridges thrown over the great crevasses which were now oftentimes 20

to 30 feet across. Down into their bluish-black depths it seemed as if I could look for 100 to 200 feet, and had they only been 50 they would have answered all purposes if a person had fallen in and the rope had broken. As we advanced they became wider and deeper, and their ridges narrower, until we oftentimes walked as on the comb of a roof or a small log thrown over a stream. When the transverse crevasses opened ahead of us we simply had to back out, but we had got far enough ahead to see that it was highly improbable that we could ascend the ridge we had selected, and there were no others that looked any better, except one, to our left, which would take us a most roundabout way to reach the top of the mountain. It also had this advantage, that if we could ascend it we could overlook the southern face, and see if any practicable route existed there should we have to descend instead of following the steep ridge to the snow on the side, where it joined the rear of the mountain at about 10,000 feet above the snow level. Worst of all, light clouds were appearing and fog-banks were coming over the Chaix Hills behind. The ascent commenced at 12:40 and lasted till nearly 5 o'clock, when we were 5,800 feet high, and every point above that on St. Elias was enveloped in the fog clouds as seen from below. Mr. Seton Karr and Wood with the aneroid by about 6:30 had climbed some 1,500 feet higher, I having stopped at the only available point to read the mercurial barometer. Thus 7,200 feet was made, (it may vary a little when worked out,) less than 800 of which would have to be deducted to place us above the snow limit, and which it is believed would give the highest climb above the snow limit ever made—a victory well worth the expedition.

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

## The New-York Times.

WITH SUPPLEMENT.

NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20, 1886.

### FROM ICY BAY TO YAKUTAT

#### RETURN OF "THE TIMES" ALASKA EXPEDITION.

#### A PERILOUS LAUNCH IN THE SURF.

A NOISY WELCOME FROM THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY OF THE YAKUTAT VILLAGE—SOME OF THE DISAGREEABLE PECULIARITIES OF THE INDIANS—PROF. LIBBEY'S EXPERIENCE WITH A THILINKET LAUNDRESS—CLOSE BARGAINS DRIVEN WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE EXPLORING PARTY—THE YAKUTATS' INORDINATE LOVE OF FINERY.

YAKUTAT, Alaska, Sept. 1, 1886.

As soon as we had returned to Icy Bay and summed up our defeats and victories, he sum total of which was perfectly satisfactory, we commenced our operations for returning to the main Yakutat Indian village at the southern mouth of Yakutat Bay, where we should prosecute our researches, geographical, ethnological, and otherwise, until the arrival of the United States steamships, (the further use of which for a short trip of a couple of days directly across the cruising ground had been asked

launch was to take them the entire distance they were to go by water. No sooner were they convinced that they were left behind than they all set up shouts of laughter at the good joke in reply to those of the more fortunate ones who still remained with the steamer—for if there is one thing above another that the Thilinket Indian enjoys to the very bottom of his stomach (which outranks his heart by several grades) it is the complete discomfiture of one of his own tribe, and it is especially enjoyable if it is one of his own clan, and the acme of ecstasy is reached when the victim of the joke happens to be one of his own family, and the same roof with him. The laughter is then perfectly wild and convulsive, and double discounts the end man in the minstrel show in his most violent bursts of mirth. The only chance for relief in the joke was to join in the uproarious hilarity, and by drowning it out by pure force of lungs show that he enjoys it better than they do. If he can succeed in doing this, it ceases to be a joke on him and stops their derision, but woe to the man who shows his discomfiture. He is a whole circus and a couple of darky shows for his companions for a week.

And so our Indians in the canoes that were left behind laughed at themselves with apparently at the idea of being dropped astern, but nevertheless commenced scrambling around to rectify the predicament in which it had placed them. Many of them undid their red and blue blankets and spread one to the breeze; some even stripped their shirts from their backs and gave them the first genuine airing they had had for years, as they hoisted them, and then proceeded to catch the wind, while some went so far as to divest themselves of their nether garments, and more than one broad-shouldered pair of pantaloons held its own in the race with a red and blue blanket and a well-ventilated blanket on the other side. It seemed like a Venetian laundry broken loose and floating up the inlet. But it saved paddling, and paddling was work.

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In these Thilinket villages a great deal of *hoocheno* is manufactured and consumed. It is a vile alcoholic compound made in kerosene cans, as stills, from sugar and molasses. A good story is told of the effect this fluid had at Washington on a Cabinet meeting of a certain well known temperance Administration. A large bottle had been put before them by some friend of the temperance cause in Alaska, hoping that the exhibition of such a vile compound in such a high place might have some effect toward having the corks tied in with blue ribbons. When the subject came up the bottle was produced, the President taking a small sip of it as he was about to recover his breath so as to be able to speak he advocated the most stringent measures toward suppressing the illicit manufacture of the stuff, even though it was for the good of the navy that was able to go to sea, the whole three ships, if need be, to crush out the evil. The Secretary of State ventured a fractional portion of one nostril over the rim of the bottle, and then, and then he left the room without explanation. The Secretary of the Treasury said that the diffused fragrance in the room was ample to stimulate him to any assistance the President might require, and his department would ward throttling the monster, and he passed the monster along. The Postmaster-General edged away from the table as it approached, adding that his department could do nothing more in the case than to enforce the law against explosives passing through the mails, which he assured them would be done. The Secretaries of the War and Navy Departments made appropriate remarks, and the death-dealing devil found itself in the hands of the Secretary of the last Cabinet department created by law. It is related, though not supported by affidavits, that he promptly clapped his nostrils over the bottle's mouth, then the lips of the two met, and when about half the bottle was gone he

placed it down on the table as he remarked, "I didn't think it was within the limits of possibility to manufacture such vile whisky. But," he added, as he regretfully shoved it away, "it beats nothing at all to pieces."

As I have said, we reached the Yakutat Indian village about 7 o'clock on the evening of Aug. 1, and found the narrow beach—for it was now nearly high tide—in front of the row of houses literally crowded with Indians of all ages, sexes, and colors that can be produced by dirt; forming a marked contrast indeed to the semi-deserted condition we first found it in when we visited it on the Pinta. The Indians of all sorts of habits to be present, while now we could dispense with nine-tenths of the population. Over a score of them took particular pains to us, the others, however, were ever fraught with more joy and gratitude than this at seeing our safe return from the perilous journey, but all the same not one would help us unload our boat, or even take hold of the bow rope to help us pull it up with the incoming tide, until we had made a regular standard bargain with them as to what they were to do and just what they were to receive for it. We reached the tents some 300 or 400 yards the southward of the Indian village, instead of going into the house of the chief, Yen-at-set, as he had invited us and no doubt expected us to do, and to find the Indians in a strange laziness of the Thilinket Indian in not doing any kind of work for which he is not paid, 300 or 400 yards is considerable of a protection, although the negative side of the question is that it is a nuisance in that if these same lazy vagabonds once get that far away from their homes and near their own they are too lazy to return, and in consequence extend their visits to an annoying length of time, and in the day, and far into the night too, for that matter, a crowd of small Indian boys hovered around near the camp, attracted out of sheer curiosity to see the commonplace doing of the day, and to secure anything that might be cast away by us.

One use to which we put the little nuisance was that of bringing us fresh water, none of which existed on the dry sand spit where we had camped, while that near the Indian village was entirely too suggestive of its neighbors to be thought of for use, even in our small boats. I suppose that the small boys had to go about three-quarters of a mile away carrying the water in the breakers left with us in the small boat loaned by the commander of the Pinta; and thus they were slowly amassing a fortune as viewed from the standpoint of a Yakutat boy, for they were as shrewd and exacting in all the bargains they made as their elders. This subject of fresh water was often so annoying—as we could not always pick up a boy just when most needed—and withal so unnecessarily expensive, that in a week or ten days after our arrival I moved the camp across the inlet to a more agreeable Indian trading store kept by some Swedish traders in the interest of the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco. Here the water was sweet and in ample quantity, and in fact so embarrassing had it become on the other side that we had at last sent the large boat here—a mile and a half from the village—to get water just before we moved over. The traders, or rather their predecessor, who had built the log cabin store and living house, had gotten thus far from the main village for exactly the same reason that I had pitched my camp 300 or 400 yards away from them: they were seldom annoyed by Indians except those who wanted to buy something, and this was surely annoyance enough, as I found out afterward, when I had an opportunity, for witnessing some of their "dickering."

In the way of work, they never did a bit more than they contracted to do as strictly interpreted by their cast-iron rules of selfishness, and while most of the cases which grew out of the department's inactivity enough, once in a while one of a comical nature would turn up, an instance of which I will relate. Prof. Libbey and I had had considerable trouble in securing a laundress among them to do a little and rough washing even that is to be done among field clothing, but at last one was secured who thought she comprehended what we wanted done. She came in one morning, and morning about 10 o'clock, and having, as usual, first driven the bargain to her satisfaction, took them away. Before noon she was back saying that she wanted her money, which we refused to give her, for forthcoming when her work was done and the clothes, returned—for if an Indian is



poor chance to take full advantage of this. As every second our effects in the craft were getting wetter, we abandoned the idea of rushing her back in this way, and all turned to and commenced unloading as fast as we could, placing the dripping things at high-water mark, as we thought, but we had to make a second removal after all, so high was the spray flying up the beach. By the time this was done it was pitch dark, with the heavy fog to help cover everything from the dim light of the stars above. A fire was built out of the driftwood on the banks and the pieces of the canoe we found, and we tried to dry ourselves a little on the outside, while the cork was pulled out of a small army valise we had, and some of its contents used to do corresponding duty inside, when we all turned in for the night, our small shelter tents being pitched.

Fortunately the next day was a good, warm, dry one, and those things that could be saved by drying in the sun were promptly exposed as soon as the fog banks lifted.

Our new plan was the second of the first ones we had thought of; that is, to get away with such necessary material as would be needed at Yakutat to prosecute our further researches there, and then have the big Hydah canoe that the Yakutat chief promised to send us about the 4th or 5th of August bring back the rest of the effects we left behind.

About 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, the 1st of August, we got launched in safety in a comparatively mild surf. The man at the bow, however, got excited and wore out the useful side of a large hatchet trying to cut the chain that held the anchor before the idea seemed to strike him that it would be eminently better to cut the rope part with a knife, or even better still, on the point of ordinary economy at least, to pull the anchor up and take it along with us for future use. However, the edge of the hatchet was spoiled, the rope was cut, the anchor lost, and while the fog still held closely over the land we pulled away for Yakutat. For about two hours we guided our motions along the coast by the sound of the surf, keeping about half a mile from shore, when the sun broke the fog and we guided ourselves by the shore itself. From Icy Bay to the northern cape of Yakutat Bay (Point Manby) the shore is almost straight, and little or nothing is lost by following it quite near by. At first, the morning being chilly and most of the party wet, the four oars were in demand for exercise to keep warm, and a regular rotating detail of oarsmen from the party was wholly unnecessary; but as the sun mounted in the skies and that not very welcome method of warming up became less needed to keep one at a comfortable temperature, there was such a falling off in enthusiasm, especially from our Indian allies, that a regular detail after that was strictly maintained, a half hour at the oars and a half hour to rest. These Indians, even when there is a whole day of steady work ahead of them, start with a rush and maintain for a few minutes the most enthusiastic pitch at it, only to allow it to die down to a point bordering on utter laziness, and then at a shout from some one of their number away they go at it as if the very Old Nick was after them. I have but little doubt that this day's steady work was about the first that some of them had ever done in their lives, or, at the least, for a very long time. Even then, at first, they were inclined to start off on a wild spurt until the stroke oar was denied them, so that they could not manage that necessary governing part of the regularity of the work.

After some 12 or 15 miles along the coast of Icy Bay, with its southern bounding cape such a slight projection into the sea that the most careful mariner cannot tell where the bay ceases and the ocean beyond begins, the flat lands to the seaward face of St. Elias range of mountains cease, and the moraine or front of a huge glacier, probably the Agassiz, juts down and touches the sea. No one cruising along the usual distance from shore would for a moment suspect the true nature of the high bank, however, as it looks not unlike an ordinary elevated plateau, its seaward face being covered with mud, dirt, and stones. Here and there on the steepest slopes banks of ice can be clearly made out by persons keeping as near the shore as we did when rowing homeward that day. At short stretches along the front of this great glacier the flat lands reappear in very narrow strips, often but a few hundred yards wide; but even in these little patches some very heavy spruce or hemlock timber grows, and gives quite a pleasant air to the surroundings. No one would think that just

looking plain of slightly rolling hills was actually a solid mass of ice, just covered enough with dirt and débris to deceive one as to its true nature. This plateau of ice, some two to three hundred feet in height, extends along the shore to Point Manby, (itself a low, wooded point,) the northern bounding cape of Yakutat Bay, when it disappears up the northern shores of that great bay and is lost in the foothills and their glaciers of the St. Elias Mountains. Off Point Manby our rowing ceased, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, as a favorable breeze sprang up that allowed us to spread our sail and point ourselves directly for the Yakutat Indian village across the bay, some 30 miles distant. The Indians of the party told us that we would not get to the village till about 11 o'clock at night, evidently supposing that we would have to row the whole way, but the breeze stiffened so and the Indians built out so much side canvas from the mainsail that we bowled along like a racing yacht and got in four hours ahead of that time. It is really wonderful what an amount of ingenuity the average American Indian will display when the main object is to save work. On my first Alaskan expedition a steam launch was towing some 12 or 13 Chilkat Indian canoes, tied one behind the other, the ropes of which kept so continually breaking and the Indians kept treating it so hilariously as a grand big joke that the launch finally dropped them and steamed away. They had about four or five miles to go yet up the little inlet the head of which we were trying to make, but as there was a good breeze astern the Captain of the little launch felt justified in abandoning them, considering the great trouble they were giving him. They, on their side, of course, not expecting such treatment, and knowing they were to be towed when they left their village, had not brought their little canoe sails, (generally made of white drilling purchased from the traders,) and some of them had even been so remiss as to be caught without paddles. as the



and in advance the work may be postponed till the next session of Congress and then get crowded out of that. She astonished us by saying that all the conditions we named had been complied with, that is, the work had been done and the clothing returned, and leading us out of doors she showed us the dripping washing hanging on a rude fence that the trader had built around a small yard that inclosed his buildings. She also informed us that washing it was dry very fast after it was laid out. We paid the money, had our laugh, and gathered in the washing when it was dry enough, a few days after.

of the universal Indian trait of love of finery, and two things being equal otherwise the more greedy will always receive the preference in the purchase. Anything of a slightly flashy character in the dress of a native is sure to attract attention. I do not explain in any other manner, is always considered an ornament of some kind. The Professor had among the trading material some bright nickel-plated pickler spoons and a pair of bright nickel-plated fishhook spoons which was fastened to the spoon, and these we found to be a dead loss on our hands, for none of the Indians knew of their use or had ever heard of them before. One day the Professor was visiting one of the traders some of them for an ethnological specimen that an old fellow had brought in to sell us. He gazed at the pickler spoons in deep admiration for a few minutes, and then, as the trader said that he had never seen them, he took the two spoons in his hand by the shells and standing before a mirror in the room he applied them to the lower lobes of his ears to see their effect as earrings. He was so pleased with the result that he then for that purpose; for it was the only one he could get out of them. I have but little doubt that had a vessel with an ample consignment of pickler spoons on board been wrecked on a beach where the natives and the fishing gear fallen into the hands of the natives that subsequent travelers would have found the savages wearing them as earrings. Certainly until some of them leaving over a canoe to get a drink of water, and then they would never have surprised their use.

Another salient point in his character is the perfect indifference with which they will break their contracts. I had made arrangements with one fellow for certain notions and provisions for a voyage to the flat lands of the St. Elias Alps on a voyage of discovery, which will form a brief chapter later. There were three of my party, and on the morning of our departure, my provisions were all prepared, our blankets rolled, our rations cooked and boxed, &c., and all on the beach waiting our friend from the village across the inlet, but who did not put in. I was obliged to wait for him some days, and then I gave him the following explanation to us by the many canoes passing between the places, but when he did come informed us that a death in the village was the cause of the delay. Had any other cause been the excuse, I should have been able to have drawn the line on his employment, but

FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1886

PROF. LIBBEY'S RESEARCH

WHILE WITH "THE TIMES'S"  
ALASKA EXPEDITION.

FACTS ABOUT THE JONES RIVER—A  
GREAT VOLCANO DISCOVERED—VAL-  
uable SPECIMENS SECURED.

The advance guard of the homeward-bound Titanic expedition to Alaska, in the person of William Libbey, Jr., Professor of Physical Geography in Princeton College, and scientist of the party, arrived in New-York on Monday morning, and, after a few hours passed in his father's home in Fort Washington, left the city for his own home in New-Jersey. Twelve additional pounds of flesh, a full beard, collections of archaeological, mineralogical, and other scientific specimens, photographs of such men and things as he could not conveniently bring with him, and a mind stored to repletion with wonderful

and varied narration are among the mementoes to be brought back of his sojourn in the land of ice and snow. The tangible results of his researches, not having been unpacked, were not available for inspection when a reporter for THE TIMES saw him, but the stores of his memory were readily unfolded. On the subject of the *Sun's* attempt to deprive the party of the honor of the discoveries it had made he declined to go into particulars, on the ground that it was only proper that the leader of the party should have the first say on the subject.

"I do not mind saying, however, that the party's claim to these discoveries is unquestionable. Beyond a doubt no white man ever saw the Jones River or Castina Lake, and no white man ever stood upon the glaciers named and described, or upon the Chukchi Hills in advance of the Tilden expedition. I heard of this controversy when I reached Sitka, and consequently am not speaking on the spur of the moment." But the Sun has proved to its own satisfaction that the Jones River was discovered 100 years ago."

[illegible]

"There is no doubt of the permanency of the Jones River, which also has been questioned?"

"None at all. The river is an enormous one," as Schwab described, during the melting season. "The water flows so fast that it is almost impossible to walk across it. It is very warm. Water it must still be a great river. The change of temperature during the Winter result in the melting of the ice, and then the compression of the water, and cause the glaciers to move forward. The ground beneath the force that is immeasurable, alone liberates enough water to supply the river permanently. Squeeze a snowball hard enough and you'll find water come from it. Think how much water is produced by the melting of these vast fields of ice."

"The Sun insists that no such lake as the one you called Castine, was ever discovered."

enclosed Castillon was never discovered. The glacier water of the Jones River at the point where the two glaciers meet and the Jones River plunges beneath them. Behind the Chaffin Hills, respectively, the eastern and western ends of the chain, and running in converging directions along its southern base meet at a point not far from the junction of the two glaciers, and in a triangle whose western side is the Guyot Glacier, eastern side the Agassiz Glacier, and northern side the Chaffin Hills. The combined effect of the two glaciers damming up of the joined water of the river I have mentioned, and as the Jones River rushes under the glaciers. It is 26 miles distant from the place at which the glaciers under the Sun are present."

"How about the Chaux Hills?"

"They are, of course, not so grand as the Swiss Alps, but they are very beautiful. The







"And you think we are on the eve of the discovery of a great country?"

"Assuredly. This expedition sent out by THE NEW-YORK TIMES is a long step in that direction. It will have the result of drawing public attention to the possibilities of the country, and when once those possibilities are realized there will be no very long hesitancy upon the part of capital and enterprise to explore the country. And since some people have been willing to raise over the authenticity of Lieut. SCHWATKA's discoveries, it is only honest and fair to compare his work with the maps and Russian charts, Lieut. SCHWATKA's reports are much to be preferred. The practical navigator will always take the public report of what has been actually seen and demonstrated, as in this case of Lieut. SCHWATKA, it being more than probable that the place that the recent map made out was anywhere from 25 to 50 miles the other side of what he was talking about. The Russian charts and maps are very unreliable and very incorrect. Here and there, where at a distant glance there seemed to be a good place for a harbor they made a map of one; but you can't place any reliance upon such maps in Alaska. It is a country a long way off, and it is awfully tedious work that has to be done there; the revenue marine has done more service up there than all the rest of the world together. We say by our own charts there."

"When SCHWATKA brought down the news that he had discovered a new river—the Jones River—no navigator experienced in the Alaska region doubted him, even aside from the fact that his work always passes for truth. It wasn't considered strange that his enterprise had been crowned with such a magnificent result. It wasn't a story with any improbability in it. Alaska has never been the subject of the discovery as it should be; and it is not strange that now, when THE TIMES and Lieut. SCHWATKA enter the field as practical planners, new rivers of consequence should be found and many other natural features of great value be made known. SCHWATKA is not a mere adventurer; he is a pretender. Nobody who knows him and knows what manner of work he has done, through hardships, through privation, and through peril, will doubt anything that he claims. He is not a silly man, and none other could have been foolish enough to seek for credit by pretending to discover a river that was already laid down on somebody else's maps. Lieut. SCHWATKA isn't that sort of a man by any means. "THE TIMES" expedition was well organized, as its abundant results have shown. It has demonstrated that Mount St. Elias cannot be ascended from the side of Lieut. SCHWATKA made a very perilous attempt there, and his party went 7,200 feet high and found themselves confronted by precipitous glaciers from 300 feet to 3,000 feet above them. They made a very perilous journey, and it was productive of good results and has established the fact that nobody can go up Mount St. Elias from that side. A member of the Alpine Club who was with SCHWATKA, pronounced it inaccessible. Lieut. SCHWATKA was talking with me, more conservative and he would not say that it was positively inaccessible, thinking it might be possible to scale it on the other side. He would not say he was ascertained that the mountain was inaccessible until he had been round to the other side. This indicates something of the thoroughness of the man I think Lieut. SCHWATKA is to be congratulated on what he has done in this matter, and THE TIMES is deserving of the thanks of the country. What has been done will show handsome results, I think, before many years go by."

Oct 5 1886.

## A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE NEW-YORK "SUN"

We informed the New-York Sun on Sunday that we should take up again, in connection with the publication of Lieut. SCHWATKA's mail reports of the work of THE TIMES Alaska expedition, the discussion of Lieut. SCHWATKA's right to call himself the discoverer of the river emptying into Icy Bay, named by him Jones River, and we offered the Sun a choice of alternatives—to apologize to Lieut. SCHWATKA and THE TIMES for its vicious attacks and misstatements, or to submit to the painful process of having its falsehoods and blunders exposed by THE TIMES. To this the Sun in its issue of yesterday made the following reply:

"If Mr. SCHWATKA has, as we later, remarked we shall be pleased to hear his amended claim to be considered as the discoverer of this muddy but now celebrated stream. The honest and prudent thing for THE TIMES to do first, however, for the information of its readers, is to print in fine small that part of chart 927 of the United States Hydrographic Of-

fice, published in January, 1886, and showing Icy Bay and the river flowing from the mountains."

The Sun is wholly at fault in its inference concerning Lieut. SCHWATKA's return. Our latest word from him is a private letter dated Sitka, Sept. 10, in which he says: "I write hastily to catch the revenue cutter Corwin, leaving in an hour for the United States, and which will precede me about a week." The Lieutenant, therefore, is still some three thousand miles from New-York, and is as yet unaware how great a storm of envy and detraction his explorations have aroused in the Sun office. Furthermore, by a perusal of Lieut. SCHWATKA's letter of July 19, which we publish this morning, the Sun will observe that he in no wise amends his claim save to amplify and confirm it. "I named the great river on whose banks I was the first white man to set foot," says he, "and having the right to name, after Mr. GEORGE JONES, of New-York City, the patron of the expedition." But the Sun has no excuse for deferring its confession and apology, since the proofs of its misrepresentations are at hand and accessible, and its own uneasy conscience, if it has such a thing, has long since advised it of their extent and flagrancy. We must assume, therefore, that the Sun declines to retract and apologize, and we shall proceed to administer the promised chastisement.

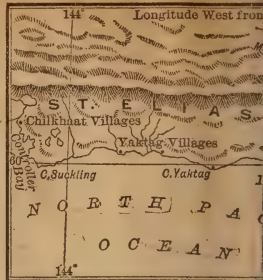
On Saturday, Sept. 25, the Sun published an editorial article entitled "Jones River in 1786," in which every material point of its attack upon Lieut. SCHWATKA's work was embodied. We have already replied to the Sun's citation of DALL's map and the Hydrographic map as authorities for its assertions; we have already shown that DALL nowhere mentions the discovery or exploration of the river flowing into Icy Bay, and that in his map, as in that of the Hydrographic Office, the indication of the Jones River by a faint line at the head of the bay was purely conjectural, just as in the case of numerous other bays on the Alaskan coasts rivers are indicated which no man ever surveyed or saw, and as to whose existence a plausible guess is the sole authority of the earlier and later map-makers. And the fact that this great river, a mile and a half wide at two miles from its mouth has never been named by civilized man until Lieut. SCHWATKA named it was adduced by us in further and complete refutation of the assertion that it was known to DALL or to the Hydrographic Office.

Let us now take up the second half of the Sun's article, in which, in claiming for LA PÉROUSE and VANCOUVER the discovery of this stream or a knowledge of its existence, the Sun writer involves himself in a maze of the most astonishing falsehoods and blunders and caps the climax of his audacious perversions by inserting in his article a distorted, false, and fraudulent cut of a section of one of LA PÉROUSE's charts. We here reprint this portion of the Sun's article, with its most flagrant blunders and misrepresentations numbered for convenience of reference:

"We are even willing to give THE TIMES further instruction in the matter. We reproduce here from the folio atlas accompanying the account of a 'Voyage around the World in the Years 1785-1788,' by Capt. JEAN FRAPOUR, the map of LA PÉROUSE a section of his chart, numbered 17, showing 'Jones River,' (1) in all its mud-dily glorious course from the mountains to the head of Icy Bay, (2) the topography is perhaps less accurate than in some of the maps and charts of the present century, but the date of the map cannot fail to interest Mr. JONES. LA PÉROUSE, writing in 1786, the *Revue*, and the *Astrolabe*, visited this part of the Alaskan coast in July, 1786, (3) Lieut. SCHWATKA discovered 'Jones River' in July, 1886—that is to say,

exactly one hundred years later.

"Eight years after LA PÉROUSE had recorded the existence of this river, Icy Bay and other points along the coast were explored and surveyed by that gallant navigator, Capt. GEORGE VANCOUVER, of the Royal Navy. He anchored at his ship, the *Chatham*, (5), in Icy Bay, and his published account of the voyage (London edition, 1788, Vol. III.) contains a very excellent steel or copper print



of the bay, its shores and surrounding glaciers, and the noble mountain scenery of the background. He had observed of the "quantity of white muddy water that flowed from it into the sea," (6), and he describes the natural features of the bay itself in terms far more graphic and satisfactory than Lieut. SCHWATKA's somewhat confused relation:

"A high, abrupt cliff, white forming the west point of a bay, bounded by a solid body of ice, frozen snow. From the eastern side of this icy bay the coast, forming a bay, or rather, moderately elevated land, behind which high distant snowy mountains were seen."

"It is proper to explain for the information of THE TIMES that although in this extract the bay is spoken of as 'this icy bay,' it is elsewhere designated as Icy Bay, the name by which it has been known to voyagers for nearly a hundred years. A few days later VANCOUVER was at anchor in an inlet near Cape Manby, (7), to the east of Icy Bay, when a trading party of nine Russians and a number of Indians came in from a journey along the coast, from west to east. The leader of the party was 'Mr. FORTY's old Russian friend KEROV.' FORTY reported that east of Cape Suckling he had crossed (8) two rivers, the first probably being that which Mr. JONES will find laid down in the Hydrographic Office chart as emptying near Cape Yakutat. The second river, as will be seen, is fully identified with 'Jones River' (9). We quote VANCOUVER:

"From this river (the first) they had gone to another, a few leagues to the eastward, and had some opening noticed by me at noon on the 27th of June. This was obstructed with a similar bar and a less depth of water within it, and is called by them (the natives) Riko Bolahé Unala. Here FORTY met with fifty and sixty of the native Indians, who treacherously murdered one of the Russians while asleep at a little distance from the main body; on discovering which, a skirmish had ensued, in which six of the native Indians were killed and their chief taken prisoner; after this they quitted their station and stopped at a small rivulet on the eastern side of Icy Bay, from which the whole party had come hither."

"We utilize the reference to the small rivulet because Lieut. SCHWATKA alludes to the same stream in his account of his progress up the east shore of the bay to the mouth of 'Jones River,' and because it will also be found laid down in LA PÉROUSE's chart of 1786, (10). It serves to fix the identity of 'Jones River' with that on the banks of which FORTY encountered the hostile Indians, and it also gives us the original name of the stream, which has been illegitimately disguised with the name of the proprietor of THE TIMES. Riko Bolahé Unala is the real name of the so-called Jones River, (11)."

We will now take up these gross misstatements in their order for exposure and correction, and in each case we shall give the reference to the pages of LA PÉROUSE, VANCOUVER, and other authorities, in order that every reader of this article may test its accuracy and to furnish the Sun a guide by which it may retrace its crooked path of investigation and be the more fully convinced of its own stupidity and unscrupulousness.

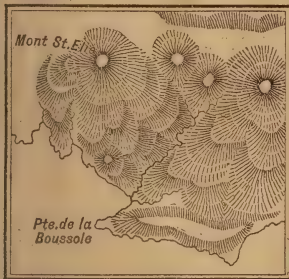
1. The section of LA PÉROUSE's chart 17 reproduced and published by the Sun



does not "show Jones River" in its course from the mountains to Icy Bay, but shows, so far as it shows any existing thing, a river emptying into the Pacific Ocean at Point Manby, some 23 miles east of Icy Bay, and having no more to do with Jones River than it has to do with the Danube. And we here present visible proof that the *Sun's* falsified the section of LA PÉROUSE's map with which its article was accompanied and perverted its geographical significance with a view to making the Point Manby River appear as the Jones River.

#### THE *SUN'S* FALSE MAP

Compare carefully the fac simile here printed of the *Sun's* cut with the true representation of this part of LA PÉROUSE's map given below, which was engraved from a faithful tracing of chart 17 in the great folio atlas accompanying LA PÉROUSE's "Voyage."



FROM LA PÉROUSE'S CHART.

The reader will observe that on the *Sun's* map the river flows along the western base of Mount St. Elias, and empties into a bay which the *Sun* asserts is Icy Bay. But on LA PÉROUSE's chart 17 this river flows along the eastern base of Mount St. Elias. The mountain is wholly and altogether west of the stream, as will be seen by a glance at our fac simile. The *Sun's* falsification of the map consists in this: It has left the summit and nearly the whole mass of St. Elias off its map, in order that its readers may mistake the smaller unnamed peak just under the word "Elias" for the greater mountain. The *Sun* was obliged to resort to this despicable deception in order to make LA PÉROUSE's chart 17 available for its purposes, as it was necessary somehow to get the mountain on the east side of the river.

2. The river shown upon this section of LA PÉROUSE's map does not empty into "the head of Icy Bay." The *Sun* ignorantly supposes that the point forming the eastern side of the bay shown on the chart is Riou Point. It is not. LA PÉROUSE named this point "Pointe de la Boussole," after one of the vessels of his expedition, and the name is appended to it in his chart, is represented in our fac simile, but is omitted by the *Sun*. On page 206 of the United States Coast Survey's "Pacific Coast Pilot: Alaska, Part I, 1893," we find the following: "About 20 miles westward from Ocean Cape is Point Manby, the exact position of which is doubtful, since VANCOUVER's position has been shown to be inaccurate by observations made by the United States Coast Sur-

vey in 1880. Note: This is Point de la Boussole of LA PÉROUSE." The position of Point Manby relative to the point at the eastern side of Icy Bay may be seen on the small map of the St. Elias coast region, which we give below. The *Sun* confounds the two, though they are about 23 miles apart on an east and west line.

3. LA PÉROUSE did not "visit this part of the Alaskan coast in July, 1786," or ever. This navigator, sailing from the Sandwich Islands, made straight for the coast of Alaska, and in his log book opposite the date June 24, 1786, we find the following entry: "E. S. E. wind. Fresh breeze and fair. At 5 A. M. saw the coast of N. A. [North America] and at noon set Mount St. Elias N. 32° W. by compass." We quote from the English edition of 1799. On page 358 LA PÉROUSE describes the coast and mountains as he saw them, and says: "At noon we had an observation which gave us the latitude of 59° 21' north, and our longitude by the timekeepers was 143° 23' west." According to LA PÉROUSE's chart, on which his course is laid down, his position in longitude 143° 23' west and latitude 59° 21' was some 45 miles south and 15 miles east of Icy Bay; and from this point his course lay east as he was "desirous of finding a harbor." At noon of June 25 he had made his way up to 143° 3' west longitude, according to his observations, which do not accord with the lines to be found on maps of the present day, and was near the entrance of Yakutat Bay, which he entered, and found the desired harbor, Port Mulgrave, in the inlet he named Baie de Monti. Icy Bay and the river at its head he never saw or even imagined to exist, and his sketches of the coast, as well as his chart 17, represent, so far as his personal observation goes, no part of Alaska.

more than five miles west of Point Manby. This, we imagine, will be a sufficient answer to the *Sun's* assertion, on Sept. 23, that LA PÉROUSE "visited Icy Bay just one hundred years before SCHWATKA," and to its repetition of that blunder two days later.

Now let us make mince-meat of the *Sun's* statements concerning VANCOUVER's discoveries. The task is an easy one and we will perform it with such thoroughness as to make the name of that "gallant navigator" forever odious in the *Sun's* office. Continuing the correction of these blunders in their numbered order, we have to remark:

4. That VANCOUVER did not "anchor his ship, the *Chatham*, in Icy Bay." On page 349, Vol. V., of the London edition of 1801 of VANCOUVER's "Voyage of Discovery" we find his first mention of Icy Bay. On Saturday, June 28, 1794, as VANCOUVER was sailing eastward along the coast he sighted "a high, abrupt cliff point forming the west point of a bay bounded by a solid body of ice or frozen snow, N. 21° E. From the eastern side of this icy bay," he continues, "the coast formed of low or rather moderately elevated land, extended to N. 64°; beyond which high distant snowy mountains were seen N. 67° E. Against these adverse winds, which almost constantly attended us, we were obliged to ply; but as at times they varied their direction a little we gained some small advantage, so that by 10 o'clock on Sunday forenoon we tacked in 23 fathoms within a league of the east point of the above icy bay, which I named 'Point Riou.'" He then describes the coast to the eastward of Point Riou and "at noon" Point Riou bore "N. 23 W., distant 9 miles." This means that his ship had passed Icy Bay entirely and without anchoring. He never anchored there, never returned there, and

there is not the slightest excuse for the *Sun's* blunder. The plate, "Icy Bay and Mount St. Elias" shows VANCOUVER's ship under full sail passing the bay, which, as delineated, is no bay at all.

5. The *Chatham* was not VANCOUVER's ship. At the very beginning of his narrative, chapter I, page 83, VANCOUVER says: "On the 15th of December, 1790, I had the honor of receiving my commission as commander of his Majesty's sloop, the *Discovery*. \* \* \* Lieut. WILLIAM ROBERT BROUGHTON having been selected as a proper officer to command the *Chatham* he was accordingly selected." And the title page of this interesting work shows that the *Chatham* was the "armed tender" of the *Discovery*.

6. The "quantity of white muddy matter that flowed from it into the sea," which VANCOUVER observed, most assuredly had nothing to do with Icy Bay or with the river at its head, for this phenomenon was remarked by him "about 2 in the morning of Friday," (page 347,) while it was not until noon of Saturday, after 34 hours of continuous eastward sailing, that the "cliffy point" forming the western side of Icy Bay was described by him "N. 21° E.," and he notes that the west point of the bay from which the "white muddy water" issued was in "longitude 216° 57' (west,) while he was in "longitude 218° 17'" when he first perceived the western point of Icy Bay. The distance from the first point to the second was therefore 1° 20' of longitude, and this on the sixtieth parallel of latitude was equal to 46.1 miles. Yet the pen of the *Sun's* surprising fool never paused an instant over this feat of annihilating 46.1 miles of Alaska's icy coast.

7. VANCOUVER was not "a few days later" or at any other time "at anchor in an inlet near Cape [sic] Manby." The *Chatham*, which left Prince William's Sound on June 12, (page 371), the *Discovery* remaining there until June 17, (page 324,) did anchor in Port Mulgrave, which is an inlet in Yakutat Bay, 17 miles east of Point Manby. But the commander of the *Discovery*, sailing along the coast from Icy Bay, and learning, on July 2, that the *Chatham* had reached Port Mulgrave three days before, decided to hold on his course, (page 353,) and his first anchorage was found in Cross Sound July 7.

8, 9, 10, 11. The errors in this part of the *Sun's* article are so monstrous and so clearly without excuse that we can account for them by no theory save one—that of deliberate misstatement. We will take up together for convenience's sake the four grossest perversions of the Portoff incident. The extent of the *Sun's* offending against truth, as well as the utter groundlessness of its contention that the river called Riko Bolshé Unala and the Jones River are one and the same, will be made perfectly clear by reference to the little map of the Alaska coast from Cape Suckling to Yakutat Bay. PORTOFF did not report that he had "crossed two rivers." PORTOFF and his party traveled in canoes, not by land. Chapter VIII. of the fifth volume of VANCOUVER's "Voyage" is devoted to PUGET's narrative of what the *Chatham* did during the time of her separation from the *Discovery*. On page 385 we find the following:

"From PORTOFF was understood that he quitted Cook's Inlet about a month or five weeks before with seven hundred skin canoes, carrying about 1,400 Kodiak and Cook's Inlet Indians, with nine Russians, all under his direction, on an expedition to procure sea otter and other furs, and that the whole party were now assembled at this bay. Their route had been close along the coast and in a shallow bay about eight leagues to the east of Cape Suckling, (mentioned by me early in the morning of the



27th of June, they stopped at a small river which empties itself into that bay, and is called by them *Riko Malo Unala*."

From this point, after describing the bar at the entrance to the river, the narrative continues as quoted in the *Sun*. But VANCOUVER was of the opinion that PORTOFF's second river, the Riko Bolshe Unala, was "the same opening noticed by me [him] at noon on the 27th of June." Turning back to page 348 we find that at noon on the 27th of June VANCOUVER's "observations showed the latitude to be 59° 57', longitude 217° 46', [east:] a small opening in the beach, which from the muddy water flowing from it was evidently the entrance into a lagoon or shallow rivulet N. 66 W., distant nine miles." Now, it was not until noon of the next day, June 28, when VANCOUVER had advanced eastwardly to longitude 218° 17', which represents a distance of about 17 miles, that he first described the "high, abrupt cliffy point forming the west point of" Icy Bay, and at this time the point bore N. 21 E. off his port bow. Clearly, then, the Riko Bolshe Unala if it were the stream whose mouth VANCOUVER had observed on June 27, could not have been the stream emptying into the head of Icy Bay. But we are not content to take this story as told to PUGET, who spoke no Russian, by PORTOFF, who spoke no English. Let us turn to a Russian authority upon PORTOFF's adventures upon this coast, and in so doing destroy altogether the *Sun*'s last hope of identifying the Riko Bolshe Unala with the Jones River, and make the inspired blunderer who attempted this identification desire nothing so ardently as a stout rope with which to hang himself.

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, in his thick volume upon Alaska, gives an account of PORTOFF's trading and hunting expedition and his authority is P. TIKHMENEF's "Izvestieskoeto Obrazovanie Obrazovanie Rossi-yako, Amerikanskoi Kompanii." (Historical Review of the Origin of the Russian American Company, St. Petersburg, 1861-3, two vols.)

Upon page 346 of BANCROFT's "Alaska" we find the following account of what happened upon the banks of the Riko Bolshe Unala:

"On the 31st of May the whole party encamped on the beach and within a short distance of a large Aglegmute village without being aware of the fact. During the night some of the hunters became alarmed at the sounds of numerous voices proceeding from the woods. An armed detachment, composed of the most courageous, ventured to penetrate into the forest, and, guided by the smell of smoke and the cries of children, made their way to the village, which was situated on the opposite side of a river. During the confusion occasioned by their unexpected arrival they succeeded in capturing the chief and his brother, and then made good their retreat to the camp. One of their number, however, a Kadlak Interpreter, was intercepted and killed by the natives. The chief and his brother were taken to the camp, treated to food and drink, and pillaged with presents, until they promised to call together their people the following day to negotiate with the Russians. \* \* \* As soon as the weather permitted PORTOFF [for so BANCROFT spells his name] proceeded to Icy Bay, called Natchik by the natives, and by the 10th of June his hunters had secured 400 sea otter skins, all that could be obtained."

Several things appear from this statement. If PORTOFF and his party were "encamped on the beach" they obviously were not encamped at the head of Icy Bay. Secondly, the river which they crossed to reach the Aglegmute village could not have been the river at the head of Icy Bay with its mile and a half of chilling waters to ford or swim. Thirdly, the Aglegmutes, hardy as they doubtless were, would not have established

their village on the glacial banks of Icy Bay's great river. Fourthly and finally, if PORTOFF were already on Icy Bay, as the *Sun* contends, it would have been impossible for him to "proceed to Icy Bay," as it is related that he did, "as soon as the weather permitted." In short, the Riko Bolshe Unala myth disappears in the thinnest vapor on the most superficial investigation. And we can scarcely doubt that the writer of the *Sun*'s article was acquainted with the facts we have cited, as, unfortunately for him, he made an ostentatious display of his familiarity with the exploits of Russian traders in the *Sun* of Monday, Sept. 27, mentioning the names of several of these adventurous men, all of which he found in the pages of BANCROFT's volume, which we must assume he had read with sufficient care to observe the flimsiness of the Riko Bolshe Unala theory.

Thus we have met and refuted every point advanced by the New-York *Sun* in its attempt to deprive Lieut. SCHWATKA of his honors as a discoverer. And furthermore, we have convicted the *Sun* of numerous falsehoods and of blunders almost worse than falsehoods. We have gone into this subject somewhat in detail and have devoted to it considerable space, because we felt it incumbent upon us to defend Lieut. SCHWATKA and THE TIMES expedition from the assaults of this envious and malicious slanderer. And we were determined that the work should be done thoroughly once and for all. To this end we have cited authorities and have given references which supply the completest proof of every assertion we have made. And now the last feeble support of the *Sun*'s fabric of falsehood is swept away by the statement of the officers of the Coast Survey and the Hydrographic Office that the slender stream laid down on the official maps at the head of Icy Bay is not there as the fruit of discovery and surveys, but of conjecture merely, precisely as we asserted, and by their further declaration that Lieut. SCHWATKA is entitled to the honors of a discoverer and to the privilege of naming the Jones River.

#### JUSTICE TO LIEUT. SCHWATKA.

THE GREAT VALUE OF HIS WORK OFFICIALLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The reports of Lieut. Schwatka from Alaska, as printed in THE TIMES, have interested the Government employees in the Hydrographic and Coast Survey Offices, and further details are awaited as sure to be valuable as contributions to the rather scant knowledge heretofore obtained of the character of the coast near Mount St. Elias. At the Hydrographic Office, where the best chart of the coast was shown, it was admitted that if Lieut. Schwatka learned as much of the nature of the river emptying into Icy Bay as he has described, he was entitled to name it, for none of the charts had yet given it a name. Chart 527, the latest issued, indicates a river flowing into Icy Bay, as do the old charts prepared by the Russians, but it is admitted that the river must have been put down by the draughtsmen who made the chart rather as a matter of conjecture than certainty. Certain indications led some one, years ago, to believe that a river should empty into the bay at its head, but the fact that the course of the river, as indicated feebly, varies in several charts, helps out the idea that it was imagined rather than explored. Nothing has been heard from the expedition under Lieut. Schwatka except the newspaper reports, and no communication was expected from him.

The Coast Survey charts are not more satisfactory than those of the Hydrographic Office to inform those who desire to learn about the physical features away from the coast. Icy Bay, as indicated by the Coast Survey charts, is less distinctly defined than it is on the less recently corrected charts in the Hydrographic Office. Mr. Colonna says that there is no doubt that Mr. Schwatka was entitled to name any river he found for the reason that none of the rivers along that section of coast are named in any of the charts. The fact is that there has been no careful survey made of the neighborhood of Mount St. Elias, and not only Icy Bay but the topography of the country are set down largely as the result of conjecture. Mr. Colonna regarded the feat of climbing 7,200 feet on Mount St. Elias as a great one, but declared it to be impossible for any man to reach the top of the mountain and live. He produced a sketch of the peak taken by Lieut. Dall at a distance of 43 statute miles from the shore by telescope, in which the foothills appeared like ripples on a pond, and the peak rose abruptly behind these foot hills in almost perpendicular walls.

The officers of both branches of the service alluded to do not hesitate to say that so far as they have given attention to Lieut. Schwatka's reports, they entitle him to great credit as an explorer and discoverer.

JANUARY 24, 1887.

: NEW YORK,

THE EVENING POST

ALASKA DURING 1886.

The Story of a Year's Progress—Rapid Development—Resources of Forest, Mine, and Sea—New Enterprises—Improved Communications—Educational and Religious Progress.

The dissemination of a great amount of information through the medium of recently published books, maps, magazines, photographs, Government reports, and newspaper correspondence has done much to correct the erroneous estimate which has hitherto obtained in respect to the remote Territory of Alaska. The book by Capt. Jacobsen, a collector for the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, which is published in German at Berlin, gives a map and an account of his travels on the lower Yukon and the northern coast. Dr. Everett of the Smithsonian Institution has a vast amount of notes and sketch maps as the result of two years' residence on the Yukon. Elliott's "Arctic Province" and Hall's "New Alaska," both illustrated with plates and maps, Miss Scidmore's popular excursion book, the Rev. Mr. Young's missionary book, Lieut. Schwatka's magazine articles and official reports, the reports of Lieut. Stoney and Lieut. Allen's explorations, the voluminous Pacific Coast correspondence and magazine literature, all throw light on a subject which has long been viewed "through a glass darkly." A very interesting series of photographs showing people and things on the Kuskokwim River has been published by the Moravian Missionary Society at Bethlehem, Pa. There are no less than three resident photographers at Sitka and Juneau who are constantly taking views of local scenery. Two weekly papers published, one at Sitka and the other at Juneau, contribute regularly to the growing fund of information. During the past



two years a score of visiting artists have transferred to plaque and canvas the beauties of Alaskan landscapes and the characteristics of its people. The annual messages of the energetic Governor of the Territory add official weight to other accepted testimony, and the aggregate of evidence is tending constantly to corroborate the faithful reports of "Prof. Hall and Special Treasury Agent Morris" made nearly twenty years ago, and to dissipate the long-cherished fallacy that the physical features of Alaska are purely boreal and her principal product ice. The enormous productive power of southeastern Alaska is no longer disputed, while the capabilities of the vast interior region drained by the mighty Ukon River are by no means problematical. Its value as a gold-producing factor is becoming annually more apparent. Enough has been seen already to convince sagacious men that within the next decade Humboldt's declared conviction that "the great mother deposits of precious metals are in the far north" will be vindicated in Alaska.

We have no longer to guess at Alaska's possibilities, but simply to contemplate its rapid development—a development we may say altogether remarkable, in view of the repressive policy of the Government, and the obstacles and disabilities which not only impede progress, but make every attempt at enterprise a penal offence; for the public lands are not on the market, they are not for sale; immigrants cannot buy them or locate homes upon them; they cannot clear them for agricultural purposes, nor cut one stick of timber for building or for export without being liable to all the pains and penalties of trespassers upon the public domain. During the past season several timber-laden vessels were seized and confiscated with their cargoes. This is a stimulus to enterprise and settlement with a vengeance. Yet the year 1886 has witnessed the infusion into the resident community of Alaska of some of the best energy and business talent of the older States. As a direct result the development of the Territory has been such as to justify the anticipations of its most sanguine advocates and friends. Long neglected wants have been supplied; waste places have been restored; new machinery put in motion; a new order of things established. Whether it be in moral or religious advancement, in the introduction of the appliances of civilized life, the establishment of new industries, the development of mines, the opening of internal improvements, or the utilization of its home products, her enormous progressive stride is sufficiently marked to excite surprise and demand some serious thought.

The forecast of the author of 'Our New Alaska' seems to have been abundantly realized wherein he declares that "the time is close at hand when her forests will yield their treasures, her mines their richness, her seas their abundance, and all her quiet coves be converted into busy harbors. Her grassy islands will pasture goodly herds, and her exuberant soil team with vegetables and fruit. The gelid output from her glacier fronts will be harvested for transportation to the semi-torrid latitudes below; pleasure yachts will thread the intricacies of her smudged islands, and no retreat for invalids and summer saunterers be half so popular." The renovation which has taken place throughout the whole of Alaska within the past eighteen months can be fully appreciated only by those who have witnessed its dejection. Until about a year ago there was not even a lodging house in southeastern Alaska, and newcomers had to spread their rugs upon the planks of warehouses and official quarters. Now there are good hotels and boarding-houses at the principal towns, and Sitka has already become an attractive watering-place for summer visitors. The influx of miners into the Yukon country and the increasing output of the mines along the

coast have set in motion new enterprises of trade and transportation. During last season two steamers, four sloops, and one schooner were engaged in carrying supplies to Chilkoot at the head of the trail leading over the mountain passes to the Yukon. Two steamers have plied regularly on the Strikien River from Wrangel to Glenora, 190 miles, transporting goods for the Oskian mining country in British Columbia, a trade which has hitherto employed some seventy Indian canoes. Three large steamers, the *Ancon*, *Idaho*, and *Mexico*, have been on the regular mail route between Port Townsend, Victoria, and Sitka. Two steamers and one sloop plied between Seattle, W. T., and Sitka. Four schooners were employed by the Chican saw-mill; two steamers were employed by the Northwest Trading Company, one steamer by the Karluk Trading Company, one steamer by the Iuke Mountain Mining Company, several sailing vessels were engaged in the coast trade, to say nothing of the numerous steam and sailing craft in use by the several canneries and oil establishments along shore. One vessel took a cargo of ice to Seattle. A regular steamer plied between Klavak and Wrangel. There were several private sailing yachts and steam launches. Altogether some thirty craft were employed in commerce. The previous year the monthly mail steamer and an occasional tramp trading vessel were the only craft seen in the Alaskan Archipelago, except the gunboat *Pinta* and the surveying steamer *Fattison*. This year the surveying steamer *McArthur*, the light-house tender *Manzanita*, and a steam launch for the *Pinta* have reinforced the fleet. Two of the regular mail steamers have been supplied with steam launches. It may be stated further, in the interest of trade and navigation, that a shipyard was established at Chican and a forty-ton sloop called the *Oyue* was built there for the Alaskan timber trade. A twenty-five-ton freight scow was also built at Wrangel, and two scows were purchased for like uses. In connection with this it should be mentioned that considerable Government work was done in the matter of triangulation, planting of tripicks, and locating buoys, the granite anchor-blocks for which were brought all the way from New England. Mail routes have been established between a dozen different localities not down on the books last year, and a new line of steamers to Tacoma is projected.

Sawmills have been built at Chican, Howcan, and Juneau, and outfitting stores established at Juneau, Red Bay, Wrangel, Chilkoot, Taiga, and Kinik, at the head of Cook's Inlet. At Chilkoot are two stores, and three at Taiga, which is the camp of the Indian packers over the trail. At Red Bay there is also a new cannery stated by Alex. Choquette, an old pioneer of thirty years' residence in the Territory. At Sitka there is a fish-barrel factory, and a halibut and salmon-curing establishment operated by a San Francisco firm which has also a salmon cannery at Redoubt Lake, some ten miles away. At Karluk, Kasilnoo, Kaskan, Kasloff, Lake Loring, and Pyramid Lake are canneries, and there is also a cannery at Bartlett's Bay operated by Indians. Near by is a fruit-preserving establishment conducted by Indians, who put up dewberries, huckleberries, strawberries, cranberries, and salalberries. There is an oil factory at Kilsnoo, which has contributed fifty barrels of cold-pressed seal oil to the American exhibition to be opened in London next May. The Northwest Trading Company has two large stores at Sitka, Wrangel, Juneau, Kilsnoo, Ounashka and other prominent points. None of these were started the past year, however, nor were any of the fish canneries named. Whenever the market will justify it the amount of capital invested in the last-named industry is likely to be largely increased. There is no lack of raw materials. When the Rev. Mr. Young of the Wrangel Training School wished to lay in his winter

supply of salmon last summer, he went out with his family one day, and at one haul of the seine caught twenty-one barrels, which they cleaned and salted.

The weather throughout the past season was such as to retard mining operations, the spring being six weeks late and the snow remaining so long as to discourage prospectors from venturing into the mountains. The mining interest, however, has been largely augmented by men and capital, and the output of all the districts largely increased. The Yukon country has been a great success. Some 150 men went in the past year over the Chilkoot trail, and not one of them failed to make at least "grub stakes," and the sums realized per man ran from that minimum up to \$6,500. The Indian packers who carried over this mining outfit

divided about \$7,000 as the results of their labor. About 200 of them were engaged—men, women, and children. An increased rush of proprietors is expected next spring. The output of the Douglas Island 120 stamp mill, which was \$100,000 monthly in 1885, is said to have been greatly increased last year, but the quantity is kept secret. It is claimed to be the best mine on the continent. There are a number of adjoining ledges which have been prepared for further development, and it is expected two additional stamp-mills which have been erected will be running this year. A single steamer brought 140 miners to Juneau last May, some of whom went to the Yukon country. There were sixty men, including Indians, employed at the Silver Bay placer diggings on the mountain back of Juneau, and some new grounds were opened. A new five-stamp mill was established on Gold Creek, half way up to the basin, and a new quartz crusher was set up near the Takon Union west of ledges. A year ago every pound of freight had to be packed over on the backs of men; horses did not exist in the Territory. A great deal of work has been done at the Silver Bay quartz mines near Sitka. It is said that \$150,000 was expended last year in tunnels, shafts, pipes, machinery, wharves, etc., but the value of the mine is not yet wholly assured. The Indian River placers near Sitka have also engaged attention, and some work has been done on Admiralty Island. Several new discoveries of coal and gold have been made, and new mining companies have been incorporated.

Some progress has been made in agriculture and stock raising the past year. Wagons, horses, and implements have been supplied for the Wrangel Farm, which is run in the interest of the training school; at that place, cows, sheep, and chickens are raised there and wintered without shelter. Barley, potatoes, and root crops are raised. The tract is on an island and comprises some 1,200 acres. Messrs. Reed & Payne have a cattle ranch on Guistinaux Channel, some six miles from Juneau, where they propose to supply the market with beef. They have some fifty head of beef cattle at present and a dozen of stock cattle, and they also raise fresh vegetables for market. There is another cattle ranch at Warm Springs, near Sitka, owned by Judge Brady. There is no difficulty in wintering and feeding stock in southeastern Alaska. The coldest day last January was only 5° above zero. Mule teams and ox teams have made their appearance in Sitka, and at Juneau are quite a number of teams engaged in hauling to the mines. A year ago a single mule was the sole beast of burden in Alaska. There are a number of fine vegetable gardens at Sitka and on the islands in the vicinity.

In the matter of education and missions Alaska has made great strides in a single year. Government schools are now in operation at St. Michaels, on the coast, at Bethel, on the Kuskokwim River, at Unga, Atogruk, Kodiak, Haines, on the Chilkoot Inlet, Wrangel, Juneau, Kill-



snoo, Jackson, Kawk, L'rang, and Sitka. At Juneau are 600 Indian children and one-third as many whites, who have hitherto been without school privileges. There are two schools at Sitka, engaging 150 pupils. At Wrangel there is a mission and training-school, where the average daily attendance for the year was sixty-three. There is a Presbyterian mission station at Juneau, Sitka, Chitkat, and Omashka. It is said that at Chitkat the whole population attend the Sunday services bodily. There are good schools on St. Paul and St. George's Islands in charge of the Alaska Commercial Seal Fur Company. Religious services are now held regularly at Sitka in the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and Greek churches. Some of the native girls have learned to set type and are engaged as compositors on the weekly papers printed at Sitka and Wrangel. Some of the men have enlisted on the United States naval vessels cruising in Alaskan waters.

Building has been active in Juneau and Sitka, and on Douglas Island. The two sawmills at Juneau have been running to their fullest capacity, furnishing materials. At Juneau a large three-story hotel, with billiard tables, offices, reading-room, mineral cabinet, and other appliances, has gone up. A wholesale outfitting store, a second hotel and restaurant, city water-works, a fire company with seventy-two buckets, a bell-tower, a brass band, a club-house, and a resident physician, to say nothing of several attorneys and a district court, are among her latest acquisitions. The gross value of buildings, etc., recently assessed, is about \$128,000, not including the lots of land, the title to which still vests in the United States. Sitka, too, has waked up from her long lethargy. New dwellings have been added and old ones repaired and fresh painted. Sitka has now a fire brigade, with engine, a fire-bell, a two-story carpenter shop, a brass band, club-house, base-ball club, a weekly paper, resident physician, besides the United States naval surgeon, two photograph galleries, a dramatic society, dancing academy, classes in languages, a debating society, lyceum, a good hotel, several good boarding-houses, water-works for the mission, hot-beds, and vegetable gardens, new fences, new sidewalks, and in fact everything. Several pianos and organs have arrived during the season. Indeed, without effort Sitka has suddenly become a popular summer resort for invalids, artists, and portulans, the counterpart of which does not exist on the continent. With her towering mountains, pretty islands, her extinct crater, her river, Indian picnic grounds, her hot springs, her Russian reminiscences, and her trout-fishing and deer-shooting, the sheltered inland waters, and the wonderful glaciers within a day's sail, the offers attractions hard to duplicate. It is estimated that the white population has doubled within twelve months.

In brief, Alaska has made material and social progress during the past year of which she may well be proud, thereby increasing her claim to political recognition and the privilege of local self-government. All she asks is to have her straight jacket removed, so that her natural action may not be impeded, and that she may have freedom to grow and produce.

# THE ST. ELIAS FLAT LANDS. STRUGGLING WITH THE UNDERBRUSH OF THE ALASKAN FORESTS—ASCENDING THE WINDING BANKS OF JONES RIVER TO THE MORAINES—ICE-COLD STREAMS CROSSED ON THE BACKS OF INDIANS—PECULIARITIES OF ALAS- KAN SCENERY.

CAMP 2, MORAINES OF THE AGASSIZ?  
GLACIER, ALASKA, JULY 21, 1880.

It is characteristic of that great Alaskan range of mountains, the St. Elias Alps, which face the Pacific Ocean throughout their whole extent, that toward that mighty sea they have none of the rolling foothills which with so many, in fact nearly all, great mountain chains connect the rugged, barren "backbone of the range" by insensible and gradually diminishing inclines with the valleys that lie on either side. Nor do they go down with mountainous roughness and steep descent plump into the inky blackness of the broad sea's depths, except at a very few points here and there where some bold bluff of the range juts beyond its fellows and where the outlying flat lands, of which I wish to give a brief description, curve back to meet its precipitous flanks. But between the foot of the mountains and the sea stretches a low, level plain, as seen from the mountains themselves, which varies in width from a mile or two to probably 15 or 20, and which cannot be seen from the Pacific Ocean till the craft carrying the observer is quite near, leaving the effect after all as if the mountains descended into the sea with no outlying glaciis of any description. As seen from the mountains' flanks these flat lands, as I have chosen to call them, look like a densely wooded country with here and there a silvery lake connected with its neighbor of the same sort by a silvery thread, which one conjectures to be a draining stream from one into the other. Taking the great pine and fir woods at home as a criterion, one would think that these would be grand places for a stroll, through the dense forests devoid of underbrush, with just enough fallen timber to give pleasant exercise in leaping across now and then, while the shores of the lakes and the connecting rivers gave an accommodating relief in grassy sward, where perchance a deer or bear might be had in the open, and ducks and geese upon the waters. There is nothing more delusive than this picture of the flat lands of the St. Elias Alps, even though the material from which it is formed is directly before the eyes. The minute the forest is entered, however dense may be the overhanging boughs, there is a perfect network of rank underbrush, which grows thickly over the numerous fallen trees that, wrapped in a soft moss up to which one often sinks to his very middle, never seem to rot, but go on accumulating and piling over each other till no one can even form a reasonable conjecture where the ground underneath them may be. So dense is the moss that it forms a connecting carpet over everything, joining one fallen log to another, and even running up the trunks and branches of the other trees and drooping in festoons and often sheets of drapery from every twig and bough above the head. A fallen log is only indicated by a ridge of moss, and should a pedestrian, following this indication, stop aside he may go to his middle or armpits in the soft moss and find his feet bring up against a soft, oozy black mud of unknown depth, and where the rankest of rank weeds grow in spare numbers and sticky color in their almost dark-room existence under the thick moss and dense foliage of the timber. It seems more like the woods of Southern Florida or the Dismal Swamp of Virginia than a country cut in two by the arctic circle, and one can hardly keep from thinking of snakes and reptiles till time alone cures him of such thoughts. Such pretty

open places as we often see under the heavy pine and fir woods at home are almost unknown among the Alaskan forests, but when encountered for short strips here and there they really seem more pleasant than with us, more by mere striking contrast with the less comfortable patches near by, from which the traveler has emerged, and into which he must again soon plunge, however much he may dread it.

The little silvery lakes with great wide shores are even more delusive than the forests to one's expectations. They are only great swamps, the lakes being only where the water they hold is too deep or too constantly present for the rank grass to grow, while the lovely wide shores on nearer inspection are but the shallow waters of the swamp, where the grass can grow in such dense profusion that it simulates the land, but through which one splashes water knee high every time he steps. This runs to the very forest's edge and connects with the wet, spongy moss of the deep undergrowth. I have probably dwelt too long on this not very exciting subject of the St. Elias flat lands, but I think it is quite necessary for a clear understanding of our first few days' journey across them.

The effects had all been assorted out, and the scientific instruments, arms and ammunition, provisions, etc., that were to go, and

those that were to be left behind at Icy Bay, had been determined upon. It demonstrated clearly that the Indian packers of the party in taking some 80 to 75 pounds each (and I was not at all sure of any more—but rather less—over a wholly unknown trail, most of it of a mountainous character, would have to go twice over the trail, and this fact was combined with a plan to measure forcibly and metrically by one observer in each camp as we progressed and while the Indians were making their necessary double trip between the two camps.

Had had Indian packers of this same tribe (the Chilkats) on a trip across the Alaskan coast range of mountains, but these Indians were a different clan from the Yakutats, (the Chilkats, in fact) and I had every reason to know that the Chilkats knew nothing about the art of packing than their Yakutat brethren. These Chilkats were wont to carry 100 pounds a man over a 40-mile mountain trail of the most Alpine character, even the point of dangerousness in some of its parts, some of the best of their men carrying nearly 150, (I afterward heard that one Chilkat Indian, "Skookum Jim" by name, had carried 200 pounds twice over the Chitkat trail). Still, but as was the trail over which they had to go, the Chilkats knew it thoroughly, and therefore just what to expect, having packed over it almost from their infancy, carrying in their hands, while they had entered with the interior Indians for skins and furs, and carrying this peltry out again over the same perilous Alpine paths. The amount these practiced Alaskan packers could so carry helped in determining what I should put on the shoulders of their less accustomed kinsmen, who might pack a dozen heavy loads one year over various paths and then have nothing to do in that way for a number of years. The method of packing was different with the two clans of Indians was the first thing brought to my notice. The Chilkats have prepared harness, so to speak, a head band and breast band, the latter of which they use in their seemingly pinning them uncomfortably to their sides, and it is only on the dangerous sides of the mountains or at the very worst places that they care to carry a stick or a pack over their shoulders themselves. The Yakutats take any common rope or strong strand and from this single piece make an ingenious and ready harness for carrying their loads on their backs, with the middle of their single rope (about eight to ten feet long) under their chins, the double rope passes backward over each shoulder, down over and under the load, and then up under the arms, where the ends are brought through the pendent chin loop, which is brought down on the breast by pulling downward on these ends and a knot secured which firmly binds the whole load to the packer's back and shoulders. The Yakutats, however, and rests throws all the various bundles of his load helter-skelter on the ground, the loose rope not holding them together at all, to be put together again, of course, when he resumes his travel. The Chilkat has all his bundles tied together into one convenient pack, and this is never undone till he is at the end of his journey, whatever may be the number of days. The rope with which he ties the bundle together is entirely inde-







Old Russian Church, St. Michael's



INDIAN OOMAK.  
WOOD FRAME COVERED WITH WALRUS HIDE.



Fur Seals at St. Paul's Island.



WOMAN OF POINT BARROW.



OOMALIK CHIFF  
POINT ICE.



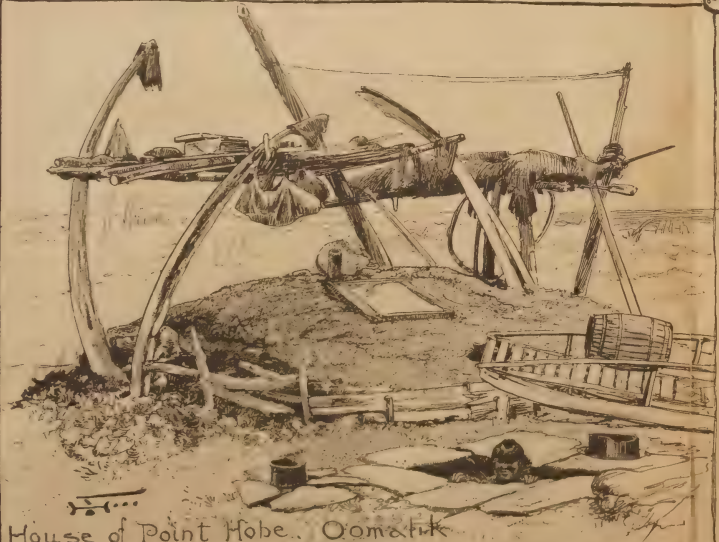
Indian Summer Rendezvous  
at Sheshalik, Kotzebue Sound.



Dog sled Indian Point, Siberia.



Native houses Plover Bay, Siberia.  
Covered with Walrus hide.



House of Point Hobe, Oomalik

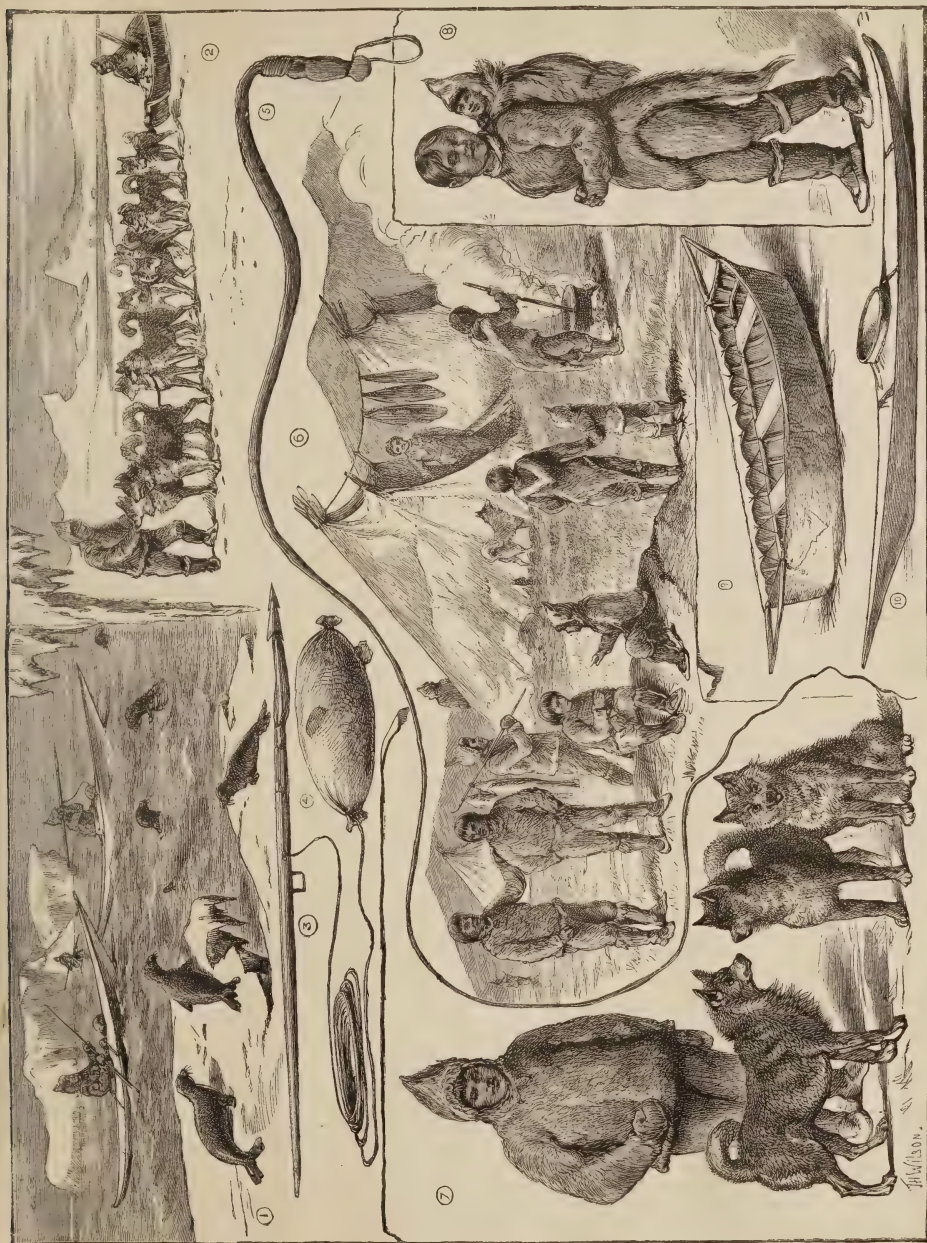


Skin covered fishing boats



Natives at Sheshalik  
Kotzebue Sound.





LABRADOR: SKETCHES OF ESKIMO LIFE.



the daytime. "In winter the days are about equal in length to those in England; whilst in spring they appear to be longer, and such is the power of the sun, that many persons suffer from what is called SNOW BLINDNESS. This is caused by the dazzling reflection of the sun upon the snow. Every one wears spectacles during the fine weather, in order to avoid this painful affliction. Some who have suffered in this way say that their eyes felt as if full of hot sand. This state of things continues for several weeks, and renders the poor sufferer perfectly helpless."

It is very pleasing to hear of the HOSPITALITY shown to one another by the different settlers or planters. If a planter has to leave his house, it is customary in some cases to leave the door on the latch, so that a passer-by can enter at any time. Provisions are left within reach, and sometimes instructions are also written plainly as to where these may be found. "One such instance," Mr. Newman tells us, "came under my own observation. I was weather-bound at Indian Harbour in February, and on Sunday two young men, one an Eskimo and the other a Newfoundlander, who are staying here, came home, having been to Bluff Head on the mainland, some sixteen miles distant. A fearful storm was raging, and the snow was drifting, so as to completely hide the sun at times. Along with this it was bitterly cold. It appears they left Bluff Head on Saturday morning, and a few hours afterwards the weather became very stormy. They were on the ice, but could not tell where they had got to. Taking out a compass, and ascertaining the direction of the land, they made for it as well as they could. Simon, the Eskimo, walked ahead of the dogs; but the poor animals, being almost blinded by the drifting snow, lay down. Thomas Hussy, the Newfoundlander, urged them on, and about seven o'clock the summer house of a settler named Stephen Noel was reached. Snow was drifted and frozen about the door, so they got in through the window. On entering the kitchen they made a fire in the stove, and then searched for provisions, a very ample supply of which they found. A cup of tea, plenty of food, and a good fire soon refreshed them after the fatigues and hardships of the way. They left on Sunday morning, and reached home that day. When they had told me their adventures, I said to them, 'You have had a rough time.' 'Never would have believed it could be so rough,' was Hussy's reply. He feared lest he had done wrong in entering the house, this being his first year on the coast, so he requested me to explain the matter to Mr. Noel. The following morning Simon went with me to Mr. Noel's, and I did as requested. Mr. Noel's reply was as follows: 'Simon, you ought to have known Noel better than to be afraid to enter his house under such circumstances. What are the things left there for, eh? Remember now for the future!'"

A few words will be interesting regarding the habits of the Eskimo Dogs which have been mentioned above. They seem to be of a very quarrelsome disposition, for our friend tells us that he saw a fight take place almost every night. "But no matter how many may be engaged in the affray, immediately the Eskimo driver's whip is heard, all fly in every direction. Sometimes, if the whip is not at hand, the driver will go among them with a thick stick, and at once disperse them. There are bullies among dogs, as well as among human kind; and to prevent these from attacking the weaker ones, a strong rope is fastened round their neck, and inside this is suspended one of their forepaws. Thus left to hobble about on three legs, they can do no mischief. In the winter they are harnessed to the sledge, and are employed not only in carrying the people from house to house, but for hauling timber out of the forest, and conveying supplies from the trading stores. The first dog of a team is called the 'leader,' and is placed some thirty feet in advance

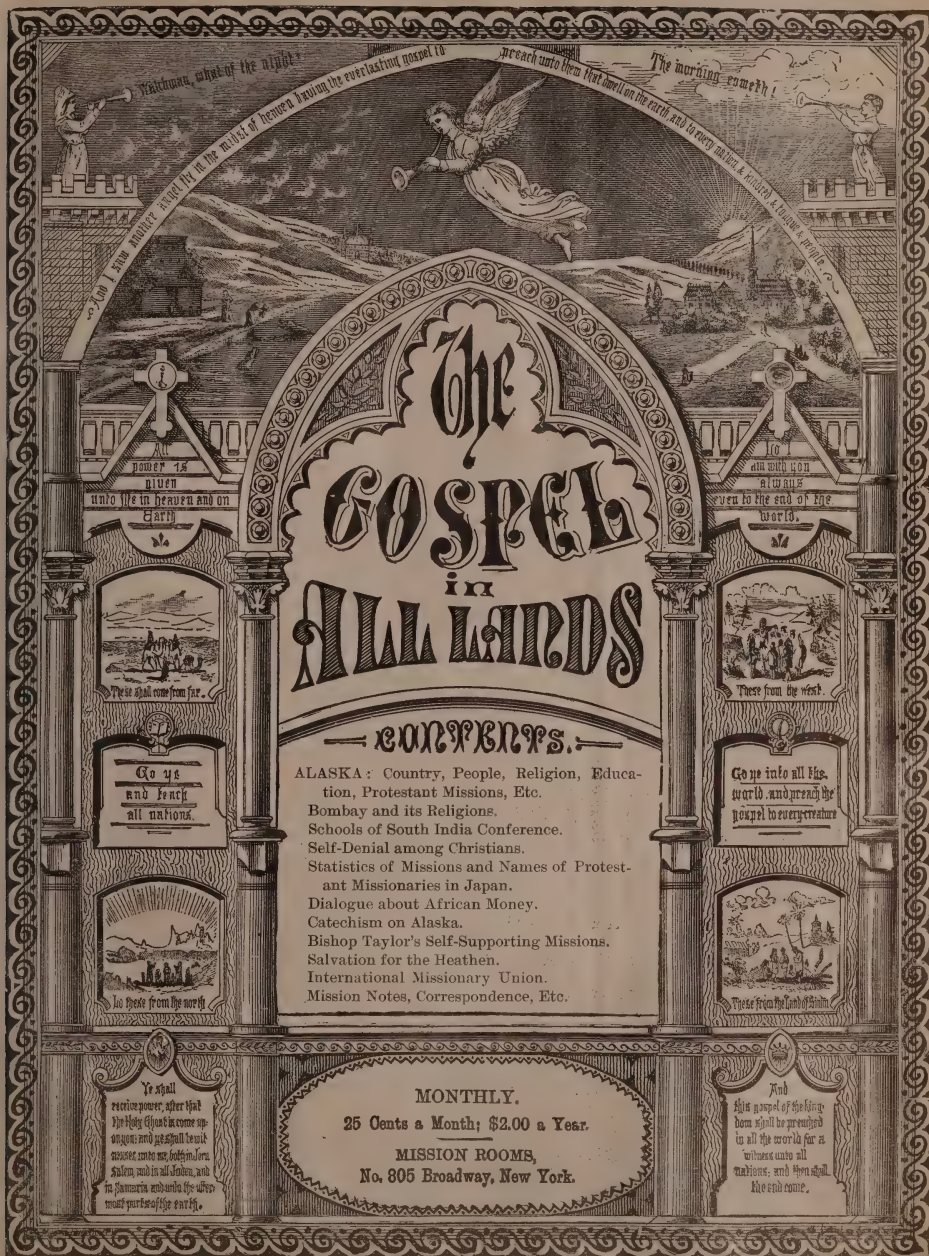
of the sledge; the other dogs follow on behind, sometimes in pairs. A good team is composed of six or eight dogs. The thorough-bred Eskimo dog is a large animal, with long white fur, pointed ears, and a beautiful curved bushy tail. When ready to start, the driver takes the whip, the lash of which is about thirty-five feet long, plaited for about half the length, and from that point tapering up to the handle, which is not more than eight or ten inches long. Nearly every driver is clever with this weapon, and can hit any one of the dogs in any part he chooses. The word used to start the dogs, all of which often leap in their traces and howl to be off, is something like 'Hoo-ek!' If it is desirable to turn them to the left, the driver cries out, 'Erradida erradidada!' If a turn to the right is required, he simply shouts, 'Ouk, ouk!' The leader instantly obeys, and all the rest follow. When a halt is to be made, he merely cries, 'Ha!' and the dogs stop and look round. The driver then flourishes the whip over their heads, shouting 'Ha!' as before, and each dog lies down in the most contented manner. They are only provided with one meal a day during the winter. Their food is composed of seal's flesh, or fat, or fish, though in fact they will eat anything. They have no kennels as a rule, and even on the coldest winter's night they will sleep out of doors, sometimes getting their feet frozen to the ice, yet as fresh as larks the next morning for the coming day's journey. All the dogs have names, and a notable vocabulary they would compose, being taken from all sources. Mr. M——, with whom I stay, has five dogs, named Fox, Snort, Seventy, Fifty, and Paddy. They are splendid dogs. The last-named is only young, and nearly all the winter it has been allowed the privilege of being in the house. Captain, Toots, Lily, Napoleon, Whisker, Brandy, Ranger, Wallace, Bosko, Hylick, and Rose are among other names too numerous to be mentioned."

These animals are very useful in the case of a BEAR HUNT.

"Bears are sometimes met with on the ice, when it is usual to cut the traces of one of the dogs, and let it go for the bear. Others are then set free, and the object of pursuit is thus prevented from running away. The chase is often exciting. One morning a man was going with his dogs and sledge to the border of the ice, seal hunting, when he saw a large white bear passing along the shore. As soon as the dogs saw it, they gave chase. The man loaded his gun, and when the bear passed up the island, he slipped his dogs, which very soon began snapping at their formidable opponent. As he entered the path, the bear had the head of one of the dogs in its mouth. Fortunately for the latter, its captor contented itself with giving the dog a good squeeze, and then let it go. As may be imagined, the poor dog was only too pleased to beat a hasty retreat. But the huntsman was approaching, and it was now the bear's turn to flee. The man followed, and at a bend in the path managed to wound it in the hind-quarters. The pursued now became the pursuer, and turning round, made for the man. The latter took aim again, and with the contents of the other barrel shot the beast through the eye. The ball passed out at the back of his head, and the bear fell dead instantly. You can easily imagine what a critical situation this was. Had the man missed his mark, there would have been only one thing for him to do, namely, to leap on one side, and let the dogs at his heels face the brute again, while he reloaded."

Our picture illustrates the following scenes in Eskimo life: 1. Seal fishing; 2. Eskimo Dog Team; 3 and 4. Implements used in catching Seal; 5. Driving Whip; 6. Eskimo Fishing Camp; 7. Eskimo and Dogs; 8. Eskimo Woman and Child; 9 and 10. Eskimo Boats.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM has given £150 to the Committee appointed to collect money for the new Protestant Missions to the German colonies.





## THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

### Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mission Rooms, No. 805 Broadway, New York.  
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### THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

VOL. XII. No. 9.

#### Table of Contents.

Country and People of Alaska, 385.  
 Protestant Missions in Alaska, 398.  
 Mooniatta, a Story of Mission Life in India, 403.  
 Bombay and its Religions, 405.  
 Gurbah Revisited, Reminiscences and Suggestions, 406.  
 Monkey Temple at Benares, 407.  
 A Home for Women in Japan, 408.  
 By the Wayside, (Poetry), 408.  
 Schools of the South India Conference, 409.  
 Self Denial Among Christians, 410.  
 Statistics of Protestant Missions in Japan, 411.  
 Names and Addresses of Protestant Missionaries in Japan, 412.  
 Cruel Chinese Superstition, 413.  
 Plea of the Nations, 413.  
 A Sunday School in India, 414.  
 A Boys' School on the Congo, 415.  
 Dialogue about African Money, 415.  
 The "Black Mother" Goddess, 416.  
 What can Idols do, 417.  
 Raising Corn for Missions, 417.  
 Ella's Missionary Bank, 418.  
 Building the Kingdom, 418.  
 Children's Day at Naini Tal, 419.  
 Catechism on Alaska, 419.  
 Identifying Givers with Missions, 420.  
 Bishop Taylor's Work, 420.  
 Salvation for the Heathen, 420.  
 International Missionary Union, 421.  
 Help for Milan, Italy, 421.  
 Mission Work in Dakota, 422.  
 Letters from Bishop Wm. Taylor, 423.  
 Riot and Destruction at Chunking, 424.  
 Midsummer Notes from Japan, 425.  
 Mission Notes from Bissalapore, 425.  
 Mission Notes from Calcutta, 426.  
 Mission in Modena, Italy, 427.  
 Southern Methodist Missions, 427.  
 Methodist Protestant Missions, 427.  
 Southern Presbyterian Missions, 427.  
 American Board Missions, 428.  
 Protestant Episcopal Missions, 428.  
 United Presbyterian Missions, 428.  
 Reformed Church Missions, 428.  
 Mission at Uganda, Africa, 430.  
 Onward, Christian Heralds, 431.  
 Missionary Incidents, 431.  
 Going Back to India, 432.  
 A Presiding Elder Working for Missions, 432.

#### Illustrations.

View of Sitka, Alaska, 385.  
 Looking Eastward from Sitka, 386.  
 Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., of Alaska, 387.  
 Tattooed Indian of Alaska, 387.  
 Alaskan Native House and Totem, 388.  
 An Eskimo Family, 389.  
 An Eskimo Boy, 389.  
 Mission at Fort Wrangell, 389.  
 Interior of Greek Church at Sitka, 390.  
 Eskimo Houses in Alaska, 392.  
 Building an Eskimo House, 393.  
 Alaska House of Cedar Plank, 394.  
 View of Fort Wrangell, 395.  
 Map of Alaska, 397.  
 Class of Indian Boys at Sitka, 399.  
 School Building at Sitka, 400.  
 Mission at Haines, Alaska, 401.  
 An Eskimo Family, 402.  
 Offering Sacrifices to Kali, 416.

Each number of the GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS has a lengthy illustrated article on some country and people, and missions among them. Since June 1, 1885, the illustrated subjects have been as follows:

1885.  
*June*.—Mexico.  
*July*.—Indians of the U. S.  
*August*.—South America.  
*September*.—Sweden and Norway.  
*October*.—The Island World.  
*November*.—Italy.  
*December*.—Bulgaria.  
 1886.  
*January*.—Korea.  
*February*.—China.  
*March*.—Siam.  
*April*.—India.  
*May*.—Japan.  
*June*.—The Congo, etc.  
*July*.—Syria.  
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See Chaplain McCabe's Letter on third page of Cover.

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Its Editor is a member of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. While it will give the latest and fullest intelligence respecting Methodist Missions and Missionaries, it will continue as heretofore to tell what is being done by other Churches and Societies, and will take up special countries and give information respecting their people and missions among them.

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### Heathen Woman's Friend.

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EUGENE R. SMITH,  
Editor.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

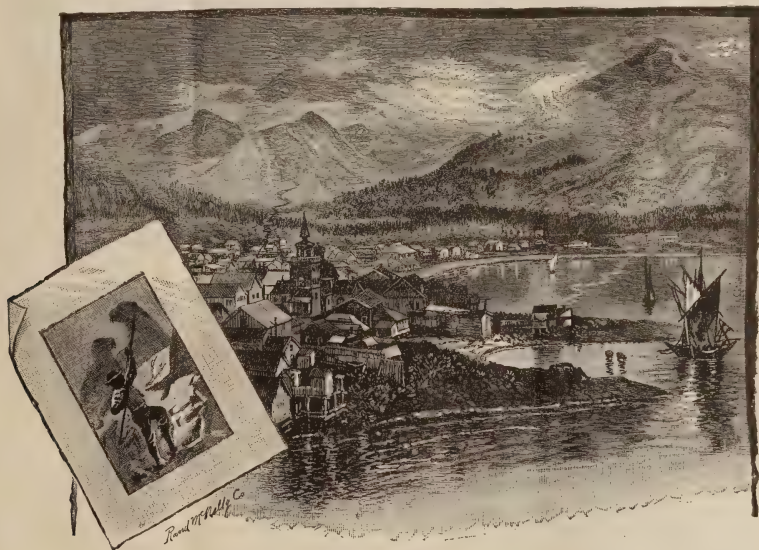
805 Broadway,  
New York City.

## Country and People of Alaska.

Alaska was purchased by the United States from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000. Alaska is an English corruption of the native word "Al-ak-shak," which means "a great country or continent." It is indeed a great country, containing as it does 580,107 square miles. From its most northern to its most southern point is 1,400 miles,

miles, which would make a State as large as the State of Maine.

Alaska abounds in hot and mineral springs, some of which have long been noted for their curative qualities. It has also one of the largest rivers in the United States, the Yukon, which is 70 miles wide across its five mouths



SITKA, ALASKA.

or as far as from Maine to Florida, and from its eastern boundary to the end of the Aleutian Islands is 2,200 miles, or as far as from Washington to California. Alaska is as large as all the New England and Middle States, together with Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee combined.

The total area of the islands of Alaska is 31,205 square

and intervening deltas. For the first 1,000 miles it is from 1 to 5 miles wide, and in some places, including islands, it is 20 miles from main bank to main bank. Navigable for 2,000 miles, it is computed to be about 3,000 miles long.

The other rivers are the Stikine, 250 miles long; the Nushagak, 150 miles long; the Kuskokwim, 500 miles



long; the Nowikakat, 112 miles long; the Chilkat, Copper, Tananah, Porcupine and Koyoukuk.

Inland Alaska has an Arctic winter and a tropical summer. The winter climate for Southeastern Alaska for fifty-five years past has been the average winter climate of Kentucky and West Virginia, and the average summer climate of Minnesota. The mild climate of Southern Alaska is due to the warm Japan current of the Pacific, which first strikes the American continent at the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Scattered over the country, in clusters of small settlements, is a population composed approximately of 17,617 Innuits, or Eskimos, 2,145 Aleuts, 1,756 Creoles, 5,100 Tinnahs, 6,437 Thlingets, 788 Hydahs, and 2,000 whites, making a total of 35,843. The Creoles are the descendants of Russian fathers and native mothers.

other citizens, protected by the laws and courts, and in common with all others furnished with schools for their children.

#### THE INNUIT.

The Innuits occupy almost the entire coast line of Alaska with the outlying islands, from the boundary line westward along the Arctic coast to Bering Strait; thence southward to the Aliaska Peninsula, over the peninsula and the Aleutian Islands, and eastward and northward along the coast to Mount Saint Elias, with the exception of a small territory on Cook's Inlet and at the mouth of Copper River, where the Tinnahs from the interior have forced their way to the coast. Occupying the coast line they are bold navigators and skilled fishermen and sea hunters.

The term "Innuits" is the native word for "people"



LOOKING EASTWARD FROM SITKA.

The post offices in Alaska are Sitka, Fort Wrangell, Killisnoo, Juneau, Jackson, Klawock, and Loring.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., who was for some years the Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Alaska, and is now the General Agent of Education in Alaska, reported in March, 1886, the following respecting the people of Alaska and educational work among them:

Among the best known of the natives of Alaska, their highest ambition is to build American homes, possess American furniture, dress in American clothes, adopt American style of living and be American citizens.

They ask no special favors from the American Government, no annuities or help, but simply to be treated as

and is the name used by themselves, signifying "our people." The term "Eskimo" is one of reproach given them by their neighbors, meaning "raw fish eaters." The Innuits of Alaska are a much finer race physically than their brethren of Greenland and Labrador. They are tall and muscular, many of them being six feet and over in height. They have small black eyes, high cheek bones, large mouths, thick lips, coarse brown hair, and fresh yellow complexion. In many instances the men have full beards and moustaches. In some families the men wear a labret under each corner of the mouth in a hole cut through the lower lip for the purpose.

They are good-natured people, always smiling when spoken to. They are fond of dancing, running, jump-



REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

*The first American Minister to visit Alaska in the interest of Missions.*

ing, and all athletic sports. While they speak a common language from the Arctic to the Pacific each locality has its different dialect.

Their usual dress is the parkas, made of the skins of animals and sometimes of the breasts of birds. However, where they have access to the stores of traders they buy ready-made clothing.

Their residences have the outward appearance of a circular mound of earth covered with grass, with a small opening at the top for the escape of smoke. The entrance is a small door and narrow hallway to the main room, which is from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, and is without light or ventilation.

Their diet consists of the wild meat of the moose, reindeer, bear and smaller fur-bearing animals; also of fish, the white whale, the walrus, seal, and various water-fowl. In the northern section they have a great aversion to salt. While they will eat with great relish decayed fish or putrid oil, they will spit out with a wry face a mouthful of choice corned beef.

Men, women and children are alike inveterate smokers.

While they travel continually in the summer, they have permanent winter homes.

Their religious belief is quite indefinite. In a general way they believe in a power that rewards the good and punishes the bad, by sending them to different places after death. They are savages, and, with the exception of those in Southern Alaska, have not had civilizing, educational or religious advantages.

From the boundary line to Bering Strait, along the bleak Arctic coast, villages are placed here and there, wherever there is a sheltered harbor with good hunting or fishing. The population of these aggregate 3,000.

At the mouth of the Colville River they hold an annual fair, to which they come from hundreds of miles.

At Point Barrow, the extreme northern point of land in the United States, and within twenty-five miles of being the northernmost land on the continent, there is a village (Nuuk) of thirty-one families and 150 people. They inhabit houses or tupes that are built partly under ground for warmth. The upper portion is roofed over with dirt, supported by rafters of whale-jaws and ribs.

Around Kotzebue Sound are a number of villages. Some of the hills surrounding this sound rise to the height of a thousand feet, and are covered with a species of wild cotton, that in its season appears like snow.

Into this sound empty the Nunatok and Koowak Rivers, both large streams. This is one of the places where the people come in July from all sections of the country for the purpose of trade and barter. The Innuits of the coast bring their oil, walrus hides, and seal-skins; the Tinnah from the interior their furs; and the Chukchees from Asia their reindeer-skins, fire-arms and whisky.

It is to these gatherings that the traders come in schooners fitted out at San Francisco or Sandwich Islands with cargoes of whisky labeled "Florida Water," "Bay-Rum," "Pain-killer," "Jamaica Ginger," &c. The finest furs of Alaska are obtained at these fairs. Salmon are plentiful in Kotzebue Sound.

Another centre of villages is at Cape Prince of Wales. This is a rocky point, rising in its highest peak to an elevation of 2,500 feet above the sea. At the extremity of this cape is a village of 400 people, the westernmost village on the mainland in America. These people are great traders and travelers, skilled in hunting the whale on the seas, or the reindeer on the land. They are insolent and overbearing toward the surrounding tribes, and traveling in large companies, compel trade at their own



TATTOOED INDIAN OF ALASKA.



terms. They are reported the worst natives on the coast.

In the narrow strait separating Asia from America is a small group of islands called the Diomedes. On these islands are 300 Innuits.

These, with those at Cape Prince of Wales, are the great smugglers of the north. Launching their walrus-skin boats (*bidarka*) they boldly cross to and fro from Siberia, trading the deer-skins, sinew, and wooden ware of Alaska for the walrus, ivory, skins of tame reindeer, and whale blubber of Siberia, also fire-arms and whisky.

On King's Island, south of Cape Prince of Wales, are the cave dwellers of the present. The island is a great

Saint Lawrence. Formerly it had a population of 800. They were the largest and finest formed people of the Innuite race, but slaves to whisky.

In the summer of 1878 they bartered their furs, ivory and whalebone to the traders for rum, and as long as the rum lasted they spent their summer in idleness and drunkenness instead of preparing for winter. The result was that over 400 of them starved to death the next winter. In some villages not a single man, woman, or child was left to tell the horrible tale.

From Bering Strait around the shores of Norton Sound is a number of villages, aggregating a population of 633.

In this district is Saint Michael, a trading post, origi-



NATIVE HOUSE AND TOTEM, JACKSON, ALASKA.

AN ALASKAN CANON.

mass of basalt rock, with almost perpendicular sides, rising out of the ocean to the height of 700 feet. On one side, where the rock rises at an angle of forty-five degrees, the Innuits have excavated homes in the rock. Some of these rock houses are 200 feet above the ocean. There are forty of these cliff dwellings.

When the surf is wildly breaking on the rocks, if it becomes necessary for any one to put out to sea, he gets as near the surf as possible, takes his seat in his boat (*kyack*), and at the opportune moment two companions toss him and his boat over and clear of the surf. They are noted for the manufacture of water-proof boots from the skin of the throat of the seal. They are lighter, more enduring, and greatly preferred to rubber.

Directly south of Bering Strait is the large island of

nally founded by the Russians in 1835. The place consists of a few log houses, inclosed by a stockade, the property of the Alaska Commercial Company, and a chapel of the Russo-Greek Church, with an occasional service by a priest from Ikogmute. This is the point where the ocean-going steamers transfer freight with the smaller steamers that ply on the Yukon River. To this point the furs collected at the trading posts in the interior, some of them 2,000 miles distant, are brought for re-shipment to San Francisco. This is also the dividing line between the Innuits of the Arctic and the Pacific. Half a mile from the trading post is a native village of thirty houses and one dance house or town hall.

We come now to the region of the densest population in Alaska, attracted and sustained by the abundance of



AN ESKIMO FAMILY.

fish that ascend the mighty Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers and many smaller streams.

Their fish diet is supplemented by the wonderful bird life of the country. The variety and number of wild geese and ducks is said to be greater than in any other section of the known world. To fish and fowl is added the flesh of the moose and reindeer.

On the delta of the Yukon and southward to the mouth of the Kuskokwim River are from forty to fifty villages, with a population of 2,000. From the mouth of the Yukon to Anvik are fifteen or sixteen villages, with 1,345 people; while on the Kuskokwim River are some forty villages, aggregating a population of 3,654.

On the lower banks of this river the high land, free from tidal overflow, is so fully occupied with houses that it is difficult for the traveler to find space to pitch a tent.

In the adjacent Bristol Bay region are thirty-four villages and 4,340 people. A short portage across the

Alaska Peninsula brings us to the settlements of the civilized Innuut.

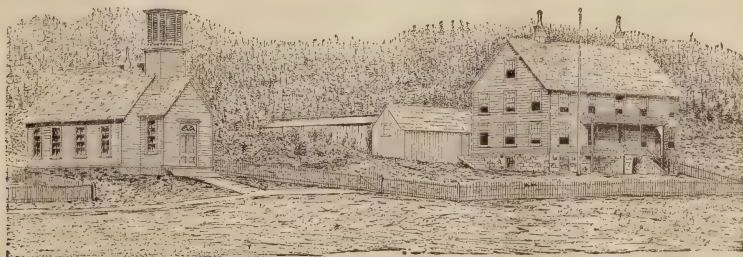
In 1784 Gregory Shelikoff formed a settlement on Kadiak Island and commenced the subjugation and civil-



AN ESKIMO BOY.

ization of the people. Soon after he organized a school, which was the first in Alaska. Also the first church building in Alaska was erected on this island. For a long time it was the Russian capital, the chief seat of their power and operations. The present village of Kadiak (Saint Paul) numbers 288 people, living in 101 frame houses. They have a few cattle, and cultivate small gardens. They have a large church and a resident priest; also stores of the Alaska Commercial Company, a deputy collector of customs, and a signal weather office. A small school is kept at the expense of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Opposite Kadiak is Wood Island, with 157 people. They have four horses and twenty cattle. The village also possesses a small ship-yard, and a road around the island twelve or fourteen miles long. This and a road one and one-half miles long at Sitka are the only roads in that vast Territory. The place possesses the usual Russo-Greek church, but no school.



PRESBYTERIAN MISSION AT FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.



Near by is Spruce Island, where a Russian monk kept a small school for thirty consecutive years, giving instruction in the rudimental arts and agricultural industries. The school is now discontinued for want of a teacher.

Near by are the two villages of Afognak, with a population of 339. These reside in thirty-two good frame and log buildings, and cultivate 100 acres in potatoes and turnips. They have a large church and ought to have a school.

On the western side of Kadiak is Karluk, with 302 people, having a church but no school.

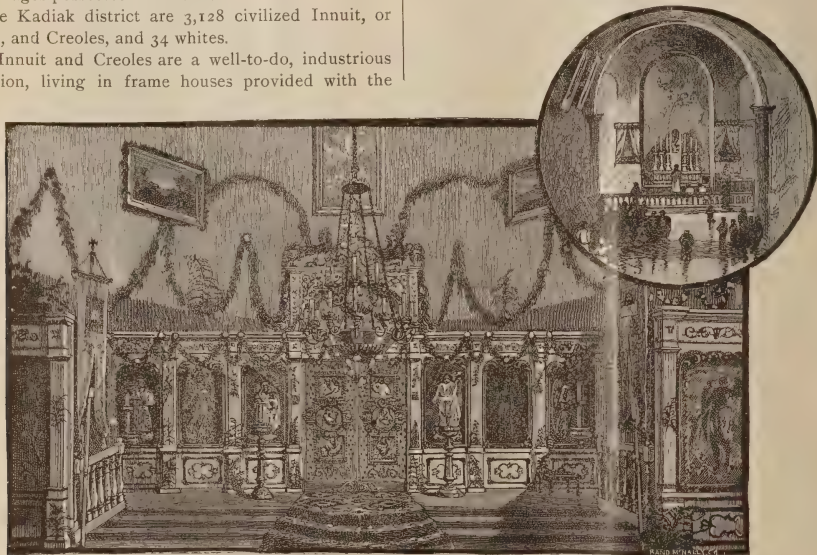
On the southeastern coast is Old Harbor with 160, Orlova with 147, and Katmai with 218 people. Each of these villages possesses a church but no school.

In the Kadiak district are 3,128 civilized Innuits, or Eskimo, and Creoles, and 34 whites.

The Innuits and Creoles are a well-to-do, industrious population, living in frame houses provided with the

broad faces and light yellowish-brown complexions, with a strong resemblance to the Japanese.

The marriage relation is respected, and as a rule each family has its own house with from two to three rooms. They use in their houses a small cast-iron cook stove, or wrought iron cooking range, granite-ware kettles, white crockery-ware dishes, pewter or silver-plated ware, and feather beds covered with colored spreads. Their walls are adorned with colored pictures and their houses lighted with kerosene in glass lamps. Nearly every home possesses an accordion, a hand-organ, or music-box, some of the latter costing as high as \$200. They dress in American garments, and their women with great interest



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA.

simpler furnishings of civilization, and on Sabbath and festal occasions the men dressing in broadcloth suits and calf-skin boots, the women in calico and silk dresses modeled after the fashion plates received from San Francisco. They are an orderly, law-abiding people.

#### ALEUTS AND CREOLES.

From the Innuits we pass to the consideration of the Aleuts. The origin of the word "Aleut" is not known. The designation of themselves by themselves is "Unung-un," the native word for "our people."

They occupy the Aleutian chain of islands and portions of the Alaska Peninsula, from the Shumagin Islands 1,650 miles westward to Attu.

The average height of the men is about five feet six inches. They have coarse black hair, small black eyes, high cheek-bones, flat noses, thick lips, large mouths,

study the fashion plates and try to imitate the latest styles.

Large numbers of them can read, an Aleutian alphabet and grammar having been provided for them by Veniaminoff. They are all members of the Russo-Greek Church, and outwardly very religious. They ask a blessing at their meals, greet strangers and friends with a blessing for their health, and bid them adieu with a benediction.

The Hon. William S. Dodge, ex-mayor of Sitka, says of them :

"Many among them are highly educated, even among the classics. The administrators of the fur company often reposed great confidence in them. One of their best physicians was an Aleutian. Their best traders and accountants were Aleutians."

This, of course, was more particularly true of the past, when the Russian government gave them educational advantages.

The great industry of the country is the hunting of the sea-otter. From this source some of the villagers derive a revenue that, if economically used, would make them wealthy, averaging from \$600 to \$1,200 a family. But their extra income is spent for kvass (quass) a home-made intoxicating beer.

Commencing at the westward on the island of Attu is 1 white man and 106 Aleuts and Creoles. They are very poor. The village consists of 18 houses (barrabaras) and a frame chapel with thatched roof, but no school. This is the westernmost settlement in the United States, and is as far west of San Francisco as the State of Maine is east.

The next settlement eastward is Nazan on Atka Island, with a population of 2 white men and 234 Aleuts and Creoles. They have 42 houses and a church, but no school. They are wealthy, using freely at their table the groceries and canned fruits of civilization. They excel in the manufacture of baskets, mats, &c., out of grass.

At Nikolski on Umnak Island are 2 white men and 125 Aleuts and Creoles. They are well-to-do financially, having 16 houses and a church, but no school.

The next settled island is Unalashka, with a rocky, rugged, jagged coast. In the small bays are a number of villages, the principal one being Unalashka (Iliuliuk).

This village has a population of 14 white men and 392 Aleuts and Creoles. They have a church, a priest's residence, the stores, residences, warehouses and wharves of the Alaska Commercial Company, 18 frame residences and 50 barrabaras. One-half of the population can read the Aleutian language. It is the most important settlement in Western Alaska, and the commercial centre of all the trade now in that region or that shall develop in the future. It is the natural outfitting station for vessels passing between the Pacific and Arctic Oceans.

From a cave at the southern end of this island were taken eleven mummies for the Smithsonian Institution.

Two hundred and twenty-two miles north of Unalashka are the celebrated Pribiloff, or as they are more popularly called, Seal Islands.

The village of Saint Paul, on an Island of the same name, is laid out in regular streets like an American village, and has 64 houses, together with a large church, a school house, and a priest's residence. The population is 13 white men, 2 white women and 284 Aleuts.

Twenty-seven miles to the southeast is the companion island of Saint George, with 4 white men and 88 Aleuts. They have a church and school. These islands are leased by the United States government to the Alaska Commercial Company at an annual rental of \$55,000. By the terms of the lease the company is allowed to take 100,000 seal skins each year, upon which they pay the government a royalty of \$262,500.

The revenue of these islands since 1870 has returned to the government more than half the sum paid to Russia for the whole country.

From these two islands come nearly all the seal skins of commerce. There is a small school on each island supported at the expense of the company.

The native population are encouraged to deposit their surplus earnings in a savings bank.

In the immediate vicinity of Unalashka, on the island of Spirkin, is Borka, with 1 white man and 139 Aleuts and Creoles. This village is noted for its cleanliness. With their white scrubbed and neatly sanded floors, their clear, clean windows, neat bedding, tidy rooms, and abundance of wild-flower bouquets on tables and window-sills, they may properly be called the Hollanders of Alaska.

To the eastward near the southern end of the Alasiaka Peninsula, is Belkofski, with a population of 9 white men, 2 white women and 257 Aleuts and Creoles. In addition to the buildings of the great trading firms, the village has 30 frame houses and 27 barrabaras.

In 1880 they raised among themselves \$7,000 for the erection of a new church. One-half of them can read and write in the Aleutian language, and they support a small school. Their revenue from the sale of sea-otter skins amounts to about \$100,000 a year, or \$373 for every man, woman and child in the village.

On the island of Unga, one of the Shumagin group, is a settlement of 15 white men and 170 natives. As, by a regulation of the United States Treasury Department, only natives are allowed to hunt the sea-otter, these white men have married native women, and thereby become natives in the eye of the law. The revenue of the sea-otter trade in this village averages about \$600 a year to each family. Off the south coast of the Shumagin Islands are the famous cod banks of Alaska, from which are taken from 500,000 to 600,000 fish annually.

In the Aleutian district are 1,890 Aleuts and 479 Creoles.

#### TINNEH.

"Tinneh" is the native word for "people." The Tinneh of Alaska are tall, well-formed, strong and courageous, with great powers of endurance. They are great hunters and fishers. They consider it a disgrace, an unfair advantage over a black bear to shoot him, but boldly attack him with a knife in a square open fight. Polygamy prevails among them, the men frequently having more than one, but seldom more than three wives. Wives are taken and discarded at pleasure. Among some of them female infanticide is prevalent. The bodies of the dead are buried in boxes above ground. Shamanism and witchcraft, with all their attendant barbarities, prevail. They also believe in a multitude of spirits, good and bad.

On the lower course of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers, and in the great range of country north and south bordering on the Innuitt of the coast, are the western Tinneh, the Ingalik of the Russians, numbering in three bands about 1,800.

From the junction of the Yukon and the Tananah Rivers, westward to the British line, from the Innuitt on the Arctic shore almost to Lynn Canal on the south, is the home of the Kutchin families. They number, with the Ah-tena on Copper River, about 3,300. Some of



these people have been taught to read by the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of England.

Around the shores of Cook's Inlet are the Kenai, numbering 813 souls. They have largely been brought under the influence of the Russo-Greek Church, and become civilized. They dwell in substantial and well-built houses with spruce-bark roofs. They have churches but no schools.

#### THLINGET.

The Thlinget, composed of ten clans, occupy the islands of the Alexander Archipelago and coast adjacent. They number 6,437.

Intimately associated with these are 788 Hydah, occupying the southern end of Prince of Wales Island.

The Thlinget are a hardy, self-reliant, industrious, self-supporting, well-to-do, warlike, superstitious race, whose very name is a terror to the civilized Aleuts to the west as well as to the savage Tinneh to the north of them.

#### CHILKAT.

Occupying the extreme northern section of Lynn Canal and the valleys of the Chilkat and Chilkoot Rivers is the Chilkat tribe, numbering 988. They are great traders, being the "middle-men" of their region, carrying the goods of commerce to the interior and exchanging them for furs, which are brought to the coast, and in turn exchanged for more merchandise. Their country is on the highway of the gold-seekers to the interior.

In the summer of 1880, a trading post having been established among them, I arranged for a school to be taught by the wife of the trader, Mrs. Sarah Dickinson, an educated native.

In 1881 I accompanied Rev. Eugene S. Willard and family, who commenced a mission among them.

In 1882, Miss Bessie M. Mathews, of Monmouth, Ill., was sent out to take charge of a boarding department, which was opened in 1883. The station was called

Haines, and has a post office. Thirty miles up the Chilkat River, for a time, a school was taught by Louis and Tillie Paul, native teachers.

#### HOONAH.

One hundred miles southward are the Hoonah, occupying both sides of Cross Sound, and numbering 908. In 1881 I erected a school house and teacher's residence at their principal village, on Chichagoff Island, and placed Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Styles, of New York City, in charge. In 1882 they were transferred to Sitka. In 1884 Rev. and Mrs. John W. McFarland were sent from Wrangell to Hoonah, and are now in charge of the school.

#### AUKE.

A few miles to the eastward, on Admiralty Island, are the Auke, numbering 640. In their region valuable gold mines have been opened and an American mining village established at Juneau. A summer school was taught by Mrs. W. H. R. Corlies during 1882 and 1883.

#### TAKU.

A few miles to the south, on the mainland, is the Taku tribe, numbering 269. A summer school was held among them in 1880 by Rev. and Mrs. W. H. R. Corlies, of Philadelphia. In 1882, pressed by the importunities of the leading men of the tribe, he took up his abode among them, and erected school and residence buildings at Tsek-nuk-sank-y.

#### HOCHINO.

On the southwestern side of Admiralty Island are the Hoochinoo, numbering 666. This tribe has for several years been asking for a teacher. This place has been selected for one of the Government schools.

#### KAKE.

To the south on Kuiu and Kupreanoff Islands, are the Kake, numbering 568.

#### STIKINE.

Eastward, around the mouth and lower course of the Stikine River, are the Stikine. They number 317. Their



ESKIMO HOUSES IN ALASKA.

principal village is at Fort Wrangell, on an island of the same name.

At this point in the fall of 1877 I located Mrs. A. R. McFarland. In 1878 Rev. S. Hall Young, of West Virginia, was sent out. The same season a boarding department for girls was established by Mrs. A. R. McFarland. In 1879 Miss Maggie A. Dunbar, of Steubenville, Ohio, was added to the teaching force. The same year the erection of a suitable building was commenced, which was finished and occupied the following year. Also the same year Rev. W. H. R. Corlies and family arrived from Philadelphia. Mrs. Corlies opened a school on the beach for visiting natives and her husband a night school for adults. He also served as missionary physician to the place.

In 1882 Rev. John W. McFarland and Miss Kate A. Rankin were added to the missionary force. In the fall of 1884 the Girls' Home was removed to Sitka, together with Mrs. A. R. McFarland and Miss Rankin. Mr. J. W. McFarland and his wife (*née* Dunbar) were sent to Hoonah.

#### TONGAS.

Two hundred miles south of Fort Wrangell are the Tongas, numbering 273. Some of them cross over to British Columbia, and find school privileges at Port Simpson, a station of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada. In 1884 a school was established among them with Louis and Tillie Paul as teachers.

#### HYDAH.

West of the Tongas, on the southern half of Prince of Wales Island, are the Hydah, numbering 788. They are a large, well-formed, and handsome race, with light complexion, and have long been noted for their bravery and ferocity in war. Terrorizing all the neighboring tribes, they were known as the "Bulldogs" of the North Pacific. They have not even hesitated to attack and plunder English and American vessels. In 1854 they held the captain and crew of an American vessel in captivity until ransomed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The villages are remarkable for the number of totem sticks. These are carved logs from one to two feet in diameter, and from twenty to sixty feet in height. Some of them contain hollow cavities, in which are placed the

ashes of cremated dead chiefs; others are heraldic and represent the family totem or orders. In some cases a large oval opening through one of these sticks forms the entrance to the house; in others the pole is at one side of the entrance. The house is a large, low, plank building, from forty to fifty feet square, with a fire-place in the center of the floor, and a large opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke. Some of them have inserted windows and doors into their buildings, and procured bedsteads, tables, stoves, dishes, and other appliances of civilized life.

Their food consists largely of fish, dried or fresh, according to the season. Their country also abounds with wild berries and deer. The berries are preserved in fish-oil for winter use. Their coast also abounds with good clams. They raise large quantities of potatoes.

The Hydah are noted for their skill in carving wood, bone, gold, silver and stone. The finest of the great cedar canoes of the northwest coast are manufactured by them. They practice polygamy and hold slaves. The husband buys his wife, frequently while a mere girl, from her parents. If she does not suit she can be returned and the price refunded. Chastity is uncommon. They are inveterate gamblers.

Like the other heathen tribes on that coast, they live in perpetual fear of evil spirits, and give large sums to the conjurers and medicine men, who, by their incantations, are supposed to secure immunity from the evil influences of the spirits. In sickness their main re-

liance is upon the incantations of their medicine men, and death is ascribed to the evil influence of an enemy or witchcraft, and whoever is suspected of exerting that influence is killed. The dead are usually burned, and the ashes placed in a small box and deposited in a house or totem stick. An election to chieftainship is purchased by a "pot-latch," or giving away of presents of goods and money. These are common to the native tribes on the Pacific coast from Puget Sound to Alaska.

An ambitious young man will work hard for years and save his earnings that he may make a pot-latch. If unable to accumulate a sufficient sum of himself, his relatives will add to his collection. When the time arrives the people are invited for hundreds of miles



BUILDING AN ALASKA HOUSE.



around. It is a season of dancing and other festivities, during which the entire accumulation of years is given away and the giver impoverished. He, however, secures position and renown, and soon recovers in the gifts of others more than he gave away.

The customs of the Hydah are largely the customs of all the Thlinget tribes.

On the 22d of August, 1881, I established a mission among them at the village of Howcan, placing Mr. Jas. E. Chapman in charge as a teacher. The station was called Jackson by the missionaries. In the spring of 1882 Rev. J. Loomis Gould and family, of West Virginia, were sent to the Hydah. The same year some ladies in Brooklyn, N. Y., provided a saw-mill for the station, and in the fall of that year Miss Clara A. Gould was added to the teaching force at Jackson.

#### HANEGAH.

In the northern portion of Prince of Wales Island are

a Lutheran, the patron of schools and churches. While governor he erected a Protestant church at Sitka, and presented it with a small pipe organ, which is still in use.

In 1840, besides the colonial school at Sitka, was one for orphan boys and sons of workmen and subaltern employees of the fur company, in which were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, mechanical trades and religion. The most proficient of the pupils at the age of seventeen were advanced to the colonial school and prepared for the navy or priesthood. The number of boarders was limited to fifty. The school was in charge of Lieutenant-Commander Prince Maxutoff, assistant governor of the colony. In 1847 the attendance was 52; in 1849, 39; and in 1861, 27.

In 1839 a girls' school of a similar character was established and the number of boarders limited to 40. The course of study comprised the Russian language, reading, writing, arithmetic, household work, sewing and



ALASKA HOUSE OF CEDAR PLANK.

the Hanegah, numbering 587. The establishment of a school among them is under consideration.

#### SITKAS.

To the north, on the western coast of Baranoff, are the Sitkas, numbering 721. Their chief village is at Sitka, the old capital of the Russian possessions in America. It was their political, commercial, religious and educational center. As early as 1805 a school was opened at Sitka. It held a very precarious existence, however, until 1820, when it came under the charge of a naval officer, who kept a good school for thirteen years. In 1833 this school came under the direction of Etolin, who still further increased its efficiency. Etolin was a Creole, who by force of ability and merit raised himself to the highest position in the country, that of chief director of the fur company and governor of the colony. He was

religion. In 1848 the school numbered 32; in 1849, 39; and in 1861, 26.

In 1841 a theological school was established at Sitka, which, in 1849 was advanced to the grade of a seminary. In 1848 it reported 30 boarders, 12 day pupils and 12 Creoles being educated in Russia. Of those in Russia two were training for pilots, one as merchant, one gunsmith, one fur-dealer, one tailor and one cobbler. In 1849 the attendance was reported 28, with 11 others in Russia.

In 1859 and 1860 the common schools at Sitka were remodeled in order to secure greater efficiency. The course of study consisted of Russian, Slavonian and English languages, arithmetic, history, geography, book-keeping, geometry, trigonometry, navigation, astronomy, and religion. A knowledge of Russian, reading and writing

and the four rules of arithmetic was required for admission.

A pupil failing to pass examination two years in succession was dropped. The course extended over five years. Extra compensation was allowed teachers who secured the best results. The faculty consisted of a principal, who was a graduate of the School of Commercial Navigation; a free pilot, who taught navigation; an employee of the company, who taught book-keeping and commercial branches; one priest and two licentiates, graduates of the University of St. Petersburg.

The corresponding schools for girls were in charge of a lady graduate of one of the highest female schools in Russia, with two male teachers.

This made five schools at Sitka—two for the children of the lower class, two for the higher class, and one seminary.

About the time of the transfer of the country the

military post at Sitka. During the winter of 1868-9 a school building was purchased. The annual reports of the trustees have disappeared, and there is nothing to show the time when teaching commenced. In October, 1869, the council voted that the teacher's salary should be \$75 per month in coin, and on March 1, 1871, it was ordered to be \$25 per month, which evidently means that at the latter period the post commander withdrew the \$50 per month which had been paid from army funds. On the 12th of August, 1871, permission was given the bishop of the Greek church to teach the Russian language one hour each day in the public school. During 1873 the school seems to have died out.

In 1879 and 1880 another attempt was made to establish a school, which was taught by Mr. Alonzo E. Austin and Miss Etta Austin.

In the winter of 1877 and 1878 I secured the appointment of Rev. John G. Brady for Sitka, and in April,



FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.

teachers were recalled to Russia and the schools suspended.

But with the change of government came a new people. The majority of the Russians left the country, and their places were taken by Americans. Many came in from California, and on the 8th of November, 1867, less than a month from the time the country passed under the United States flag, the citizens called a meeting and formed a temporary local government. And on the 18th of December, 1867, a petition signed by forty-nine persons two of whom "made their mark," was presented to the common council asking that a citizens' meeting might be called to empower the council to establish a school. On the 20th of March, 1868, the council adopted some school regulations and appointed three trustees, who exercised a joint control with a committee of officers from the

1878, a school was opened by Mr. Brady and Miss Fannie E. Kellogg. In December, through a combination of circumstances, it was discontinued. In the spring of 1880 Miss Olinda Austin was sent out from New York City, and commenced school April 5, in one of the rooms of the guard house, with 103 children present. This number increased to 130. Then some of the parents applied for admission, but could not be received, as the room would not accommodate any more.

Miss Austin received the support and substantial assistance of Captain Beardslee, then in command of the U. S. S. Jamestown, who proved himself a warm friend of the enterprise.

In July the school was moved to the old hospital building.

In November some of the boys applied to the teacher



for permission to live in the school-house. At home, they alleged, there was so much drinking, talking and carousing that they could not study. The teacher replied that she had no accommodations, bedding or food for them. But they were so much in earnest that they said they would provide for themselves. Upon receiving permission, seven native boys, thirteen and fourteen years of age, bringing a blanket each, voluntarily left their homes and took up their abode in a vacant room of one of the government buildings. Thus commenced the boarding department of the Sitka school. Soon other boys joined them. Captain Henry Glass, who succeeded Captain Beardslee in command of the U. S. S. *James-town*, from the first, with his officers, especially Lieut. F. M. Symonds, U. S. N., took a deep interest in the school. As he had opportunity he secured boys from distant tribes and placed them in the institution, until there were twenty-seven boys in the boarding department.

In February, 1881, Captain Glass established a rule compelling the attendance of the native children upon the day school, which was a move in the right direction and worked admirably. He first caused the native village to be cleaned up, ditches dug around each house for drainage, and the houses whitewashed. These sanitary regulations greatly lessened the sickness and death rate among them. He ordered the houses to be numbered and an accurate census taken of the inmates, adults and children. He then caused a number of labels to be made of tin, one of which was tied around the neck of each child, with his or her number and the number of the house on it, so that if a child was found on the street during school hours, the native policeman was under orders to take the number on the label and report it, or the teacher each day would report that such and such numbers from such houses were absent that day. The following morning the head man of the house to which the absentee belonged was summoned to appear and answer for the child. If the child was willfully absent, the head man was fined or imprisoned. A few cases of fine proved sufficient. As soon as the people found the captain in earnest the children were all in school. This ran the average attendance up to 230 and 250, the attendance one day reaching, with adults, 271. In April of that year Mr. Alonzo E. Austin was associated with his daughter in the school, and Mrs. Austin appointed matron. In the winter of 1882 the school-house was burned, and the boys took refuge in an abandoned government stable, which was fitted up for them. In the fall of 1882, after consultation with the collector of customs, the commander of the United States man-of-war and the leading citizens, I selected a new location for the school outside of village limits and erected a two-and-a-half story building 100 by 50 feet in size. In 1884 the Girls' Boarding School at Fort Wrangell was removed to Sitka, and the united schools made a government contract industrial and training school. The same season a second large building, 130 by 50 feet, was erected for the use of the school, and

in March, 1885, there were 42 boys and 61 girls under training in this school.

In Sitka, a government school was opened June 22, 1885, with Miss Margaret Powell as teacher. She is a trained teacher from Western Pennsylvania and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It reports 43 pupils. On Nov. 16, 1885, Miss Kate A. Rankin, of Pennsylvania, was appointed in charge of another school, which reports 77 pupils in attendance.

At Juneau a school was opened June 1, 1885, with Miss Marion B. Murphy, of Oregon, as teacher, with an attendance varying from 30 to 90 pupils. Miss Murphy is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

At Hoonah a school was opened Sept. 1, 1885, with 34 pupils, with Mrs. M. D. McFarland of the Presbyterian Church as teacher.

At Fort Wrangell a school was opened Sept. 1, 1885, with 33 pupils. The attendance has since increased to 70. Miss Lydia McAvoy, the teacher, is from West Virginia.

At Haines a school was opened in September, 1885, with 40 pupils. In January, 1886, there were 84 pupils. The teacher is Miss Sarah M. Dickinson, an intelligent half-breed girl, educated at the Government training school at Forest Grove, Oregon, and afterwards at the Protestant Episcopal School at Portland, Oregon.

At Jackson the school was opened in September with 59 pupils. The teacher is Miss Clara A. Gould, of West Virginia.

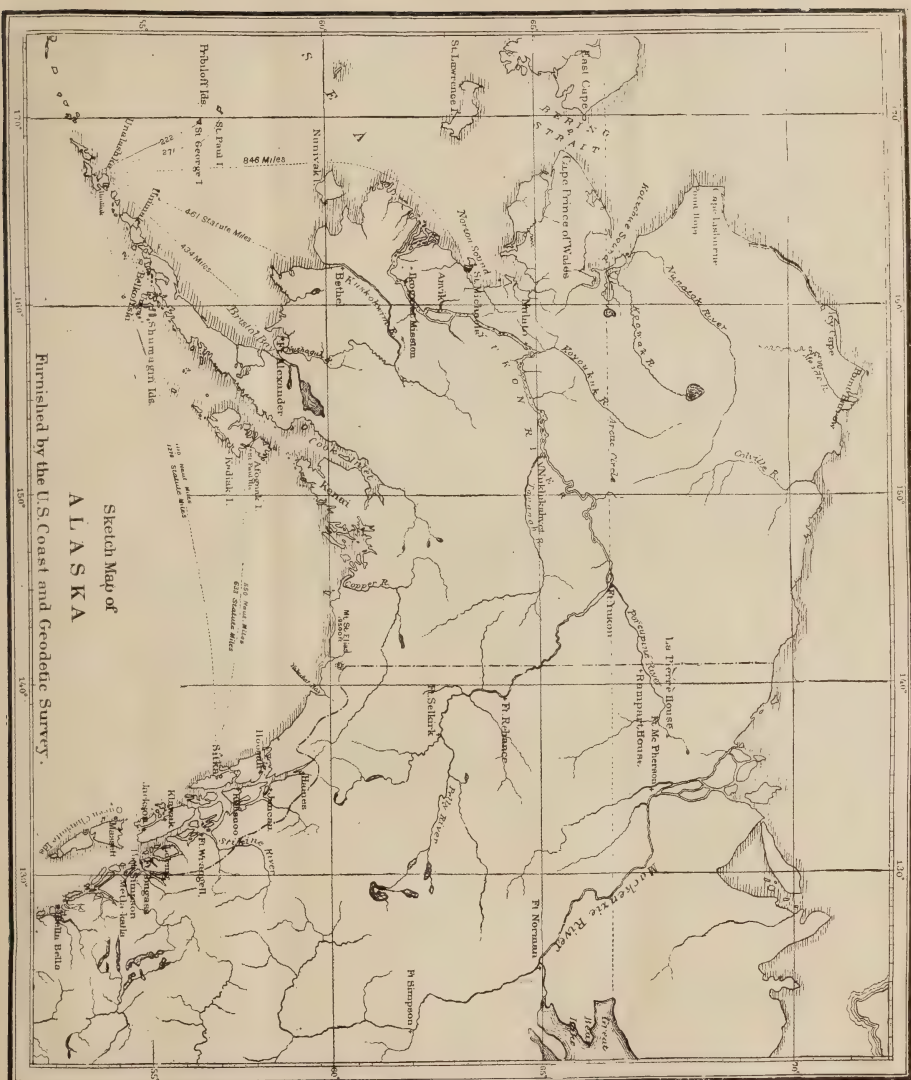
At Killesnoo a school was opened in February, 1886, by Prof. Geo. B. Johnston, of Pennsylvania.

A school has been opened at Unalashka, with 45 pupils. It is in charge of Mr. Solomon Ripinsky, a Russian Hebrew.

The school at Bethel is in charge of Rev. Wm. H. Weinland.

On May 1, 1870, Congress leased for twenty years to the Alaska Commercial Company the islands of Saint Paul and Saint George. By the terms of the lease, the Company is bound to maintain a school on each island for eight months in each year, and 98 per cent. of the children of school age are reported in attendance.

“If a person dies in his house, most of the Alaskan tribes hold that house sacred to the dead and unfit thereafter for the habitation of the survivors; so no living foot may cross that threshold which once the dead has passed in his awful silence. Therefore the dying one, instead of being allowed to rest in peace in his last hours, is hastily lifted from his couch and put out of doors by a hole in the rear wall, so that neither house nor threshold may belong in mystic lien to the departed. When an earth burial is made, clothing, weapons, domestic utensils and food are placed in and upon the grave. A fire also is often lighted and kept burning near the mound for some time, that the spirits may be propitiated, and the dead not be cold and without fire with which to cook in the next world.”—*J. McN. Wright.*





## Protestant Missions in Alaska.

Protestant Missions were commenced in Alaska by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. A. R. McFarland. They arrived at Fort Wrangell on August 10, 1877, and established a Presbyterian Mission. They were reinforced the following year by Rev. J. G. Brady in March, Miss F. Kellogg in April, and Rev. S. H. Young in August. In the article following we give an extended account of the present condition of the Mission.

For years the *English Church Missionary Society* has had mission stations at Fort McPherson and La Pierre House, bordering on Northeastern Alaska, and their missionaries have made occasional trips on the upper Yukon and its tributaries.

The *Protestant Episcopal Church* has lately sent a missionary, Rev. Octavius Parker, to Alaska. He is now on his way to his mission station which will be at St. Michael, on the western coast.

The *Baptist Home Missionary Society* has appointed Rev. W. Roscoe and wife as missionaries to Alaska, and they are now on their way to their destination which is Port of St. Paul, on Kadiak Island. This island has an area of 28,980 square miles and a population of about 5,000.

The American Branch of the *Moravian Church* sent in 1884, the Rev. A. Hartman and Rev. W. H. Weinland, to visit the western section of Alaska and locate a mission. They decided to establish a mission station 150 miles up the Kuskokwim River, near the native village of Mumtrekhtagamute. The new station was named Bethel. They returned to the United States and made their report. In May, 1885, Rev. W. H. Weinland and wife, Rev. J. H. Killbuck (Delaware Indian) and wife, and Mr. John Torgerson, left the United States for Alaska. On August 10, 1885, Mr. Torgerson was drowned. A contract has been entered into with the Moravians for the establishment of a school at Fort Alexander. The teachers selected are Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Wolff and Miss B. Bradley, M.D. The buildings are now being erected, and the school will commence early in 1887.

An additional missionary, Rev. Frank E. Wolff, sailed for Alaska from San Francisco, July 17, 1886. He will be stationed at Nushogak.

Rev. W. H. Weinland, in a letter written February 16, 1886, says:

"We have made progress in learning the Eskimo language. As to the work of gaining the confidence of the people we feel greatly encouraged. A great many have come to us for medical assistance. The medicines we have given have, in almost all cases, taken immediate effect. The people have shown us great respect, and expressed their love to us.

"We see no way of establishing anything of a boarding school at present. That may come later, but at present our working force is too small, and the worth of an education must first be recognized by these people. Mean-

while I will open a school next summer at Nepaskiagamute, the next village down the river, about seven miles from here, and of considerable size. I will open the school in our tent, and hope to erect a log school-house, where the sessions can be continued during winter after the natives have returned from their hunting expeditions to the mountains. I ask your prayers that this work may succeed. To teach these children English while I as yet can speak but very little of their language, will take an almost unbounded amount of patience, and besides this, the work of erecting a school-house is not inconsiderable.

"While I am thus engaged, Brother Killbuck will build a log dwelling-house at this place for himself and wife. It is by mutual agreement that we thus divide the work. As regards dividing the household into separate families and each occupying a separate house, we feel sure that you will fully endorse this step.

"News have reached us of the death of a Methodist missionary at Fort Yukon, who had been sent out by some Canadian Missionary Society. We have been unable to learn his name. He is reported to have been poorly provided with the necessities of life, having endeavored to 'live upon the country.'

"It is a matter of great thankfulness to be able to state, in conclusion, that we are all enjoying excellent health. We feel that the blessing of the Lord has rested upon us and our work, and pray earnestly that He may continue to prosper us."

### Presbyterian Missions in Alaska in 1885.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

The year 1885 has been one of unusual difficulty and discouragement in the Alaska Missions.

These discouragements have been due to a combination of causes.

Prominent among them has been 1. A reaction from the spiritual claims of the Gospel. When the missionaries first met the people, great interest was taken in school and church, and both were crowded. Latterly this interest has somewhat abated. While some have learned to appreciate the Gospel, love it for their soul's sake, and are still diligent in their attendance on the means of grace, many others seem to have attended church in the hope of worldly gain. In some instances prominent chiefs expected that the missionaries would build them a house, and like the representatives of the Government make them presents, or that the locating of the missionary would give their tribe an advantage over neighboring ones.

But finding on the one hand that they did not receive gifts, and on the other that the new religion required them to put away their plural wives, free their slaves, renounce the superstitions of their fathers, and give up

sinful practices, they have gradually dropped out from attendance on church because of the enmity of the natural heart.

2. In the development of the mining interests in Southeast Alaska, there has come an unusual demoralization upon the native population. During the summer thousands of the natives flock to the mining centres, the men for the wages they receive as workmen, and the women for the wages of sin.

The extent of this latter can be somewhat realized, when I say that at a leading mining centre, with a summer population of nearly a thousand American miners, not over a dozen of them have their American families with them.

Through these temptations surrounding the natives,

children from school. Among a more intelligent and self-reliant people, these misrepresentations would have done but little injury.

The natives of S. E. Alaska are a docile people, easily led by those who are in authority.

The mere opinion of an officer has with them all the weight of a U. S. statute. Hence, when a U. S. officer advised them to withhold their children from the schools, it practically had all the effect of a command. While the chief opposition was directed against the Sitka school, because the officers were residents of Sitka and could bring their influence more directly to bear on that school, yet the evil effects of the same were felt at all the stations among all the tribes.

Through the misrule of the ex-officials, the manu-



MISS O. AUSTIN AND A CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS, "SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE," SITKA, ALASKA.

many are drawn away and make shipwreck of their faith.

3. The greatest difficulty, however, has been in the opposition of several of the former Government officials, who have since been removed and better men appointed in their places.

For reasons best known to themselves, those officers directly or indirectly threw their official influence in opposition to the school and mission work.

Some of them by continuous and persistent misrepresentations sought to weaken the confidence of the natives in their missionaries.

In some instances the natives were told that their children were not learning and would be better off out of school than in it, and were even advised to keep their

facture of a vile intoxicating liquor called Hoochinoo has greatly increased and is perhaps more common than ever before in the whole history of the country.

Lawlessness and insubordination have also increased.

The above causes, and others proceeding from them, have temporarily suspended the mission work at Haines among the Chilkats.

#### HAINES.

During the past year, Rev. Eugene S. Willard completed a comfortable and convenient log building for the Home and School. This will be of interest to the many Sabbath-school children and mission bands who had furnished one or more logs for the building.

If they could see the completed structure they



would rejoice to see how much has been accomplished with their money.

With the help of Mrs. Willard and Miss Bessie Matthews, the home was occupied and bright girls and boys gathered in. But through growing lawlessness among the people, and the terrible sway of witchcraft that had doomed the two little children of Rev. and Mrs. Willard to death, it was not thought safe for the mission family to remain through the winter, and consequently in the fall they removed to Sitka. A few of the children in the home accompanied them and the others returned to their parents.

Since going to Sitka, Mr. Willard has been invited to take charge of the station as Juneau, and it is hoped that he will accept, at least for the winter.

This case of witchcraft reveals a danger to which all the missionaries in this region are liable. Last spring

a missionary. As Mr. Willard lived among them and was accessible, his two little children were selected as the victims, and the men appointed to do the murdering. An overruling Providence prevented the bloody deed at the time agreed upon.

This, however, did not cause them to give up the plan, but only defer it to a more favorable opportunity. With this danger ever hanging over their heads, it was thought best for them to leave the station, until they could have more efficient protection.

A day school is kept there by Miss Sarah M. Dickinson, daughter of the former interpreter.

HOONYAH.

This station is supplied by Rev. and Mrs. John W. McFarland, with James Jackson (a native boy) as interpreter. During last winter their school numbered 69 boys, 76 girls, and 74 adults.



Sheldon Jackson Indian School, Sitka, Alaska.

the daughter of one of the Chilkat chiefs, who was in the home at Sitka, died of pneumonia. Some one started the story among the natives that she had been bewitched and killed by the matron of the school. This was reported to her father, and believed by him. The native law is one of reprisals in kind. If a native of one tribe in a fight gouges out the eye of another of a different tribe, the man who has lost an eye, or his friends, can require the destruction of an eye of some one from the first tribe; the person thus punished is not necessarily the man that did the original injury. And if the man that loses an eye is a chief or high in caste, he can require the destruction of two or more eyes in return for his one. Thus, in this case, in their estimation a missionary had killed the child of a chief, and according to their customs he had the right to kill two children of

As their people scatter during the summer to their fishing and seal-hunting camps, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland followed them around in the canoe, teaching and preaching in all their principal camps. This self-denying service kept fresh in the minds of the people the truths they had learned in the winter. Hoonyah is about 30 miles by water from a post-office, and the McFarlands will be unable to receive any tidings from the outside world until next spring.

FORT WRANGELL.

The church at this point continues on the even tenor of its way, with Rev. S. Hall Young minister in charge.

With his usual zeal Mr. Young continues to labor in season and out of season for the building up of his church.

A number have been received into communion on

profession of their faith and baptism, and the work is making good progress.

The day school is now under the care of the Government, with Miss Lydia McAvoy, a Christian woman, as teacher.

#### FORT TONGASS.

This station is in charge of Louis and Tillie Paul, native missionaries. As the final location of this mission has not yet been definitely determined, and therefore no permanent buildings erected, the work is carried on under great disadvantages. Mr. and Mrs. Paul are living in a small, uncomfortable, temporary shanty. In this they sleep, live, teach school, and preach. They are bravely doing what they can under the circumstances.

To these points many come from other villages, and even from British Columbia. In days past these large gatherings were scenes of gambling and debauchery.

The presence of the missionary and his family is a restraint on vice and disorderly conduct. It also gives him an opportunity of preaching the gospel to some who would not otherwise hear it. The Board has arranged for the erection of a new and commodious school-house at this station.

Near by is a mission saw mill, in charge of W. D. McLeod, and now in operation.

#### SITKA.

The mission force at this place consists of Rev. Alonzo E. Austin and wife, Professor Wm. A. Kelly, Mr. and



MISSION BUILDINGS AT HAINEs, ALASKA.

Fifteen hundred dollars should be raised to erect a suitable school-house, church and residence under one roof, in a central location for the people.

#### JACKSON.

The work among the Hydahs shows constant progress from year to year. A number of neat frame cottages have been built by the people and various articles of an American civilization are being introduced among them.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Loomis Gould, with Miss Clara Gould, are the workers. In the summer they follow their people to the seal-hunting grounds.

Mrs. Thos. Heaton, the Misses Rankin, Dauphin, Kelsey and Rogers, and temporarily Rev. and Mrs. Willard and Miss Bessie Matthews of the Chilcat Mission.

The mission work largely centres in the Industrial Training school.

This is the outgrowth of Mrs. McFarland's Girls' Home at Fort Wrangell, which was removed to Sitka in the fall of 1884, and the Boys' Home which had grown up at Sitka under the labors of Mr. Austin and family. The year opened with great prosperity. In March there were 42 boys and 61 girls enjoying the advantages of Christian training and a Christian home. Then came



the break up. The opposition of the ex-Government officials, that had been gathering strength through the winter, manifested itself in an open attack upon the mission.

Upon the plea that the school buildings were upon Government land (their right to be there had been recognized by an act of Congress), a temporary injunction was issued by Judge McAllister restraining the Board of Home Missions and all their teachers and employees from building fences, grading the yard, making walks, or doing any work whatever on the school premises. The declared purpose of the U. S. District Attorney was to have the injunction made perpetual and the mission buildings destroyed.

Last winter an Indian sorcerer and his wife brought their daughter, about 12 years of age, and placed her in school for five years. A few weeks afterwards, having an opportunity of selling her to some visiting Indians, her parents came and asked to take her out of school. This was refused by the superintendent. They then offered to send her brother in her place. The superintendent replied that he would take the boy if they wished, but would retain the girl. They then offered him \$10 in money if he would let the girl go. Failing to procure her, they hired two Indians to steal her. These men were concealed around the premises a week before they were discovered and captured.

Some white men assisted the sorcerer in securing a writ of habeas corpus and the girl was produced in court. Upon this occasion the judge (McAllister) ruled: 1st—That the *verbal* contract of the parents in placing their child in school was not binding; 2d—That as a white man cannot make a contract with an Indian, a *written* contract would be illegal; 3d—That if the officers of the school attempted to restrain the children from running away, or leaving whenever they wished, they would be liable to fine and imprisonment. Judge Dawne, who succeeded Mr. McAllister as U. S. Judge of Alaska, upon opening his court

took an early opportunity of reversing these decisions and decided that the natives of Southeast Alaska were not Indians; that they could make contracts; sue and be sued, and do whatever any one else could do before the law.

The decisions of Mr. McAllister left the officers of the school powerless to maintain necessary discipline. If a child failed in his lessons, quarreled with his schoolmates, neglected his work, or transgressed the rules of the school, and any attempt was made to correct him, in a fit of anger or sulkiness he could leave the institution, for the court had thrown the doors wide open. Special pains were taken to make

the natives understand this, and they were encouraged and incited to remove their children.

The immediate result of the above action was that 47 out of the 103 children in school were either removed by their friends or ran away of their own accord.

The majority of the girls were enticed into a life of sin and a portion are ruined for life.

Some of them have since sought with tears to be taken back into the school, but were already so diseased that it was impossible to receive them. In September the new Government officials arrived, and in the short time they have been in power have manifested much interest in the school and in its work.

Under the new order of things the school is again in-

creasing its numbers, and the outlook for the future is hopeful.

God's spirit has followed the preaching of the word and 28 have been added to the Sitka Church on confession of their faith and baptism. Of these 5 or 6 were from Rev. Mr. Willard's congregation at Haines. Having as yet no organization at home, they came 250 miles to profess Christ at Sitka.

Two additional ministers are urgently needed in the Alaska field.



AN ESKIMO FAMILY.

**"Children's Day" at Naini Tal, India.**

BY REV. B. H. BADLEY.

Children's Day, as a rule, is observed in India on the second Sunday in March, as this time is preferable on the plains to June. In the mountains, however, June is the more suitable time, and so last Sabbath, June 13th, while our Home Churches from Maine to Texas, and from Florida to Oregon, were filled with happy children keeping "Children's Day," the day was observed with a measure of the same enthusiasm here in Naini Tal.

The Church in this beautiful mountain city, 6,000 feet above sea level, is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Baume, so well known at home, especially in the Rock River Conference. In crossing the seas to again take up work in India he left none of his enthusiasm behind, and on "Children's Day," as in every other good cause, he labors with a will.

The service was a great success. The church, a beautiful stone structure overlooking the lovely lake which gives the city its name, was neatly decorated with ferns, ivy and many kinds of flowers, now at their loveliest. As usual, the richest decorations were the children, a round hundred of them, with bright happy faces, entering into the spirit of the occasion as only children can.

Quite a number of other friends were present, including Mr. Ross, Commissioner of Kumaon, several missionaries (spending a few weeks here to escape the heated plains) and forty English soldiers, mostly from the 78th Highlanders. The church was well filled. The day was verily a "perfect day in June," earth air and sky all praising God.

The programme was similar to a thousand others used at home. Thanks to Dr. Kidder, who in the multiplicity of his efforts and engagements, never forgets us in India, we have no difficulty in arranging programmes, using part of what he sends us, and making such changes as we deem advisable for our work here.

Besides responsive readings there were hymns from the hymnal and "Redeeming Love." We were favored with recitations by the girls of Miss Knowles' High School and the boys of Mr. Tompkins' High School, and an address was delivered by Rev. B. H. Badley.

Following the address came the collection. First the Sunday-school made its offering. In each class a boy or girl had been selected to carry the offering to the pulpit; each announced the amount (enclosed in a neat purse) and deposited it, reciting an appropriate verse. The school thus gave Rs. 54 (\$27 in round numbers.)

The congregation then responded, and most liberally; Rs. 81 (\$40) were received, making \$67 in all. One of the soldiers present was so impressed by what

he saw and heard that he went to Mrs. Thomas, one of our missionaries, with whom he had deposited part of his savings to be used in the Lord's work, and drew all he had left, about \$1.50, and sent it to Mr. Baume for the "Children's Fund." Coming from such a source, this was a royal donation.

In the evening, in place of the regular service, the Rev. H. Mansell, of Cawnpore, preached a sermon on "Education." At the close an opportunity to give was again presented and Rs. 20 (\$10) secured. The total collection for the day amounted to no less than Rs. 155 (\$77), one of the largest collections of the kind ever taken in our conference. At the close of the service the pastor spoke for all when he said the day had been one of great happiness and blessing.

With the approval of the Board of Education, our collections in India are retained and used in helping our native preachers to educate their sons. At present about thirty are thus being assisted in our various schools. At least thirty others need assistance. As our work expands there will be large demands in this direction. Our native converts are thoroughly awake to the importance of educating their boys and girls, and in many cases are denying themselves to do this.

We are glad to report that our three English churches—Lucknow, Cawnpore and Naini Tal—have this year in connection with "Children's Day" services given upwards of Rs. 40 (\$20) for purely native work. This fact shows clearly and conclusively the interest they take in this branch of our work.

They will probably contribute a like amount for missions. To be sent to 805 Broadway—a part of the forthcoming million; and besides, they are constantly giving to local missionary work. These churches were never in better working order than at present: they are a power for good, and a source of blessing to our people and our work.

Naini Tal, June 15.

**CATECHISM ON ALASKA.**

*Where is Alaska?* In the northwestern part of North America.

*To whom does it belong?* To the United States, by whom it was purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000.

*What is its size?* It contains 580,107 square miles.

*What is its largest river?* The Yukon, which is 3,000 miles in length.

*What is the climate?* The climate in the south is mild, due to the warm Japan current of the Pacific. Alaska is said to have an Arctic winter and a tropical summer. At Fort Yukon the thermometer often rises above 100 degrees in summer, and indicates from 50 to 70 degrees below zero in winter.

*What springs has Alaska?* It abounds in hot and mineral springs that are noted for their curative qualities.

*What is the population?* There are 17,617 Eskimo, 2,145 Aleuts, 1,756 Creoles, 5,100 Tinnah, 6,437 Thlingets, 788 Hydah, and 2,000 Whites, making a total of 35,843.

*What can be said of the Eskimo?* They are larger than those of Greenland and Labrador. They are good natured and are great smokers. They believe in future rewards and punishments. They call themselves "Innuvit," which is the native name for "people." The name "Eskimo" is given them by others. It means "raw fish eaters." They are fond of dancing, running and jumping.

*What of the Aleuts?* They occupy the Aleutian islands and have a strong resemblance to the Japanese. They dress in American garments and many are highly educated.

*What of the Tinnah?* They are tall and well formed and are great hunters and fishers. They believe in polygamy. Shamanism and witchcraft prevail.

*Who are the Creoles?* The descendants of Russian fathers and native mothers.

*What of the Thlingets?* They are a hardy, warlike and superstitious race inhabiting the Alexander Archipelago and adjacent coast.

*What of the Hydah?* They are a large and handsome race and noted for their bravery and ferocity in war. They live on the Prince of Wales Island. They have great skill in carving wood, bone, gold, silver and stone. They practice polygamy and hold slaves. They live in perpetual fear of evil spirits.

*When were Protestant Missions commenced in Alaska?* In 1877 by Rev. Sheldon Jackson D.D., and Mrs. A. R. McFarland, representing the Presbyterian Church.

*What other churches have since entered upon Mission work in Alaska?* In 1884 the Moravians sent two missionaries to Alaska and have now a mission on the Kuskokwim river. Here they have two missionaries and their wives. Another missionary left the United States for this mission in July, 1886.

The Baptist Home Mission Society has appointed a missionary and his wife who are now on their way to Alaska and will be stationed on Kadiak Island.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has sent a missionary to St. Michael. He is expected to arrive there this month.

*What has been the success of the Presbyterian Mission?* It has established schools and organized churches and has now in Alaska 1 ordained missionaries, and 12 female missionaries, 5 schools with 146 scholars, 2 churches and about 300 members.



## THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

### Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mission Rooms, No. 85 Broadway, New York.  
REV. BISHOP BOWMAN, D.D., *President.*

REV. J. M. REID, D.D., } *Corresponding Secretaries.*  
REV. C. C. MCCABE, D.D., }  
MR. J. M. PHILLIPS, *Treasurer.*  
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REV. J. N. FITZGERALD, D.D., *Recording Secretary.*  
REV. EUGENE R. SMITH, D.D., *Missionary Editor.*

### THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

VOL. XIII. No. 11.

#### Table of Contents.

Greenland, 482.
Newfoundland, 483.
Moravian Missions in Labrador, 484.
Canada and Its People, 485.
Country and People of Alaska, 487.
Afognak, Alaska, and Its People, 492.
Missionary Work in Alaska, 493.
Present Protestant Missions in Alaska, 495.
Annual Meeting of the American Board and Report of Its Missions, 498-522.
Missionary Appeal of the Hour, 504.
For Our Lives and Thiers, 506.
Constitution of a Methodist Sunday-School Missionary Society, 507.
Hurdwar, India, 507.
The Blessedness of Giving, 509.
Letter from Dr. J. L. Phillips, 510.
Dr. J. W. Munhall, 511.
Mount Olive Mission, Liberia, 511.
Island of Celebes, 513.
Conversion of a Mohammedan Weaver, 514.
Gospel Openings in Japan, 514.
Dialogue on Greenland, 516.
Dialogue on Alaska, 517.
Dare to Do Right, 519.
Mission Books on America and Europe, 520.
Our Missionaries, 522.
Tidings from Pungo Andongo, 523.
The Japan Conference, 523.
The Growth of a Year, 524.
Tidings from Korea, 525.
The West China Mission, 525.
The Germany Conference, 525.
Letter from Finland, 526.
Letter from Norway, 526.
November Presbyterian Meetings, 527.
Blessing for Giving the Million, 528.
Donation of Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, 528.
Mr. Duncan's Alaska Mission, 528.
Progress in Japan, 528.

#### Illustrations.

Scenes in Greenland, 481.
Map of Northern North America, 483.
Mission Map of Greenland and Labrador, 484.
Indians of Canada on a Journey, 486.
An Eskimo Family, Fishing and Hunting Helps, etc., 488.
Indian Winter Encampment, 491.
An Eskimo on Snow Shoes, 491.
An Alaska Hunter, 491.
Map of Alaska, 497.
Dr. Munhall, the Evangelist, 511.
An Eskimo Chief, 517.

The GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS for December will be sent free to all new subscribers for 1888 who send in their subscriptions in November.

#### Missionary Concert Subjects, 1888.

January.....	The World.
February.....	(The Chinese) China.
March.....	Mexico.
April.....	India.
May.....	Burma.
June.....	Africa.
July.....	The Islands.
August.....	(Roman Catholicism) Italy.
September.....	Japan and Korea.
October.....	Turkey and Persia.
November.....	South America.
December.....	Syria.

The Monthly Concert for missions is frequently held on the first Sunday or the first Prayer Meeting night of the month and the GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS does not reach the subscribers in time to give the needed aid.

We shall during 1888 furnish notes on the subject of the Monthly Concert in the number of GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS issued the previous month.

#### MISSIONARY WORLD, 1888.

Each number of "Missionary World" for 1888 will be chiefly devoted to some particular country and will contain two pages of questions without answers, but stating where the answers can be obtained. The following are the subjects for 1888:

THE WORLD.....	January.
CHINA.....	February.
MEXICO.....	March.
INDIA.....	April.
BURMA.....	May.
AFRICA.....	June.
THE ISLANDS.....	July.
ITALY.....	August.
JAPAN AND KOREA.....	September.
TURKEY AND PERSIA.....	October.
SOUTH AMERICA.....	November.
SYRIA.....	December.

The "Missionary World" will reach subscribers in time to be distributed the last Sunday of the month, and the answers to the questions can be recited on the following Sunday.

#### To Methodist Episcopal Preachers.

Our subscription list of subscribers among the preachers is kept under the Conference heading. A preacher should give his Conference every time he writes.

A preacher is expected to pay in advance for the "Gospel in All Lands" addressed to himself. If his subscription expires before Conference the Magazine is continued to him and he can pay at Conference. If not paid at Conference he is expected to remit promptly immediately after Conference.

The magazine when ordered is sent commencing with the month after the order is received. Back numbers cannot be furnished to a Methodist Preacher or any one else at less than 25 cents a month, or \$3.00 a year. Some back numbers cannot be furnished at any price.

Receipts of the Treasury of the Missionary Society for year closing October 31, 1887.

**\$1,044,795.91.**

We delay this number that we may give the main part of the Treasurer's report on the fourth page of the cover.

#### Gospel in all Lands.

The GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS was commenced in February, 1880, and was published from that date until June, 1885, as an *waves*, nominal Missionary Magazine. him

Since May, 1885, it has been the property and the organ of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Only a part of the monthly back number can be supplied. Price 25 cents each.

The volumes for the years 1881, 1883, 1884, 1885 and 1886, can be furnished at \$3.00 a year unbound, or \$4.00 a bound in cloth. If sent by mail the above volumes cost thirty-five cents additional postage.

#### TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy.....	\$2.00
Two copies and over.....	each 1.50
Ten ".....	" 1.25

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The terms for GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS, MISSIONARY WORLD, and LITTLE MISSIONARY are *in advance* and they are discontinued at the close of the subscription. Remittances should be made by check, or post office order on New York, or by registered letter.

It is not safe to send postal notes, or bills, or specie, or postage stamps unless the letter containing them is registered.

Do not send an order and ask that it be charged. No charges are made; no books are kept showing the accounts of subscribers. When the money is received, the names are entered on the printed mailing list with the date showing the month through which the subscription is paid, and when that time arrives, if the money has not been received for the renewal, the name is taken from the list.

To prevent delay and confusion do not send orders to Phillips & Hunt or the Missionary Secretaries, or the Editor, but direct all letters and orders to and make all checks and post office orders payable to "GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS," 805 Broadway, New York.

**The Little Missionary** for children, 4 pages monthly of pictures and missionary stories; costs but 6 cents a year when 30 or more copies are taken by one person.

**The Missionary World** for young people, 8 pages monthly, filled with pictures and interesting missionary reading; costs but 6 cents a year when 30 or more copies are taken by one person.

knees, and was sadly wounded by the thorns. To appease my hunger I eat roots and herbs. I spent one night in a cave. Suddenly awaking, to my horror I saw a large tiger standing beside me, whose eyes sparkled in the darkness. I prayed to the Lord that He would look upon me, alone with this terrible creature, and trusting to His help I closed my eyes and turned round. When I again awoke, I was alone, the tiger was gone, and I had enjoyed a good night's rest."

Our aged sister rendered thanks to God for having heard her prayer, and so wonderfully preserved her from this great danger.

## HOW A NEGRO BOY LEARNED TO READ WITH- OUT A TEACHER.

**A**N old negro assistant in our congregation at Gracehill, Antigua, tells the following about himself:—"Being the son of a slave, I was not allowed to attend any school, but I managed to procure a picture-book with the A B C in it. This I showed to my playfellows. It was easy enough to see what the pictures meant, but why certain signs, or letters, should stand under certain pictures none of us could make out. I did not dare to ask any of the white boys, but I thought of a plan of my own.

When they came out of school, I showed some of them my picture-book, and said, 'You don't know what these words are,' or 'I know something that you don't; I could tell you every letter if I liked.' 'Why, Jimmy,' said one, 'I know spelling a great deal better than you.' 'I don't believe it,' I replied. 'Well, I'll prove it; that is a D, that an O, and that a G, and it spells Dog.'

I was quite satisfied. I had learnt three letters. Next day I showed the book to a girl, then to another boy, and so by degrees I got to know all the letters, and soon was able to read as well as any of them."

Perseverance is sure to succeed.

## SKETCHES IN GREENLAND.

(Concluded from page 78.)

**A**T daybreak we emerge from our sleeping-sacks. The air is fresh, the water is already covered with a thin crust of ice, but we rejoice at the prospect of having fine weather for the second day of our expedition. Once more we summon together the people living on the place, and our steersman, the old native helper Nathaniel, delivers a heartfelt address. Two children receive the rite of baptism, and then, before setting off, we examine the pupils of the day-school.

But it is now time to continue our journey, and the boat has already been launched. Our way leads between high mountains, and we soon reach Kinalik, where there is simply one solitary house to be seen. How much benefit many a European, who is tired of the noise and bustle of civilized life, would derive from residing for a time in such complete solitude as is here afforded! That it is possible for a man, though he may be poor, to be happy even here, we see from the cheerful demeanour of Cornelius, the resident at this place, who comes on to the shore to meet us. Although he is already advanced in years, there devolves upon him the responsibility of caring for several orphan children, whom his kindly feelings have prompted him to adopt as his own. There is an open-heartedness about his whole behaviour, such as one would scarcely find in the case of a heathen. He appears to be greatly pleased to see us, and is thankful for our spiritual ministrations. God be with thee, Cornelius, in thy lonely home.

Before the day is spent, we visit two similar outposts, each consisting of but one inhabited house. In the second there lives a man who is now nearly blind, but who used to be one of our helpers.

We have at last almost reached the end of our journey. We spend the following night at the last out-station we have to pass before reaching the parent settlement, from which it is about a league distant. Here we visit the aged members in their homes and the children in their school, and then, after a short row, we are landed once again on the well-known shore. The actual distance traversed during these two days has been comparatively short, and yet our readers will have seen that it is by no means an easy matter to visit these scattered members. And the result, in man's eyes, how small—indeed, scarcely perceptible! Had we to choose our own field of labour, we should no doubt elect to announce the message of peace to closely packed crowds of attentive listeners. But, "Thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee, thou shalt speak, saith the Lord" (Jeremiah i. 7). And again: "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them;" (Matthew xi. 5). And are not some of the poor in this world's goods, to whom the Gospel is to be proclaimed, to be found amongst the inhabitants of Greenland?

### THE LORD'S PRAYER IN GREENLANDIC.

atátarput	kilangniussutit
Our Father,	who art an inhabitant of heaven,
arkit	ivdlernarsile
Thy name	be hallowed,
nálagaufvit	tikintdle
Thy kingdom	come,
perkugsat	kilangmisut
Thy will (or command)	as in heaven
numamisak	pile
so also on earth	be done,
inútigussavtínik	uvdlume tunisigut
With our sustenance	to-day provide us.
pitdlagagssautitngut	
Us, who are deserving of punishment,	
isumákérfigitigut	
forgive us	
sórdlo	uvagítaok
as	we also
isumákérfigigivut	uvavtínut
forgive those,	against us,
pivdlagagssautitut	
who are deserving of punishment.	
ússearnartumut	pinavérsitigut
Into temptation	let us not enter,
ajortumitdle	ánatigut
but from the evil	deliver us.
nálagaufvik	píssaunerdlo
The Kingdom	and the power
ivdlit	and the glory
Thou	pigigavkit
nággaungitsumik	because Thou possessest them
for ever.	áman.
	Amen.

### THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARY REPORTER.

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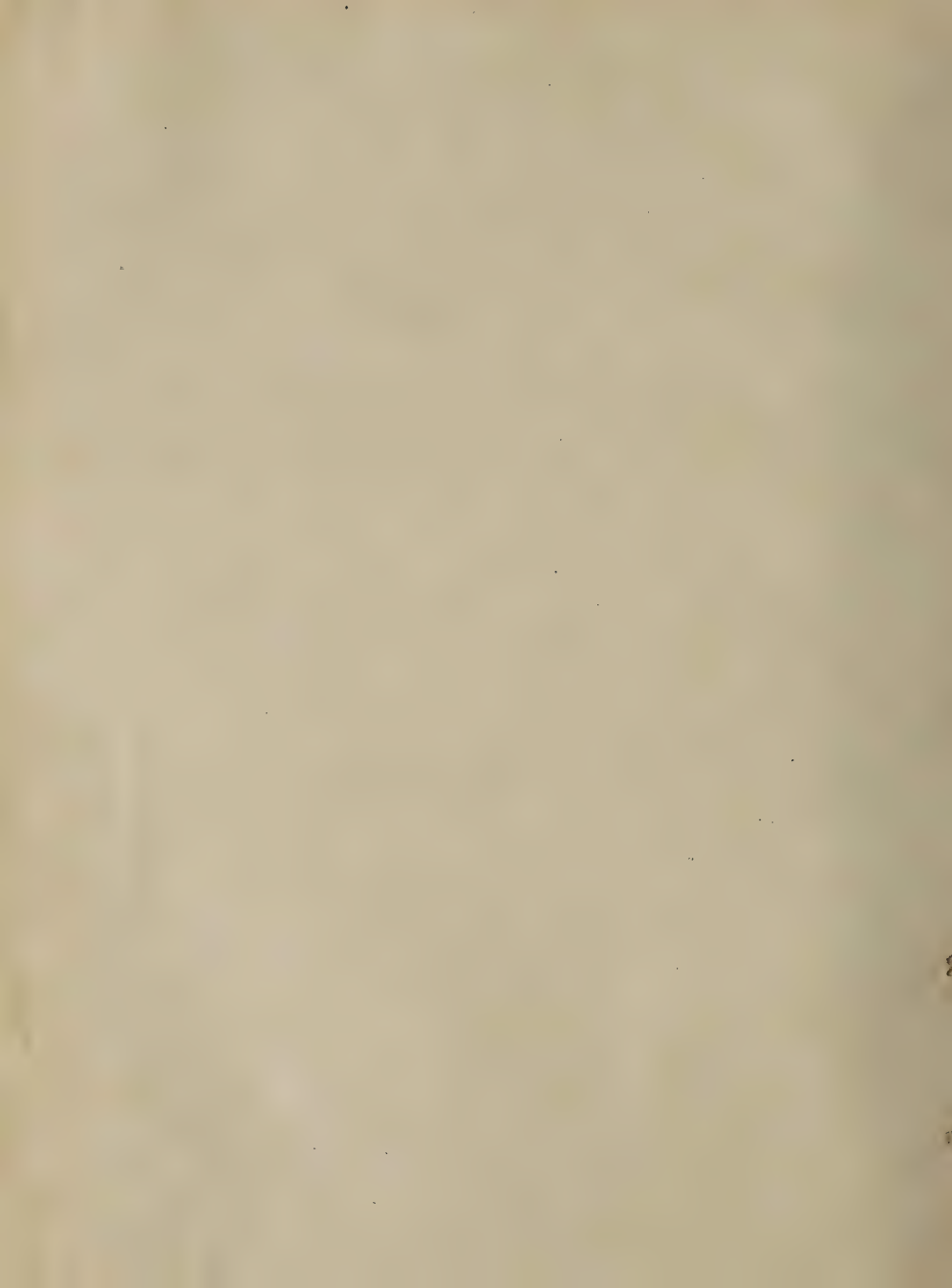
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THE  
HAIDAH INDIANS  
OF  
QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.  
WITH A  
BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THEIR CARVINGS, TATTOO DESIGNS, ETC.

BY  
JAMES G. SWAN,  
PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

[ACCEPTED FOR PUBLICATION, JANUARY, 1874.]





## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS Memoir was referred for examination to Dr. James C. Welling, LL.D., President of Columbian University, Washington, D. C., and to Dr. George A. Otis, of the Surgeon General's Office, U. S. Army.

Their report states that "the Memoir is a valuable contribution to our general knowledge of anthropology and archæology, while yielding besides a special contingent to the ethnology of the North American continent. Under the latter of these heads it raises some questions which seem of great significance, and which it is to be hoped will lead to further investigation."

JOSEPH HENRY,

*Secretary S. I.*

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,

Washington, July, 1874.





## THE HAIDAH INDIANS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS.

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QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS are a group in the Pacific Ocean, lying off the northwest coast of North America about seventy-five miles northwest of Vancouver's Island, between latitude  $51^{\circ} 30'$  and  $54^{\circ} 20'$  north, and at a distance from the mainland varying from one hundred miles at their southern extremity to about sixty miles at the northern portion of the group.

They were first discovered by Captain Cook, R. N., in the year 1776, and it is said that he landed on the most northerly portion near a spot now known as Cook's Inlet. Captain Juan Perez, a Spanish navigator, had sighted this land two years previously, but it was not taken formal possession of by either the English or Spanish until 1787, when Captain Dixon took possession in the name of King George the Third, and named the group after the consort of the King, "Queen Charlotte's Islands."

These Islands form together a healthy picturesque territory, rich in natural resources, and well adapted to colonization. Nevertheless, for the space of nearly a century no attempt has been made by the English to colonize them. There they lie waste and fallow, yet marvellously productive, and awaiting nothing but capital, enterprise, and skill to return manifold profit to those who will develop their resources.

The names of this group are North, Graham's, Moresby's, and Prevost.

Graham's and Moresby's Islands are the largest, and constitute at least 95 per cent. of the whole area of the group.

North and Prevost Islands, one at the extreme northwest, and the other at the extreme southeast of the group, are quite small, being only a few miles in area.

There are a great number of small islands and islets around the main group, particularly on the eastern side. Some of these islets are of considerable extent, but are of minor importance when compared with the main group.

The general direction of Queen Charlotte's Islands is northwest and southeast, following the general outline of the coast in that region of the continent.

The widest portion is at the northern end of Graham's Island, a little north of the  $54^{\circ}$  parallel, and measures, from Cape Fife on the east, to Cape Knox on the west, about sixty nautical miles.

From the  $54^{\circ}$  parallel the group narrows towards its southern extremity till it is reduced, at Prevost Island, to about one mile.



The whole length of the group from North Point to Cape St. James, its southern extremity, is about one hundred and sixty miles. The islands of the group are separated by three channels. Parry Passage, at the north, separates North Island from Graham's, Skidegate Channel separates Graham's and Moresby's Islands, and Stewart Channel separates Moresby's and Prevost Islands.

These Islands are inhabited by a tribe of Indians called Haida or Hydah, who in manners and customs seem somewhat different from the neighboring tribes of the mainland, and those of Vancouver's Island. The name is spelled Hyder, Haida, or Haidah. I have adopted the latter style as it is more expressive of the true pronunciation of the natives.

In general appearance the Haidahs resemble the natives of the northeastern coast of Asia, who have a marked resemblance to the Tartar hordes and who seem to have extended along the Siberian coast, the Aleutian Islands, and down the American shores as far south as Queen Charlotte's Islands, where this peculiar type of the Indian race ceases, and is succeeded immediately by the Selish or flat-head branch of the North American Indians, who have been classed by Morgan as the Ganowanian family or Bow and Arrow people. I apply the term *Selish* in this paper to the tribes of Washington Territory and British Columbia south of the 51° parallel of north latitude.

The distinctive features of these two classes of Indians are apparent to the most casual observer. The Haidah, Chimsean, and other tribes north of Vancouver's Island, who are termed by the residents of Puget Sound "Northern Indians," are, as a general rule, of larger stature, better proportion, and lighter complexion than the Selish.

Although there are numerous instances of well-developed individuals among the Vancouver Island tribes, and of small-sized individuals among the Northern, yet the general appearance of the Northern Indians, both men and women, is much larger and finer. This difference is particularly marked in the females. Those of the Haidah and other northern tribes are tall and athletic, while the Selish women are shorter and more given to corpulency.

The Haidah Indians, living on an island separated from the mainland by a wide and stormy strait, are necessarily obliged to resort to canoes as a means of travel, and are exceedingly expert in their construction and management.

Some of their canoes are very large and capable of carrying one hundred persons with all their equipments for a long voyage. But those generally used will carry from twenty to thirty persons; and in these conveyances they make voyages of several hundred miles to Victoria on Vancouver's Island, and from thence to the various towns on Puget Sound.

These canoes are made from single logs of cedar, which attains an immense size on Queen Charlotte's Islands. Although not so graceful in model as the canoes of the west coast of Vancouver's Island and Washington Territory, which are commonly called Chenook canoes, yet they are most excellent sea boats, and capable of being navigated with perfect safety through the storms and turbulent waters of the northwest coast.

The Haidahs bring with them as articles of traffic, furs of various kinds, dogfish, and seal oil, and carvings in wood and stone, as well as ornaments in silver of excellent workmanship, such as bracelets, finger-rings, and ear ornaments.

A peculiar kind of slate-stone is found on Queen Charlotte's Islands, very soft when first quarried, and easily carved into fanciful figures of various kinds, but growing very hard upon exposure to the air, and after being rubbed with oil, which seems to harden and polish it.

These stone carvings are eagerly purchased by persons looking for Indian curiosities, and are generally regarded by casual observers as idols, or objects of worship, or indicative in some manner of their secret or mystic rites. This, however, is an error. None of the tribes of the northwest coast worship idols or any visible symbol of their secret religion, which is confined to the totem, or tomanawas, or guardian spirit of each individual Indian.

But the custom which prevails among them, and seems to be a distinctive feature of this tribe, is that of tattooing their bodies with various designs, all of which are fanciful representations of animals, birds or fishes, either an attempt to represent in a grotesque form those which are known and commonly seen, or their mythological and legendary creations. A recent visit of a party of these Indians to Port Townsend has enabled me to study carefully a variety of their carvings and tattoo marks, and to ascertain with accuracy their true meaning and signification.

I have forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution, to accompany this memoir, several carvings in wood and stone; and, in order the better to describe them, I have made sketches illustrative of these carvings and also of various tattoo designs, which were copied by me from the persons of the Indians, and also have caused photographs to be taken to still further illustrate this subject.

The first of these carvings which I shall describe is of wood (Plate 2, fig. 1). It is intended to represent one of the carved posts or pillars which are raised in front of the houses of the chiefs or principal men. These pillars are sometimes from fifty to sixty feet high, elaborately carved at a cost of hundreds of blankets; some of the best ones even costing several thousand dollars, consequently, only the most wealthy individuals of the tribe are able to purchase the best specimens.

These pillars are carved out of a single cedar tree, the back hollowed out so as to relieve the weight when raising it in a perpendicular position. They are deeply and firmly set in the earth directly in front of the lodge, and a circular opening near the ground constitutes the door of entrance to the house. The Chimsean Indians, at Fort Simpson, and the Sitka tribes have this style of carved posts, but they set them a short distance from the front of their houses.

The figures carved on these posts are the family totems or heraldic designs of the family occupying the house, and as these Indians build large wooden lodges capable of containing several families, the carvings may be said to indicate the family names of the different occupants.

The chief or head man owns the house, and the occupants are his family and relatives, each one of whom will have on some part of the body a representation in tattooing of the particular figure which constitutes his or her family name or connection.



The chief will have all the figures tattooed on his body to show his connection with the whole.

The principal portion of the body tattooed is the back of the hand and forearm; and a Haidah, particularly the women, can be readily designated from any other northern tribe by this peculiarity.

The carving which I shall next describe is the wooden figure on the left of Sketch No. 2. This has four figures, one above the other. The lowest one is the beaver *Tsching*. On his head sits the mythological mother of the Haidah tribe, who is named *Il-tads-dah*. In her arms she holds the young crow *Keet-kie*, and on her head is seated the crow *Hoo-yéh*, bearing in his beak the new moon *Koong*. His head is surmounted by the *Tadn-skillik*, a peculiar shaped hat worn only by chiefs or persons of importance. On the top of the *Tadn-skillik* is seated the bear *Hoorts*.

The legend connected with this carving is, that the beaver *Tsching* occupies himself by eating the moon, and when he has finished his meal and obliterated it, *Il-tads-dah* sends out *Hoo-yéh*, the crow, to hunt for a new moon which he brings home in his bill. The duty of *Hoorts* the bear is to keep watch that all goes on well.

The second carving is of stone (Plate 1, fig. 1), and consists of *Tsching* the beaver, *Skams-kwin* the eagle, and *Il-tads-dah* the grandmother. In the under lip of the old woman is seen the *staic*, an oblong piece of wood or ivory which is inserted in the under lip, and increased in size till the lip is distorted and stretched out of all shape.

This practice was formerly universal, but of late years has fallen somewhat into disuse, particularly with those females who have visited Victoria and seen the customs of civilization.

Carving No. 2 is of stone, and represents two figures, the lower one is *Hoorts* the bear holding in his paws the *Stoo* or crayfish. The upper figure is the *Tsching* or *Tsing*, the beaver, holding the *Tl-kam-kostan* or frog in his paws.

The Indian, however rude or grotesque his carvings or paintings may be, is always true to nature. He knows that the bears eat crabs, crayfish; and other littoral marine crustacea, and that the frog is the fresh-water companion of the beaver. Hence, if the carver had reversed the grouping, he would have been laughed at by his friends, for the Indians are keen critics of each other's work, and prone to ridicule.

Stone carving No. 3 represents three figures. The lower one is the *Tahn* or sealion; on his head is the *Wasko*, a mythological animal of the wolf species similar to the *Chu-chu-hu-nal* of the Makah Indians. Above the *Wasko* is the bear, surmounted by a head resembling a human head, but intended to represent the young bear.

The other stone carving (Plate 5, No. 5) is unfinished. It represents two figures: the lower one, the bear, and the upper one, the *Seana* or killer (*Oreca ater*).

With the exception of the first-named carving, I did not learn of any legend or allegorical history connected with these carvings of the Haidahs. But they will be of interest and value to study at some future opportunity.

The drawings of tattoo designs which accompany the carvings were copied by me from the persons of the Indians who came to my office for that purpose.

The first one (Plate 4, fig. 1) is the *Kahatta* or codfish. This was tattooed on the breast of Kitkūn, a chief of the Laskeek village of Haidahs, on the east side of Moresby's Island.

Kitkūn and his brother Ġenés-kełos—a carver and tattooer—*Kit-kā-gens*, one of the head men of the band, and Captain Skedance, chief of the Koona village, with their party gave me the information and descriptions, and from their persons I made the drawings.

Fig. 2 (tattoo mark) is the *Oolala*, a mythological being, half man, half bird, similar in all respects to the Thunder bird of the Makah Indians. It lives on high mountains enveloped in clouds and mist, causing the loud thunder and sharp lightning, and destructive alike to man or beast.

Fig. 3 (Plate 4) is called *Wásko*, another mythological being of the antediluvian age. This represents the ancestors of the present race of wolves. It is similar to the *Chu-chu-lu-uwl* of the Makahs, and the tradition is, that after the primitive race had produced the present genus of wolf, the Wasko were transformed into the killer (*orca ater*). The sharp teeth and powerful jaws of the killer, resembling more the mouth of a carnivorous land animal than any of the inhabitants of the water, was undoubtedly the origin of the fable.

Scammon, in his *Cetacea* of the Northwest Coast, styles them the cannibals of the whale tribe. The *Wasko*, as I have copied it, was tattooed on the back of the chief Kitkūn.

Fig. 4 (Plate 4) is the *Scana* or killer (*Orca ater*).

Fig. 5 is the *Koone* or whale.

Plate 5, Fig. 6, is the *Tl-kam-kostan* or frog.

Fig. 7 is the *Thlama* or skate.

Fig. 8, *mama-thlon-tona* or humming bird.

Plate 3, Fig. 9, is the fish eagle (*Koot*). This drawing was made by Ġeneskelos, the painter and tattooer of the tribe.

Plate 6, Fig. 10, is the *Chimose* or *Tchimose*, a fabulous animal supposed to drift about in the ocean like a log of wood, floating perpendicularly, and believed by the Haidahs to be very destructive to canoes or to Indians who may fall into its clutches. The *tahdn-skillik* or hat shown in the drawing indicates this animal to belong to the genii or more powerful of these mythological beings.

Fig. 11 is the crow, *Hooyeh*. This is sometimes drawn with a double head.

Fig. 12 is the bear, *Hoorts*.

Fig. 13 is a young skate, the *Billachie* of the Makahs and the *Cheetha* of the Haidahs. The young skate has on each side of its body an elliptical brown spot surrounded by a ring of bright yellow, and a brown ring outside of all. As the skate grows large this spot disappears. I have noticed it only on very small ones, and the Haidahs informed me that it is from this peculiar spot that they got their elliptical designs, which are to be seen in many of their paintings, and particularly in Fig. 12.

Figs. 14, 15, and 16 (Plate 7), representing the *Skamsom* or thunder bird, squid



(*octopus*), *noo*, and the frog, *Tl-kam-kostan*, were copied from the tattooed marks on Kitkagens; the *skamson* or *skamsquin* on his back, the *noo* on front of each thigh, and the *Tl-kam-kostan* on each ankle.

The designs which I have copied and described are but a portion of the whole which were tattooed on the persons of this party; but the limited time they remained did not enable me to make a very extended examination. Enough, however, has been obtained to show that this subject is one of great ethnological value, and if followed up with zeal and intelligence would be certain to produce interesting results.

The method by which I determined with accuracy the meaning of these various carvings and tattoo designs was by natural objects, by alcoholic specimens of frogs and crayfish, by dried specimens, by carvings of bears and seals, and by pictures, and by the mythological drawings of similar objects which I had previously obtained and determined among the Makahs.

The Haidahs, in explaining to me the meaning of their various designs, pointed to the articles I had, and thus proved to me what they meant to represent.

The tattoo marks of the codfish, squid, humming-bird, etc., never could have been determined from any resemblance to those objects, but by having the specimens and pictures before me they could easily point each one out. Nor was I satisfied until I had submitted my drawings to other Indians, and proved by their giving the same names to each, that my first informant had told me correctly. The allegorical meaning, however, will require for determination time and careful study. Indians are very peculiar in giving information relative to their myths and allegories. Even when one is well acquainted with them and has their confidence, much caution is required, and it is useless to attempt to obtain any reliable information unless they are in the humor of imparting it.

I have observed another peculiarity among the Haidahs. They do not seem to have any particular standard style of drawing their figures; consequently, unless a person is familiar enough with the general idea to be conveyed, it would be difficult to determine the meaning either of a carving or drawing, unless the Indian was present to explain what he intended to represent. For instance, Figs. 6 and 16 are drawn by two different Indians, and both represent the frog. The bear, beaver, and Wasko or wolf, are different in the carvings from the tattoo designs, and so of other tattoo figures. Still, there are certain peculiarities which, once known, will enable one readily to determine what the correct meaning is. I have even known the Indians themselves to be at a loss to tell the meaning of a design. I will cite one instance illustrative of this. One of the Haidahs brought me a bone which he had rudely carved to resemble an animal; I pronounced it without hesitation to be a lizard. He said he would leave it with me till the next day, and would then tell me what it was. I showed it to several Indians in the mean time, and they thought as I did, that it was a lizard or newt. Any person on the Atlantic coast would have pronounced it an alligator. After we had exhausted our guessing, the Indian who carved it said it was an otter, and pointed to its teeth which were the only distinguishing features to prove that it was not a lizard or a crocodile.

The carvings of the pillars are thought by many persons to resemble Chinese or

Japanese work, and in order to satisfy myself upon that point, I showed the carvings to a party of very intelligent Japanese who visited Port Townsend several months since. They examined them carefully and critically, and pronounced them entirely unlike anything they had ever seen in their own country. In fact, they seemed as much interested with the specimens as our own people. I have seen similar carvings by the natives of the Feejee Islands, but on the northwest coast they are confined almost exclusively to the Haidahs on Queen Charlotte's Island, and to the Chimseans on the mainland. The carvings I particularly allude to are those representing several figures one above the other, as shown by the sketches and photographs of the carved posts or pillars placed before the entrances to their houses.

The limited time the Haidahs were at Port Townsend did not enable me to ascertain the origin of this system of carving, or of their custom of tattooing their bodies; what little information I did obtain was given with evident reluctance; but, as we became more acquainted and they began to understand what my object was in obtaining information, they became more communicative, and promised me that this present summer (1874) they would again be here and would bring more carvings and would give me all the information I wished.

Plate No. 2, fig. 8, shows a tattoo design of a halibut, and a painting on a buckskin cape representing the thunder bird of the Sitka Indians, worn by a medicine man during his incantations.

The belief in the thunder bird is common with all the tribes of the northwest coast, and is pictured by each tribe according to their fancy. I have traced this allegory from the Chenooks, at the mouth of the Columbia, through all the coast tribes to Sitka. The general idea is the same throughout; it is a belief in a supernatural being of gigantic stature, who resides in the mountains and has a human form. When he wishes for food he covers himself with wings and feathers as one would put on a cloak. Thus accoutred, he sails forth in search of prey. His body is of such enormous size that it darkens the heavens, and the rustling of his wings produces thunder.

The lightning is produced by a fish, like the *Hypocampus*, which he gets from the ocean and hides among his feathers. When he sees a whale he darts one of these animals down with great velocity, and the lightning is produced by the creature's tongue, which is supposed to be like that of the serpent. This is the general idea of the mythological legend, slightly altered in the narrative by different tribes and differently depicted by various painters.

The Haidahs seem to have the greatest variety of designs, and they seem to be the principal tribe who tattoo themselves to any extent. Where they acquired the practice or from whom it was learned, it will be difficult to determine. This is an interesting ethnological question, and worthy of further investigation.

Among other customs of the Haidahs which I observed is the practice of gambling, which is common among all the North American Indians.

In my paper on the Indians of Cape Flattery, published by the Smithsonian Institution (No. 220), I have given an account of the gambling implements of the Makahs, which consist of circular disks of wood, highly polished and marked on



the edges to designate their value. The Haidahs, instead of disks, use sticks or pieces of wood four or five inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick. These sticks are rounded and beautifully polished. They are made of yew, and each stick has some designating mark upon it. There is one stick entirely colored and one entirely plain. Each player will have a bunch of forty or fifty of these sticks, and each will select either of the plain sticks as his favorite, just as in backgammon or checkers the players select the black or white pieces. The Indian about to play, takes up a handful of these sticks, and, putting them under a quantity of finely-separated cedar bark, which is as fine as tow and kept constantly near him, he divides the pins into two parcels which he wraps up in the bark and passes them rapidly from hand to hand under the tow, and finally moves them round on the ground or mat on which the players are always seated, still wrapped in the fine bark, but not covered by the tow. His opponent watches every move that is made from the very first with the eagerness of a cat, and finally, by a motion of his finger, indicates which of the parcels the winning stick is in. The player, upon such indication, shakes the sticks out of the bark, and with much display and skill throws them one by one into the space between the players till the piece wanted is reached, or else, if it is not there, to show that the game is his. The winner takes one or more sticks from his opponent's pile, and the game is decided when one wins all the sticks of the other.

As neither of the players can see the assortment of the sticks, the game is as fair for one as the other, and is as simple in reality as "odd or even" or any child's game. But the ceremony of manipulation and sorting the sticks under the bark tow gives the game an appearance of as much real importance as some of the skilful combinations of white gamblers.

The tribes north of Vancouver's Island, so far as my observation has extended, use this style of sticks in gambling, while the Selish or Flat-heads use the disks. Some persons have termed this game Odd and Even, and others have designated it Jack Straws; but the game as played by the Haidahs is as I have described it.

Kitkūn, the chief whom I have alluded to, came to my office one day with one of his tribe, and took quite an interest in explaining the game. The two men played slowly at first, the Chief explaining as the game proceeded, till finally they played with their usual earnestness and rapidity, and I found that the game, with its accompaniment of singing and beating time, was quite as exciting and as interesting as any Indian game I ever witnessed. Sometimes the game is played between only two persons, at other times a dozen may be seen seated on each side, particularly when different bands meet. Then the excitement is intense, and the game is kept up day and night without intermission, and some Indians lose everything they possess, and come out of the play stark naked and remain in a state of nudity till some friend gives them a blanket or an old shirt.

It is probable that the Haidahs have other gambling games, but I have seen only this kind, and the game which Kitkūn explained to me was played with a bunch of sticks which I obtained in Sitka, showing that the northern tribes have the same game with sticks, in common, as the Selish or Flat-head Indian tribes have a common game with disks.

The Haidah Indians have another custom which I have not observed among any of the tribes of the northwest coast, with the exception of these people. It is the practice of cremation or burning the bodies of any of their friends who may die while absent from their homes. An instance of this kind came under my observation at Port Townsend, W. T., on Sunday, March 29th, 1874. A large party of men, women, and children, numbering about one hundred and fifty persons, had been encamped for a couple of weeks on the beach. One of the men who had been at work at the saw-mill in Port Discovery, some seven or eight miles distant from Port Townsend, had died there, and his body had been brought around to Port Townsend. On the morning of the day named, the party broke up their camp and moved in slow procession in six large canoes to Point Wilson, near Port Townsend, where a pile of drift logs was formed into a sort of altar and the body placed upon it, and the whole reduced to ashes; the women singing their death songs, amid howlings, beating of tambourines, and other savage displays. When the whole was burned, one old woman gathered the charred bones and placed them in a box, and the whole party left for Victoria, British Columbia, on their way home to Queen Charlotte's Islands.

I asked one of the Indians why they burned the body. He replied that if they buried it in a strange land their enemies would dig it up and make charms with it to destroy the Haidah tribe. This is the only instance of the kind which has come under my own immediate observation, but I have been informed by other persons that they have observed the same practice on other occasions, but I am not prepared to say whether cremation is a general custom among the Haidahs, or only confined to particular cases like the one I have described.

The Haidahs are one of the most interesting tribes I have met with on the northwest coast. Their insular position and the marked difference in their manners and customs from the Indians of the mainland give me reason to think that very interesting and valuable results in ethnology can be had by a thorough investigation among the villages on the islands. Their carved images, their manufactures in wood and stone, and in silver ornaments, and other evidences of their present skill, and the rich stores of material of a former age to be found in the shell heap remains, are matters well worthy of the careful consideration of those who desire to make up a history of the coast tribes of the northwest. British Columbia is, as it were, sandwiched between Alaska and Washington Territory, and a description of the coast Indians from the Columbia River to the Siberian borders, cannot be complete without including the Indians of Vancouver's Island, Queen Charlotte's Islands, and the adjacent mainland.

I am of the opinion that it will be found more economical and attended with better and more satisfactory results, to have such investigations pursued by persons resident on the northwest coast, rather than to entrust them to the very limited visits of scientific expeditions. Investigations of this kind require time and careful study before correct results can be arrived at.

A knowledge of the habits, manners, and customs of the natives, and a general understanding of the language, is of the first importance. The person making the investigation should be his own interpreter, and these requisites can be



attained only by a long residence and observation among these Indians. The impressions of casual travellers are not always reliable, nor are the interpreters who generally accompany scientific expeditions always capable of understanding correctly what they are required to translate.

It is interesting to read the reports and observations of the early voyages of Cook, La Perouse, Portlock and Dixon, Marchand, and others who have visited Queen Charlotte's Island, and see how little they really knew or understood about these natives.

The best account that I have seen, and that is but a meagre one, is in Marchand's *Voyage Round the World*, performed during the years 1770 '71, '72, in the "*Solide*," a ship fitted out in France for the purpose of trading on the Northwest coast of America. But Marchand and all the other early voyagers labored under a very great difficulty; they did not understand the language of the natives, and their only means of intercourse was by signs. Hence we find the accounts of the voyages of every nation, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and English, full of theories, and scarce any two alike. When the narrators confine themselves to descriptions of things which they saw, such as the dwellings, carvings, canoes, and other manufactures, and the usual appearance of the natives, their accounts generally agree; but when they commence to form hypotheses on imaginary meanings of the things they saw, they are lamentably at fault.

The following description of a house at Cloak Bay, on North Island, the most northerly island of the group, gives a general idea of a Haidah house of the present day. I quote from Marchand:—

"The form of these habitations is that of a regular parallelogram, from forty-five to fifty feet in front, by thirty-five in depth. Six, eight, or ten posts, cut and planted in the ground on each front, form the enclosure of a habitation, and are fastened together by planks ten inches in width, by three or four in thickness, which are solidly joined to the posts by tenons and mortises; the enclosures, six or seven feet high, are surmounted by a roof, a little sloped, the summit of which is raised from ten to twelve feet above the ground. These enclosures and the roofing are faced with planks, each of which is about two feet wide. In the middle of the roof is made a large square opening, which affords, at once, both entrance to the light, and issue to the smoke. There are also a few small windows open on the sides. These houses have two stories, although one only is visible, the second is under ground, or rather its upper part or ceiling is even with the surface of the place in which the posts are driven. It consists of a cellar about five feet in depth, dug in the inside of the habitation, at the distance of six feet from the walls throughout the whole of the circumference. The descent to it is by three or four steps made in the platform of earth which is reserved between the foundations of the walls and the cellar; and these steps of earth well beaten, are cased with planks which prevent the soil from falling in. Beams laid across, and covered with thick planks, form the upper floor of this subterraneous story, which preserves from moisture the upper story, whose floor is on a level with the ground. This cellar is the winter habitation."

The entrance door of their edifices is thus described:—

"This door, the threshold of which is about a foot and a half above the ground, is of an elliptical figure; the great diameter, which is given by the height of the opening, is not more than three feet, and the small diameter, or the breadth, is not more than two. This opening is made in the thickness of a large trunk of a tree which rises perpendicularly in the middle of one of the fronts of the habitation, and occupies the whole of its height; it imitates the form of a gaping human mouth, or rather that of a beast, and it is surmounted by a hooked nose about two feet in length proportioned in point of size to the monstrous face to which it belongs. \* \* \* \* Over the door is the figure of a man carved, in a crouching attitude, and above this figure rises a gigantic statue of a man erect, which terminates the sculpture and the decoration of the portal. The head of this statue is dressed with a cap in the form of a sugar-loaf, the height of which is almost equal to that of the figure itself. On the parts of the surface which are not occupied by the capital subjects, are interspersed carved figures of frogs or toads, lizards, and other animals."

This description by Marquand is that of the houses of the present inhabitants. The hooked nose mentioned is the *Skamsquin* or *eagle*; and the sugar-loaf hat is the *Tadn skillik*.

If Marquand had been able to procure the services of a skilled interpreter, he and his officers could have ascertained the true meaning of these emblems as easily as I have done; but not being able to exchange ideas with the natives, they came to their conclusions, and framed their theories by a series of guesses; and as all the early explorers formed their theories of the Indians upon the same lucid basis, it is not to be wondered at that so much of error has found place in all their narratives. It is, however, a source of surprise, that, since the time of those old voyagers, a lapse of nearly a century, no one has attempted to give a description of those islands, or to explain the simple meaning of their devices. The Queen Charlotte's group presents to-day as fresh a field for the ethnologist and archæologist as if no explorers had ever set foot upon their shores.

Of the extent and nature of these carvings, Marquand adds:—

"These works of sculpture cannot undoubtedly be compared in any respect to the master-pieces of ancient Greece and Rome. But can we avoid being astonished to find them so numerous on an island which is not, perhaps, more than six leagues in circumference, where population is not extensive, and among a nation of hunters?" The writer was alluding to North Island, one of the smallest of the group; and when it is remembered that in every village on every one of the islands of the group these sculptures are quite as abundant, some idea can be formed of the number to be seen on Queen Charlotte's Islands. "Is not our astonishment increased," adds Marquand, "when we consider the progress these people have made in architecture? What instinct, or, rather, what genius, it has required to conceive and execute solidly, without the knowledge of the succors by which mechanism makes up for the weakness of the improved man, those edifices, those heavy frames of buildings of fifty feet in extent by eleven in elevation! Men who choose not to be astonished at anything will say, the beaver also builds his house; yes, but he does not adorn it; nature, however, has given the beaver the instru-



ment necessary for building it; she has certainly placed the man of the forest in the middle of the materials with which to construct his; but he has been under the necessity of creating the varying tools without which he could not employ those materials. A sharp stone, hafted on a branch of a tree, the bone of a quadruped, the bone of one fish, and the rough skin of another, form instruments more fit to exercise patience than to help industry, and which would have been ineffectual in seconding his efforts, if fire which he discovered, and the action of which he learnt to regulate and direct, had not come to the assistance of his genius, and of the art which he executes through the impulse of genius."

When we examine the whole of the operations necessary for constructing and ornamenting one of the edifices which I have just described, when we reflect on this assemblage of useful arts, and of those which are merely agreeable, we are forced to acknowledge that these arts have not taken birth on the small islands where they are cultivated; they come from a greater distance.

Marquand observes that "the distinction between the winter and summer habitations of the Queen Charlotte Islanders, recalls to mind the custom of the Kamtschadales, who have their *balagans* for summer and their *jourts* for winter; the former erected on posts or pillars, twelve or thirteen feet in height, and the latter dug in the ground and covered with a roof: it is even remarked that some of the *balagans* have oval doors."

The country of these Kamtschadales, as we know, is a peninsula of north-eastern Asia, and seems to show that this style of houses of northern Asia must have been introduced by immigration at some remote period from that region. In fact everything seems to prove that Asia peopled the northwest coast of America, the buildings, the manners and customs and general appearance of the natives from Vancouver's Island to the Siberian Coast, are very similar, and in certain respects nearly identical.

Marquand thinks, and my own observations certainly verify the theory, "that it is not without the sphere of probability, that the northwest coast should reckon three species of inhabitants; of the first date, the men who might belong originally to the very soil of America, if we adopt the opinion, that this large country had its own men or aborigines, as it has its animals and its plants," a view which is coincided in by Sir Charles Lyell, Agassiz, Forshey, Morton, Squire, and other eminent authorities. This first class of inhabitants I have in this paper termed Selish, or Flat Heads.

The second species are the Asiatics of the north, whose transmigration seems to have been retarded at Queen Charlotte's Islands, and to have stopped at Vancouver's Island; and lastly, and of the third date, the Mexicans, who fled for refuge to the coast after the destruction of their empire, and who peopled the Californias, and wandered north and mingled with the Selish. Marquand says, "that everywhere on the Queen Charlotte's Islands appear the traces of an ancient civilization; everything indicates that the men with whom they had the opportunity of being acquainted have belonged to a great people, who were fond of the agreeable arts, and knew how to multiply the productions of them."

I feel a great confidence that in the shell heap remains to be found on those islands, as well as in the caves and the mausoleums of the dead, may be discovered relics of antiquity which will well repay the archæologist for exploring them; and that on these islands may be discovered those evidences which will form the missing link in the chain of testimony which will add to the history of the origin of the North American Indians, and perhaps enable us to trace with greater certainty those ancient annals which are now hidden in mist and obscurity, and only darkly hinted at in the shadowy legends and mythological lore crooned over by the ancient men and women, and handed down to after generations, who add to every fresh recital an additional sprinkling of the dust of obscurity.

I have already, in my former writings on the Indians of the northwest coast,<sup>1</sup> alluded to the Mexican terminal *tl*, as occurring in the vocabularies of the Chinooks, Chihalis, Quenâiult, and Makah Indians of the west coast of Washington Territory, a fact noticed by Anderson—who compiled the vocabulary of the Nootkan language, which is in the Journal of Cook's Third Voyage, and in that of Marquand and others. A reference to my vocabulary of the Makah Indians (Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge, 220) will show it to be rich in words having that terminal. Hence the supposition that while the Selish retained their identity as separate and distinct from the Asiatic tribes, they did receive an influx from the hordes of Mexico, and from them obtained words which have become engrafted into their language during a lapse of centuries, just as we can now perceive the use of English words already among those Coast Indians, who for many years have had intercourse with the traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the use of certain Russian words among the natives of Alaska, from their intercourse with the traders of the Russian American Fur Company.

But the vocabularies of the early voyagers are not correct. No two of them are alike, a fact which is to be attributed, in part, to there being at that time no recognized standard for spelling Indian words, and in part to the difficulty of understanding the natives. I will illustrate this by a remarkable error. The word Nootka, as it is usually spelled, or Nütka, as it should be spelled, is not the name of a place or a people; and it is surprising to me how the intelligent persons who, for so long a time, made "Nootka" their head-quarters, and named the tribe Nootka Indians, and even the authors of the treaty (the Nootkan Treaty), between Great Britain and Spain, should not have discovered the error.

The mistake arose in this way. The Indians have a custom of forming a ring, taking hold of each other's hands, and running or dancing in a circle. This is termed "*Nootka*," and was explained to me by a Clynquot Indian who resides near Nootka, and who could speak English. He said, if you run round your house, or round a canoe, or dance round in a circle, we say "*Nootka*," and he remarked that, probably the Indians were dancing on the beach at the time the ethnologist of Cook's Expedition was asking the name of the country, or the people; and the Indian, thinking he asked what the people were doing on the beach, said NOOTKA,

<sup>1</sup> "The Northwest Coast, or Three Years in Washington Territory," Harper & Bros., 1857; and "The Indians of Cape Flattery," Smithsonian Institution (220).



and the white people having called the place and people Nootka, the Indians took no pains to undeceive them. This is very common for Indians to do, even with their own names, or the names of their friends. If a stranger, and particularly a white man, makes a mistake in pronouncing or applying an Indian name, they think it a good joke, and wish to perpetuate it. For instance, a white man asked an Indian, "what is your name?" He replied, "*Halo*," which means, I have none. The man thought that was the Indian's name, and always called him Halo. The tribe liked the joke, and to this day this Indian is known among the whites as Halo, and is so called by his tribe.

Numberless instances could be adduced to show this very common custom of the coast Indians, to take no pains to correct mistakes in language, but to consider such errors as good jokes which are to be kept in perpetuity.

This illustration will serve to show how easy and natural it was for the white man to make the mistake; and how very natural it was for the Indians to keep up the error with every succeeding party of white men who visited them. They thought if Captain Cook called the place Nootka, it must be so, whether the Indians called it so or not. The correct name of the place is Mōwatchat, or Bowatchat, which means, the place of the deer, from Bōkwitch, a deer, which word has been changed in the Jargon to Mowitch, a deer. Since the white men have called the place for so many years Nootka, the Indians speak of it to a white man under that name, just as they speak of the towns which have been settled by the whites, as Victoria, or Port Townsend, or Dungeness, but among themselves they invariably call the place and people by their Indian names, and the Nootkans always laugh at the mistake the white man made in naming them and their country after a dance.

I will not, at this time, press further this discussion upon a subject which to perfectly understand will need extended observations to be made upon the spot, and would require an explanation that would carry me beyond the limits to which I purpose to confine myself in this present paper. I trust that it will be sufficient for me to have shown that the subject of the carvings in wood and stone and precious metals, the paintings and tattoo marks of the Haidahs, is one of very great interest, and one which not only never has been properly explained, but never properly understood.

When we reflect on the great number of centuries during which all knowledge of the interior of the Pyramids of Egypt was hidden from the world, until the researches of Belzoni discovered their secret treasures, and until Champollion, by aid of the Rosetta stone, was enabled to decipher their hieroglyphical writings, may we not hope that the knowledge of the ancient history of the natives of the northwest coast, which has so long been an enigma, may be traced out by means of the explanation of the meaning of the symbols such as I have been enabled to discover in part, and have in this paper described?

This very brief memoir, made during the visit of a party of Haidah Indians for a few weeks in Port Townsend, will serve to show what could be effected if the Government would empower some person here, and appropriate sufficient funds to be expended in these ethnological and archæological researches.

Port Townsend is a place peculiarly adapted to the prosecution of these investigations. Its near proximity to Victoria, where hundreds, and sometimes thousands of the northern Indians congregate every spring for purposes of trade, will enable the observer to collect rich stores of material, in addition to what may be obtained here by the same Indians when they visit Puget Sound.

These Indians, heretofore, have disposed of all their curiosities and other products in Victoria before coming to the American side. But I am of the opinion that hereafter they will bring their wares to Port Townsend, having found by the experience of the past summer that they can dispose of all their manufactures here. During the past summer we have had Indians in Port Townsend from Kwe-nai-ült, Kwillehuyte, and Cape Flattery, on the American coast, and from Nittinat, Cloyquot, Nootka, and other tribes on the west coast of Vancouver's Island, as well as the Haidahs, Chimseans, and other tribes north of Vancouver's Island as far as Sitka. A steamship leaves Puget Sound once every month for Sitka, and the United States Revenue vessels of this district make frequent excursions as far north as Behring's Strait. Arrangements could undoubtedly be made by which an authorized person could have conveyance to any point north that it might be desirable to visit, and could remain as long as required.

The field of observation on the northwest coast is very extensive, and cannot be exhausted for many years. It is a field that would yield such rich returns to ethnology, as well as to every other branch of natural science, as would amply repay any outlay that the Government might make. The history of the coast tribes is becoming of more importance every year, and a connected description of the Aleuts and other coast tribes of Alaska, the tribes of Western British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon would not only be interesting, but would be valuable in assisting to solve that perplexing question of the origin of the North American Indian.





# INDEX.

- A.**
- ALUTIAN ISLANDS, 2
- ALUTS, the coast tribes of Alaska, 15
- Anderson, ethnologist to Capt. Cook, his vocabulary, 13
- Asia, northeastern tribes of, 2
- Asiatic tribes, 13
- Asiatics, the second species of the Indian race who peopled the northwest coast, 12
- B.**
- BALAGANS, summer dwellings in Kamtschatka, 12
- BEAR, *hoorts*, 4
- BEAVER, *tsching*, 4
- BEHRING'S STRAIT, United States Revenue vessels make excursions to, from Puget Sound, 15
- BELZONI, 14
- BILLACHIE, young skate, the *cheelka* of the Haidahs, 5
- BOKWITCH, the deer; changed in jargon to *movitch*, 4
- BOWATCHAT, name of the country, mis-called Nootka, 14
- BRITISH COLUMBIA, tribes of, 2; lies between Alaska and Washington Territory, 9
- C.**
- CANOE, description of, 2
- CAPE FIE and KNOX, 1; St. James, 2
- CAPE FLATTERY, 15
- CARVINGS, in wood, stone, and silver, description of, 3, 4, 5
- CHAMPOLLION, 14
- CHANNELS, Eskidegate, 2; Stewart, 2
- CHEETKA, the young skate; the Haidahs copy the elliptical figures on its sides in their ornamental paintings, 5
- CHIEFS, or head men, are tattooed, 3
- CHIMOSE, *tschimose*, a fabulous animal, 5
- CHIMSEAN INDIANS, 2, 3, 15
- CHINESE, the carvings of Haidahs said to resemble, 6
- CHŪ-CHŪ-HŪ-UKI, mythological wolf of the Makahs, 4, 5
- CLOAK BAY, on North Island, 10
- CLOYQUET INDIAN, explains meaning of the word Nootka, 13
- COOK, Capt., R. N., discovered Queen Charlotte's Island, 10
- CRAYFISH, *stoo*, 4
- CREMATION**, practice of, at Port Townsend, 9
- Crow, *hooyeh*; young crow, *keetkie*, 4
- D.**
- DIXON, Captain, R. N., names Queen Charlotte's Islands, 1, 10
- DUNGENESS, 14
- E.**
- EAGLE, *skamsquin*, 5
- EAGLE FISH, *koot*, 5
- Ethnologist of Cook's Expedition mistakes the name of Nootka, 13; field of observation for, 15
- F.**
- FIFE, Cape, on east side of Graham's Island, 1
- FISH EAGLE, *koot*, 5
- Forshey, an eminent authority, 12
- Fort Simpson and Chinsean Indians, 3
- Flat Heads or Selish Indians, 12
- Frog, *Tl-kam-kos-tan*, 4
- G.**
- Gambling, description of, 7, 8
- Ganowanian, or bow and arrow people, 2
- Geneskelos, a carver and tattooer, 5
- Graham's Island, one of the Queen Charlotte group, 1
- H.**
- HAIDAH INDIANS, general description, 2; tattoo marks on women, 4; have no standard style of drawing figures, 6; gambling, 7, 8; practice of cremation, 9; most interesting tribe on the northwest coast, 9; description of their houses, 10
- HAIBUT, tattoo design of Sitka Indians, 6
- HALO, an Indian name, 14
- HOOTS, the bear, 6
- HOOTER, the crow, 4
- HUBSON'S BAY COMPANY, traders of, 13
- HUMMING BIRD, *mama thlon tona*, 5
- HYPOCAMPFUS, or lightning fish, 7
- I.**
- IDOLS, carved images mistaken for, 8
- INDIANS, Haidah, 2; Selish, 2; Vancouver tribes, 2
- INDIANS OF CAPE FLATTERY, 13
- INDIAN JOKES, 14
- ISLANDS, Queen Charlotte's group named by Dixon; North, Graham's, Moresby's, and Prevost, 1
- ITL-TADS-DAH, the ancestress of the Haidahs, 4
- J.**
- JACK STRAW, name of gambling game, 8
- JAPANESE, Haidah carvings thought to resemble, 7; visit of, to Port Townsend, 7.
- JOURTS, winter habitations of Kamtschatka, 12
- K.**
- KAHATTA, the codfish, 5
- KAMTSCHATKA, a peninsula of Northern Asia, 12
- KAMTSCHADALES, style of houses similar to Queen Charlotte Islanders, 12
- KEETRIE, the young crow, 4
- KING GEORGE THE THIRD, 1
- KITKAGENS, a head man, 5; his tattoo marks, 6
- KIRKUN, chief of Laskeek village, 5; explains the gambling method, 6
- KNOX, CAPE, on the west side of Graham Island, 1
- KOONA VILLAGE, on east side of Moresby's Island, 5
- KOONE, the whale, 5
- KOONG, the new moon, 4
- KOOT, the fish eagle, 5
- Kwe-nai-ilt, 15
- Kwille huyte, 15
- L.**
- LA PEROUSE, voyage of, 10
- LASKEEK, a village on east side of Moresby's Island, 5
- LEGEND of the carving on sketch No. 2, 4
- LIGHTNING FISH, legend of, 7
- LIZARD, carving of otter mistaken for, 6
- LYELL, SIR CHARLES, an eminent authority, 12



## M.

MAKAH INDIANS, 5, 6  
 MAMA-THLON-TONA, humming bird, 5  
 MARCHAND'S voyages, 10  
 METHOD of ascertaining the meaning of Indian emblems, 6  
 MEXICANS, 12, 13  
 MORESBY'S ISLAND, one of the Queen Charlotte group, 1  
 MORGAN, styles the North American Indians bow and arrow people, 2  
 MORTON, an eminent authority, 12  
 Mowatchat, or Bowatchat, name of Nootka, 14

## N.

NITTINAT, 15  
 Noo, the squid, *octopus*, 6  
 NOOTKA, not the name of a tribe or country, the name of a dance, explained by a Clioquet Indian, 13  
 NOOTKAN TREATY, 13  
 NORTH ISLAND, one of the Queen Charlotte group, 1  
 NORTHERN INDIANS, a term applied by residents on Puget Sound to all tribes north of Vancouver's Island, 2  
 NORTHWEST COAST, or three years in Washington Territory, 13

## O.

Octopus, the squid, 5  
 ODD AND EVEN, a gambling game, 8  
 Oolala, a mythological being, 5  
 Orca ater, killer, *scana*, 4  
 Otter, carving of, mistaken for lizard, 6

## P.

PARRY PASSAGE separates North from Graham's Island, 2

Perez, Capt. Juan, a Spanish navigator who first sighted Queen Charlotte's Islands, 1774, 1  
 Pillars of wood sixty feet high carved by Indians, 3  
 Point Wilson, near Port Townsend, 9  
 Portlock and Dixon, 10  
 Port Discovery, 9  
 Port Townsend, visit of Indians, 3; cremation, 9; best place to collect information, 15  
 Prevost Island, one of the Queen Charlotte's group, 1  
 Pyramids of Egypt, 14

## Q.

Queen Charlotte's Islands, a group in the North Pacific first discovered by Cook in 1776, and taken possession of by Capt. Dixon, and named by him in 1787; names of the group, North, Graham's, Moresby's, and Prevost, 1; tribes of, 2; great quantities of sculpture, 11; customs of natives resemble Kamtschadales, 13

## R.

Rosetta Stone, 14  
 Russian American Fur Company, 13  
 Russian words, found among Alaskan Indians, 13

## S.

Scammon, Cetacea of the northwest, 5  
*Scana*, orca ater, the killer, 4, 5  
 Sea lion, *tahn*, 4  
 Selish or Flathead Indians, 2, 8, 12, 13  
 Shell-heap remains, 13  
 Siberia, 12

Sitka Indians, 7  
 Skamskian, the eagle, 4, 5  
 Skedance, Captain, chief of Koonalage, 5  
 Skidegate Channel, 2  
 Slate stone carvings, 3  
 Squier, an eminent authority, 12  
 Staie, 4  
 Stewart's Channel, 2  
 Stoo, the crayfish, 4

## T.

Tadn-skillik, a peculiar shaped hat worn by chiefs, 4  
 Tahn, the sea lion, 4  
 Tartar hordes, resemblance of, to Haidah Indians, 2  
 Tattoo marks, description of, 3, 5, 6  
 Tchimose, or chimose, a fabulous animal, 5  
 Tilama, the skate, 5  
 Thunder bird, skamsom, or skam-skwinn, 5  
 Tikamkostan, the frog, 4, 5  
 Totems, or heraldic designs, 3  
 Tsching, the beaver, 4

## V.

Vancouver's Island, 1  
 Victoria, 14  
 Voyages of Cook, La Perouse, Portlock and Dixon, and Marchand, 10

## W.

Washington Territory, tribes of, 2  
 Wasko, mythological wolf, 4, 5  
 Whale, koone, 5

## Y.

Young crow, keetkie, 4







## Woman's Work.

### APOWAKAS—THE BLOOD INDIAN MAIDEN.

(Dedicated to the Woman's Missionary Society.)

FAR on the prairie wide,  
Wandering without a guide,  
Sadly the maiden cried,  
"Keenon,\* be near me."  
Loudly the thunder roared,  
Fiercely the torrents poured,  
Saintlike the maid adored,  
"Keenon, I fear thee."

"Daughter, I welcome you,  
Homeward thy path pursue,  
Ever be brave and true,"  
Said the Great Spirit.  
"Go, with the pale face plead,  
Tell them of all you need,  
Ask them the way to lead,  
Heaven to inherit."

Quick with her heart made glad,  
Singing, her path she sped,  
"Hath not my Father said  
'Plead with the pale face.'"



BITLIS, A CITY IN ASIATIC TURKEY.

Silent beside a grave,  
Helpless, and none to save,  
Knelt she as if to crave,  
"Keenon, accept me."  
Then on the evening air  
Floated a Blackfoot prayer,  
Asking the Father's care,  
"Keenon, protect me."

Quickly her plaintive wail  
Pierced through the autumn gale,  
As with her mournful tale  
Death-songs she chanted.  
Upward her eyes were cast,  
Angels were hurrying past,  
Keenon, the First and Last,  
Blessings soon granted.

Brave men and maidens sang,  
All through the camps there rang  
Shouts as she passed along,  
"Pardon through God's grace."

Far on the mountain peak,  
Daily she kneels to seek  
Help for the poor and weak  
Among all her nation.  
Weeping, she calls aloud,  
"Help, help the dying Blood,  
Tell us the way to God,  
Peace and salvation."

"Mothers and sisters dear,  
List to my falling tear,  
Sin, death, and hell are near,  
Blessings now send us.

\* Blackfoot for our Father.



had an interview with Mr. King, the sole survivor of the expedition across the continent, undertaken by Messrs. Burke and Wills. He had almost completely recovered from the effects of the hardships which had proved too much for his companions, though these were apparently far more robust than himself; he was exceedingly kind, giving the Missionaries all the information at his disposal with regard to the country around Cooper's Creek and its inhabitants.

For two months and a half Mr. King had lived with the natives in a wretched condition, supplied by them with food, and he ascribed his preservation, humanly speaking, to the kindness which he had experienced amongst them. He gave the brethren every encouragement to proceed, and was delighted to hear that an attempt was about to be made to bring the sound of the Gospel to these men, whose number he estimated at about 1200.

As to the language of the natives, he stated that there was a wonderful variety of dialects in use, each tribe having its own; the same word occurs in exactly opposite meanings in some of these dialects, "moko," for instance, signifying "water," with one tribe, "fire," with another, &c. He had observed a very singular custom amongst them. Some of them painted themselves every five or six days, and these were then particularly friendly to him, even though at other times they might pay him no attention whatever. The country was described as very bare and barren, affording food for very few wild animals, and producing few plants of a useful kind. The blacks live principally on fish, which they catch in large quantities in the ponds of Cooper's Creek, and on the snakes to be found in the grass and underwood. Mr. King asserted that they were of a kindly disposition, and would not injure a white man unless exasperated by the latter; children often came to him, bringing "a white fellow" a fish.

Leaving Melbourne on the date agreed upon, the two brethren, after a rough passage, reached Adelaide on the 7th of May and met with a friendly reception on the part of all on whom they called.

Whilst at Adelaide they paid a visit to the station of Mr. Taplin, the Missionary of the Adelaide Aboriginal Friends' Association, and were greatly interested by all they saw on this occasion. They were particularly struck by the fact that the features of the blacks have a strong resemblance to the Jewish type, which seems to confirm the rather startling opinion of some learned men that the Australian aborigines are descended from the Jews.

They were also interested to hear that a certain Mr. Green, who was well acquainted with the natives, had found amongst them a form of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity strongly resembling the Christian. They speak of three divine beings, "the Father, the Son, and his brother," the second person standing in their tradition far higher than the third, "his brother." The Son is said to have effected a wondrous redemption. There existed once a terrible woman, who inflicted great injury on the black people by means of a serpent, until she was killed by the Son. They also speak of a great flood.

On the 17th of June, Brs. Kühn and Daniel arrived by steamer from Melbourne, and the party would now have been able to proceed, had they not been detained at Adelaide by the continued drought, which had reduced to a parched desert the district through which their route would lie for about 400 miles. Many farms had to be abandoned, and the former watering-places were surrounded by the carcasses of dead animals, both wild and domesticated. The brethren felt this trial of their patience very sorely, though they were thankful to be able to enjoy the hospitality of Christian friends, and found plenty of employment in attending Missionary meetings in various parts of the country around Adelaide.

Though it was considered that the disease in Daniel's leg had

been quite cured in the hospital at Geelong, yet the old pains returned, and his health gradually began to fail. It was at first thought that it was merely a slight weakness remaining from his illness, but a cold came in addition, and, on his being taken to the hospital, he was declared to be suffering from consumption. On the 11th of October the Missionaries went to see him; he was very weak, but looked forward with joy to his departure. On the following day the brethren Meissel and Kühn visited him again. He was asked if the remembrance of his sins prevented him from feeling peace of heart. "No," he replied, "for my sins are forgiven." Brother Kühn said to him, in order to assure himself that he had been understood: "Daniel, if our Saviour should come this very moment and call you to go to Him, are you prepared for this great change?" "Yes," he replied in a tone of firmness. What matter for thankfulness to the Lord to hear this testimony from one of the degraded aboriginals of Australia! He departed this life the same evening, and on the 13th the Brethren, accompanied by several Christian friends, followed his remains to the grave.

As it was still impossible to proceed to Cooper's Creek, Brother Meissel, acting on the advice of the Melbourne Committee, proceeded to assist Mr. Taplin at his Mission station at Point MacLeay, whilst Brother Walder went to help Brother Schondorf in his work at Bethel. Brother Kühn in the meantime remained with a friend of the Mission at MacLaren Vale, perfecting himself in the English language, and teaching two natives who resided in the neighbourhood, besides making himself useful in visiting and distributing tracts.

*(To be continued.)*

## SKETCHES IN GREENLAND.

### I. AN ACCIDENT AT SEA.

It is a dull day in autumn, and the mountains are covered with a thick mist, which here in the lowlands takes the form of a fine rain. The water in the bay is perfectly smooth, and on the open sea not a ripple can be observed as far as the eye can reach. When we gaze upon the vast expanse of waters, we are transported in spirit across the wide ocean to our loved ones in Europe, whom we so long to see once more. But we are speedily brought to a sense of the reality of our surroundings. There seems to be an unwonted excitement amongst the Greenlanders, whose houses stand directly before us. Every one is hurrying out of doors, and anxiously looking out to sea.

What is it they are all gazing at so intently? At some distance from the shore two kajaks can be seen, one of which is empty. Its occupant has evidently fallen into the water, and his companion, who is looking for him, is calling loudly for help.

The crowd stands on the shore, awaiting the issue of events, in a state of anxious suspense. Two young men, who had as yet but little experience in the management of a kajak, had put out to sea that morning. It was pretty clear that one of them had lost his balance (an accident to which an unskilled boatman is peculiarly liable, in consequence of the narrowness of the craft), and had fallen into the water. Already the air is filled with the loud lamentations of a woman who is fearful lest the victim of the accident should prove to be her only son and bread-winner. But not all are mere idle spectators. A number of men have put out to sea, in the hopes of possibly rescuing the drowning man, and are now looking in all directions for the body.

Soon they return. The long row of boats gradually approach the shore in line, quietly and solemnly, the oars striking the water simultaneously, sure tokens that the object of their search has

already breathed his last. But it is not the son of that loudly-mourning widow whom death has snatched away. Pale and trembling with fright, but otherwise unhurt, the young man who was at first supposed to be the missing one is restored to his mother. His companion who was so suddenly taken from his side was an orphan. Endeavours are made to restore animation, but in vain! The crowd disperse, deeply affected by an occurrence in which they so plainly hear God's voice speaking to them.

The Greenlanders carefully avoid mentioning the departed. No one during the next few days will venture to pronounce the name of Nicodemus. The skin which was wrapped round the dead man's *kajak* is quickly stripped off, and will be used either as a shroud, or as a covering for the corpse when placed in the grave. The natives look upon a boat whose occupant has been drowned with a kind of superstitious awe, and this is especially so in the case of this young man's *kajak*, for a strange fatality has seemed to attend the little craft. Whilst at sea one day in this very same *kajak*, the father of the young man whose remains have just been brought to shore, met with the same fate which has now befallen his son.

The Lord has spoken, and the people have heard His voice. In what cruel thralldom are not they held captive, who are not as yet able by faith in the conquering Saviour to look death fearlessly in the face!

#### II. A SEAL-HUNT.

To-day the landscape is covered with snow, and once more there is an unusual amount of life and animation apparent amongst the inhabitants of our small settlement. Again all hasten outside; but this time the countenances of the people are beaming with delight, and the children are shouting and leaping for very joy. In the distance a long row of *kajaks* are again to be seen, but to-day they are received with a cry of triumph, and the joyous shout is raised: "Enock angussok!" (Enoch has killed a seal!) Along with several of his companions, Enoch is just returning from a seal-hunt.

A seal! what a welcome gift it is, especially now at the beginning of the winter! And this time there are several who will have a share in the booty, for although Enoch was the first to harpoon the seal, several others of the huntsmen also transfixed it with their weapons, and each of them will lay claim, according to fixed rule, to a larger or smaller portion of the flesh or skin of the captured animal. All the children of the village are rejoicing to think that, by virtue of a time-honoured custom, they will each receive a portion of the fat which they love so well. Almost as soon as the shore is reached, the huntsmen proceed to divide the booty.

The children come leaping to meet us, crying out "Mamaakok!" (That does taste good!) and seem to be thoroughly enjoying the raw seal-fat, which in their eyes is the greatest of dainties. Happy people, who are so easily pleased! But beware! I am afraid that in the enjoyment of the moment you are in danger of forgetting higher things!

And you, fortunate and much-envied Angussok, who have obtained the lion's share of the booty, do you remember—for you have been told of it frequently enough—that there was once a nation who were commanded by God to set apart the tithe of their ingathering as holy to the Lord? You too have to-day gathered in a supply of food, and one which it did not cost you much trouble to procure. Are you willing to present a portion of the gift you have received to Him who is the Giver of it? If you were to endeavour to fulfil your duty by presenting a supply of oil for the church-lamps, you would scarcely feel the sacrifice! For whose benefit is it that the church-lamps are lighted, if it is not for your own and for that of your fellow-countrymen? And how few nations there are in the world who, like yourselves, are not subjected to

taxation! Do not neglect your responsibilities, but, by consecrating a portion of your substance to the Lord, endeavour to show your gratitude to Him Whose mercies are every morning new!

(To be continued.)

#### ORIGIN OF THE ESKIMOES.



LONG time before the birth of our Lord there reigned in Tartary a khan, or chief, called Ogus. This man was waging a mighty war in Southern Asia, and all the tribes subject to him had to follow. But some of these stopped on the way, being unable, or unwilling, to cross a high range of mountains, on account of the deep snow. They thus came into great contempt, and as they had shown themselves of so little use in war, they were much despised by the succeeding khans, and finally were driven out of their territories altogether. Thus they became wanderers without a home, and retreated gradually to the very utmost corner of Northern Asia. Even here, however, they were not left in peace, and so, having heard that there was another land not far distant, but separated by the sea, they ventured across, partly through Behring's Straits, and partly over the Aleutian Islands, and thus they arrived in North America.

Keeping along the coast of the Arctic Ocean, they journeyed further and further, round Hudson's Bay on the shore of the Atlantic and thus towards Canada. But here they encountered another, stronger tribe, coming up from the South, belonging to the Indian race, and by these they were driven back again beyond the 60th degree of latitude, and only very few of them managed to remain scattered here and there on the coast of Labrador. Those who had to retreat towards the North spread themselves out over the islands, and during the fourteenth century part of them crossed over to Greenland, which had been inhabited by the mighty Norsemen, but was at that time almost depopulated by a plague known as the "Black Death."

This people, who thus after such wanderings found a home in the Far North, are the Eskimoes, of whom you have so often heard. Where they settled, there they remained for nearly 500 years, unknown and unvisited, for their bleak, inhospitable coasts, girt with ice and frowning cliffs, have no attraction for any except traders and the messengers of peace.

Their name, Eskimo, they received from their enemies the Indians, in whose language it means "eaters of raw flesh," and had its origin in the fact that they often eat their meat uncooked and only dried by the air. They call themselves "Innuits" (men, or inhabitants), or "Karatit." That they are connected with the Mongol races of Central Asia, and especially with the Kalmucks, is easily seen. Their bodies are short, they have small hands and feet, but broad shoulders, on which rests a large head with a broad, flat face, a short nose, prominent cheek-bones, small black eyes, and long dark hair. Their skin is darker than that of the Asiatic Mongols.

#### THE RELIGION OF THE ESKIMOES.

As regards their religion, they resemble the inhabitants of Siberia and Kamtschatka, and in fact most of the nations of the Polar lands, in so far as it consists in a gloomy belief in spirits and in witchcraft. There are, they say, two great spirits, *Torugarsuk* and *Supperguksoak*. The former is a good and gracious being, who dwells in the water and rules over the walrus and seals; to him they cry with great earnestness in times of want. The latter, *Supperguksoak*, is an old woman, living in the interior of the country, who has charge of the reindeer, and sends these to the Innuits when they need them; when in want of these they cry "Kait! kait!" (Come! Come!) Departed spirits go to her to hunt these animals. Communication with these two, as well as with other numberless spirits, who pre-



sido over the elements, &c., is kept up by the "Angekoks" (wise men, wizards).

These boast of their intimate relations with Torugarsuk, and in his name they give their advice in sickness, or as regards favourable times for attempting seal-hunts or fishing, and with all kinds of mysterious jugglery they deceive themselves and others. The heathen Eskimoes believe also in witches and ghosts, and trust to the power of charms and amulets. Their opinions differ as to the abode of the dead, some placing it deep down in the sea, because most food is to be obtained there, others in the highest heaven, up above the rainbow. But on one point all are agreed, namely, that the departed enjoy an abundance of birds, fishes, seals, and reindeer, and that afterwards they pass over into peaceful dwellings. Hell is situated in the depths of the earth, where neither light nor warmth is to be found, and where pain and terror without end prevail.

One of our Missionaries, Brother Miertsching, who accompanied as interpreter the North Pole Expedition of 1850-54, was told by one of the Eskimoes, "Over us there exists a large blue box, the house of the sun. During the daytime, and in summer, the sun never remains long in its house, but when it does so, then it becomes dark, and as this house has a large number of little holes through which it is able to look down upon the earth, it shines through these, and these are the stars."

The Eskimoes have also very peculiar ideas with regard to the future life. "There are," they say, "two countries, one very beautiful, the other just the opposite. In the former dwells a good spirit, watching over the wild animals to see that they do not go away; in the latter is found an evil spirit who is always doing some harm to men. Those who have lived well on earth go to the beautiful country, where the sun is always shining, the weather always warm, and where reindeer and seals can be caught with the hand.

#### HOW THE DAY OF THE LORD CAME FOR THE ESKIMOES IN LABRADOR.

Ever since the Mission in Greenland had been begun, the Brethren had had the idea that the Greenlanders must have come over from North America, and that probably others of the same race lived there, among whom a work for the Lord might also be carried on. In the year 1749 the *Irene*, with Brother Garrison as captain, brought the Dutch steersman and whale-fisher Erhardt, who was also a member of the Church, on a visit to New Herrnhut, where he greatly rejoiced to see the congregation gathered from among the heathen Greenlanders. He took up the wish, which he had heard expressed by the Brethren, to found a Mission on the American coast, with great zeal. On his return to Europe he wrote, on May 20th, 1750, to Bishop J. von Watteville; "Any one who has seen the work of the Lord in Greenland and what wonderful things He has done for the poor heathen there, cannot but feel deeply grateful to the Lord for His goodness. They are certainly sparkling rubies in the girdle of our Lord (Rev. i. 13), and I believe that He will gather in these northern seas many more such gems for His crown. For the sake of His cause I feel particularly interested in the districts between Newfoundland and Hudson's Straits. You know that I am well acquainted with Greenland; I like the northern countries and also the Indians, and it would be a matter of heartfelt joy to me if our Saviour would make use of and choose me for His service. There will be difficulties in carrying out the plan, but I believe it is from the Lord; if so, help me as best you can; if not, well, no one will be the loser by it."

These words were not in vain; the project was taken up, and efforts were made to carry it out. A request was sent to the Hudson's Bay Company for permission to preach the word of God in their territories, but was not granted. So other means to the same end were tried. Meanwhile three Brethren in London had fitted out a vessel to trade, on that part of the Labrador coast which did not

belong to the Company, in oil and furs, and Brother Erhardt's offer to head the expedition was gladly accepted. The opportunity was at once made use of for establishing a station in the country, and four Brethren were sent out by the above-mentioned ship. They took with them a house ready for putting together, and all the needful articles of furniture, as well as seeds for sowing. On board the *Hope*, for that was the name of the vessel, this little company safely reached the south coast of Labrador on July 11th, 1752.

#### SAD END OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN LABRADOR.

The four brethren who had determined to settle in Labrador as Missionaries were called Kunz, Goltowsky, Post and Krumm. Besides these, Brother Erhardt accompanied them as trader, being acquainted with the Greenland language, and thus able to act as interpreter between the Brethren and the Eskimoes. The *Hope* was forced to sail up and down between icebergs and rocky islands before she was able to make a safe harbour. They named this, after one of the brethren who had fitted out the vessel, Nisbet Harbour. The Brethren, to their great surprise and joy, found this part of the country to be rich in woods and pastures, and accordingly determined, relying upon the Lord for help, to settle down here. With the help of the ship's company, the house was speedily erected. They called the place Hopedale, because they hoped that it might be God's will for them to remain here and serve Him. But it was God's will that this first Hopedale should have no continued existence.

Already during their voyage along the coast Brother Erhardt had several times landed and commenced a profitable trade with the natives, who seemed very friendly, and had given the Englishmen whalebone in exchange for some knives. Continuing this trade, he left Nisbet Harbour to sail up the coast northwards for a longer voyage than he had undertaken previously. On the tenth day after he had left, the ship reappeared quite unexpectedly at Hopedale. The Brethren went out to it in their boat, but were able to see neither the captain nor Brother Erhardt; the steward and four of the sailors also were wanting. "Where have you left them?" they asked. "God only knows," was the answer, given in a broken, sorrowful tone of voice, and then they heard the following sad story: "A few days ago, the captain and Brother Erhardt landed according to their usual custom to open trade with the Eskimoes. We saw them meet several of the natives. Soon they disappeared behind a high rocky island, and since then we have not seen them again. We lay there at anchor for two days and three nights, but finally had to abandon all hope of their return. We had no boat in which to proceed in search of them, and so at last we had to undertake the return journey without them. It is very much to be feared that they have been treacherously murdered by the Eskimoes from motives of cupidity." This was sad news for the Brethren. They were forced to return their boat, which they had borrowed from the ship, where it was now wanted, but without which they could not remain where they were. The crew declared they were too few properly to man the ship, and so, in short, there was nothing for it but to return to Europe in the same vessel in which they had come. To provide for the possibility of the lost ones being still alive (which was very unlikely) and being able to find their way back to the house, some provisions were left for them. With sad hearts the Brethren left the place, and arrived in London at the end of November, 1752.

Once again the *Hope* sailed in the following year for the coast of Labrador, and brought back the news that the bodies of the murdered men had been found and buried, and that the house at Hopedale had been destroyed. In consequence of this sad beginning, the idea of commencing a Mission in Labrador was abandoned, but not without the hope of being able to begin one there with better success at some future time. Twelve years passed, however, before this hope was to be realized.



DEER-SKIN HUT AMONG THE SNOWS OF LABRADOR.

## IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

**M**R. ROGERS, who went to LABRADOR in the autumn of 1882, has sent us some account of his work among the fishermen. The winter after his arrival was very severe, lasting eight months, with the thermometer often  $40^{\circ}$  below zero. During the short summer season fishing boats from many parts of the world appear on the Labrador coast, and services are held three times on Sunday for these visitors, who often fill the little church where Mr. Rogers officiates; and where also prayer meetings are held, in which some of the fishermen take earnest part. Widely different as are the trials of an Arctic Missionary, on the whole, to those of our brethren in tropical climes, Mr. Rogers has found a point of sympathy with these. In describing a journey of fifty miles on foot along the coast, visiting each settlement by the way, he writes:—

As I scrambled over hills and through dales, I was forcibly reminded of the difficulties which our poor brethren on the Congo have to encounter; but, unlike them, I was sure of a warm reception when I did reach the homes of my fellow-creatures. When I thought of those dear fellow-workers, and in some degree experienced for a few days their trials, I lifted up my heart in prayer to God for them, that in every sense of the word He would give them strength for their arduous work.

Amidst many discouraging circumstances—a people so widely scattered that in no single spot could a “church” of many believers be found—and a climate in summer as well as

winter which makes travelling always perilous, sometimes impossible—our brother still writes thankfully and hopefully of his mission. He has good reason to believe, not only by the confession but the life of several who have heard the gospel message, that they are truly converted to God. He depends much on the prayerful remembrance of friends at Harley House. His address is Bonne Espérance, Labrador.

WE notice with interest the appointment of Captain C. E. FOOT, R.N., as Consul for Lake Nyassa and the surrounding districts. Captain Foot has had considerable African experience. He joined the Navy nearly thirty years ago, and has served in the Baltic, in the Pacific, in India, and on the Western and Eastern coasts of Africa. He accompanied Sir John Kirk in one of his expeditions into the interior of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. We trust the Government will steadily pursue its anti-slavery policy. A Christian nation should be the liberator of the oppressed.

Rev. R. P. ASHE, who has recently reached Rubaga, writes very warmly of the condition of the C.M.S. Mission in Uganda. “I have been greatly cheered and encouraged by all that I have seen. Every day Mr. O’Flaherty and Mr. Mackay hold classes. The people, though terribly depraved and great thieves, do not manifest that apathy which appears to exist where our other stations are situated. They are very quick and very eager to learn. I was astonished to hear a young fellow go through the Lord’s Prayer in Lu-Ganda. He had had only a few lessons.



## PROGRESS IN EASTERN AFRICA.

In the January number of its monthly periodical the Free Church of Scotland has published a small but carefully studied map of Central Equatorial Africa which presents, in addition to other features, the altitude of its different regions by varying tints of colour. The map is corrected up to date, and records the latest discoveries. The multitude of the river courses now marked down, including the tributaries of the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi, is so great as to give the whole map a positively stringy appearance. It is pleasant to note how large the amount of country tinted to show an altitude of from two to five thousand feet, and the very considerable extent coloured to indicate above five thousand feet.

The country around Lake Nyassa is generally high, and there is a great extent on its western shores still higher—from four to five thousand feet above the sea. North of Nyassa there are plains from seven to nine thousand feet above sea level, where the flowers of our own-country grow, and where the climate can scarcely be considered tropical.

Between Nyassa and Bangweolo the country is also quite elevated and healthy, except where the rivers form marshes near the lakes; while, in the thousands of miles that intervene between the southern end of Lake Tanganyika and the American station in Bihé on the western coast of the continent, there seems to be no physical impediment to the residence of Europeans, though not a single mission station yet exists.

The tidings from the Livingstonia Mission are encouraging. The beginnings of a native church already exist there. Congregations of native Christians meet, not only to worship God, but to consider how they can spread the faith of Christ amongst their countrymen. One convert goes out two days a week to read to the people in the neighbouring villages; others combine to sustain an evangelist; and a monthly missionary meeting to hear of the Lord's work in other parts of the world is actually held. This is the fruit of a comparatively few years of labour, and fills us with hope as to what the next few years may produce on the Congo. Ten years ago the shores of Lake Nyassa presented on all sides a spectacle of unbroken heathenism; little or nothing had been done to mitigate the horrors of the slave trade or to stay the bloodshed of intertribal wars.

## THE MOABIT MISSION, BERLIN.



In a suburb of Berlin, called Moabit, there dwell about 42,000 people, chiefly of the working classes; and in this district (where there is only one church, holding 500) Mr. Julius Rohrbach, formerly tutor in our Institute, has been labouring since 1881. In April of that year a mission-room and coffee-room were opened in the midst of the district. Mr. Rohrbach has had serious difficulties to combat in his unsectarian evangelistic work, especially in the form of reproach and opposition from ecclesiastical authorities; but the people of Moabit hear the Word of God more and more gladly, and our brother writes:—

Scarcely a meeting passes where we have not some anxious ones, and some souls deciding for Christ; and best of all, the converts are earnestly at work, teaching in our Sunday-school (of 170 children), conducting cottage meetings, and helping in many ways.

Gospel services, mothers' meetings, Bible classes, children's services are carried on; and on Sunday three rooms which can be thrown into one, in addition to the mission and coffee-rooms, are filled for the evening meeting. Indeed a large building is now urgently wanted, and Mr. Rohrbach received 100*l.* towards this object, during a recent short stay in England; the whole cost of the iron church which it is proposed to erect would be 500*l.*

There is much encouragement in the coffee-room department; the people come in at all hours to take coffee, tea, or milk, and they read the Christian papers and magazines lying about, and are very ready for conversation about eternal things. This room has a large shop-window garnished with evergreen plants and stocked with tracts and pictures; in the midst is a large-print Bible, whose leaves are turned over from day to day, and leading passages marked with red and blue pencil, and many a passer-by is seen to read these carefully.

Mr. Rohrbach also ministers to a little colony of English working-men (about thirty families, mostly from Yorkshire) in Schönweide, near Berlin, where he is gratefully welcomed; and where a Sunday-school is now established.

These earnest labourers write thankfully of the refreshment received from time to time through passing visits from Lord Radstock, Dr. Baedeker, Mr. Guinness and other Christian friends; and they earnestly invite any of the Lord's people who may be travelling through Berlin, to cheer their hearts by visiting them at their Moabit Mission House, 13, Bremer Strasse, Moabit, Berlin.

## JAMAICA.

Mr. A. G. Kirkham, of Mount Angus, writes, under date of the 6th of December, a pleasant account of his arrival at home after his visit to us last summer. They had a somewhat dangerous gale on first starting, but "a good captain on board, and a better overhead." The voyage occupied twenty-five days. He had a warm welcome home from the different churches to which he ministers, and reports that our brother Turner, who filled his place for him during his absence, has had blessing on his ministry, so that he baptized twenty-two converts at Mount Nebo, one of the stations, on the 18th of November, and on the 23rd of December he was to baptize fifteen or sixteen at Mount Angus. This ordinance he has to administer on the banks of the river, and crowds who never go into the church attend at such times and hear the Word of Life. Amongst the candidates are two dear boys from the day-school which Mrs. Kirkham teaches. Another of these lads has entered the Mico Institution, in Kingston, taking a good position, with a view to preparing for preaching Christ in Africa, on which his heart is set. Mrs. Kirkham had been very ill, so that her husband almost feared he was to lose her, but through the mercy of God with careful nursing she has rallied.

## PORT AU PRINCE.

Our brother gives a deplorable account of the condition of things at Port Au Prince, Hayti, where he touched on the outward voyage.

The president had no money to pay his soldiers in September, so sent them into the city with orders to pay themselves, which they did in real earnest. They went into the town, plundered the stores belonging to the merchants, set fire to the buildings and destroyed half the town, and some people think three-quarters. Port Au Prince is still under martial law. The fact is these poor people cannot rule themselves. The president is an old black man, and, judging from the history and present condition of the republic, the negroes are really unable to maintain law and order without European assistance. I am sorry to say it, but observation leads one to this conclusion. Hayti is a lovely island, and could be made useful to the whole world. God has done His part for it, but man fails to do his. Oh, how it needs the Gospel! There are Romish priests to be found in the cities, who make capital out of the credulity and ignorance of the people, but the light of the Gospel is lost. They have most elaborate churches, grander than anything I ever saw in England, and plenty of crosses, but no Christ. As soon as the revolution is over, young men who are willing to risk their lives for Christ's sake should certainly be sent there, not to condemn or attack the prevailing religion, but to preach Christ.

sending a kitten to school as a *bint*, but now the *bint* sometimes put the boys of the house to shame. The father of a pair of bright, studious, girls said, "Oh, if the heir of my house had a mind equal to his sisters!" He had money and would gladly have purchased for his boy their capacity and love of knowledge; had the girls been thus lacking it would not have troubled him.

Miss Calhoun invited the audience to ask the girls questions in Arabic grammar and arithmetic. One proud father turned to another and said, "How can we ask them of what we do not know? they are wiser than their fathers; we should hang our heads in silence if they questioned us." A generation ago no Schweifat man would have made such a concession.

In physiology the girls pointed to the various diagrams to illustrate their talk about "the house we live in." The day was varied by recitations and reading in English, singing in English and Arabic, and infant-school exercises. Miss Calhoun succeeds well in teaching English; her pupils do not merely get the English words, but catch the English manner and expression as well as enunciation. The most interesting thing was the history of St. Paul, given by five girls; they went through with this remarkable history rapidly and clearly, pointing to the map of his travels, with scarcely a question or hint.

#### THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT BRITAIN.

THE early inhabitants of the British Isles were Celts. The priests and law-givers were called Druids, from the Greek name of the oak, their sacred tree. Their laws were in verse, and the only record was in the memory of the priests. The Druids believed it was displeasing to God to worship within walls. The oak-groves were their dwellings and the temples of their daily worship. In the centre of the grove was a space enclosed with one or two rows of large stones. Sometimes stones of great weight were placed upon upright pillars. The remains of such a temple may be seen at Stonehenge.

The Druids wore long white robes and flowing beards to distinguish them from the people, over whom they had full control. The office of priest was also held by women. They worshipped God; but the serpent, the sun, the moon, and the oak shared this worship. Sheep and oxen were offered in sacrifice; also, men and women taken in war were burned in large wicker-cages. Their chief feasts had reference to the harvest. One was held after the seed was sown, another when the grain was ripening, and a third when the crop was gathered in.

On New Year's day the chief priest cut with a golden knife the mistletoe from its parent oak, while attendant priests caught the sacred plant in their white robes as it fell. In all these ceremonies they were crowned with garlands of oak-leaves. Traces of these customs may still be seen in England, where the sports of May-day, the fires of Midsummer-eve, the harvest home, and the cutting of the mistletoe at Christmas are observed.

"If friends in England," wrote an African missionary, "did but know the joy, the luxury, of being a missionary in Africa, they would never endure to stay at home."

## Along the Line.

### HOME MISSION WORK ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

*Letter from the REV. S. HUNTINGTON, dated Mattawa, Sept. 15th, 1883.*

[NOTE.—For some unexplained reason this letter did not reach the Mission Rooms till the end of November.—ED. OUTLOOK.]

#### THE FIELD.

HAVING been appointed by the Conference of 1882 to labor as a missionary on the Mattawa Mission, I entered upon my work on the 1st of July of that year, and immediately took measures to ascertain the character and extent of the field which had been assigned me. My investigations revealed to me a territory awaiting evangelistic cultivation, two hundred miles in length by one hundred miles in breadth, and including within its boundaries the country lying in the valley of the Ottawa river, from Point Alexander to the head of Lake Temisqueming, and that extending along the line of the C. P. Railway from Mattawa village to Sturgeon Falls, at the head of Lake Nipissing.

#### THE POPULATION.

The inhabitants occupying this territory consist of four classes, viz., permanent settlers, railway employees, shantymen, and Indians or half-breeds, presenting a total population of twelve thousand souls. Their relative numbers would stand as follows: Permanent settlers, 6,000, including Mattawa village, which has 600 inhabitants; railway navvies, 1,500; shantymen, 4,000; and Indians or half-breeds, 500. Embraced in this classification may be found representatives of all the nationalities presented in the mixed population of this Dominion, with a preponderance of the French element among the shantymen.

#### METHODIST PIONEERS.

The ministers of the Methodist Church were the first to penetrate these wilds many years ago, in order to preach the Gospel to the people who were, at that time, temporarily connected with lumbering operations or permanently settled on lands. The headquarters of the mission was then located at Point Alexander, sixty miles east of Mattawa, which was at that date the centre of business in this territory. With the construction of the C. P. R. came a great change in the centres of population and business, in consequence of which it was found necessary to remove the residence of the missionary from Point Alexander to Mattawa. Mattawa village, which is situated at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers, occupies a central position relative to the territory described. It is now, and must be for many years, the great depot from which will be distributed the supplies necessary to carry on the various lumbering operations of the upper Ottawa.

#### THE CHURCHES.

There exist here a Roman Catholic church and several priests connected therewith, a nuns' hospital,



with the usual complement of nuns, who together with the priests look sharply after the interest of their denomination. There exist here also an Anglican congregation, by whose exertions a church and parsonage have been erected during the year. Here, likewise, may be found a Presbyterian congregation worshipping in a building which was erected several years ago for the use of all Protestant denominations, but which has become the property of the former. In this building my predecessor, the Rev. Mr. McAdoo, with some difficulty, obtained permission to hold divine service, and for a few months I enjoyed the privilege accorded to him.

#### CHURCH BUILDING ANXIETIES.

I had scarcely completed my first tour on the mission when events occurred which convinced me that the Methodist Church could never accomplish, under God, her great mission in this territory without a suitable place of worship, where we could conduct our evangelistic operations and exercise our pastoral duties in such a manner and at such times as should meet the demand created by our labors. The Rev. Mr. McAdoo had realized the importance of placing our church in a more independent position, and had taken steps leading in that direction the previous year. He had formed a class of six members in Mattawa, and on his removal left \$150 on deposit in bank for the erection of a church. Your missionary will never forget the hours of painful anxiety which passed over him when considering, in connection with others, the measures which should be adopted to supply the spiritual wants of the numerous people scattered over this extensive field, and to provide a place of worship in the most central place, which should serve alike as a spiritual home for the permanent settler, and a place of refuge for the "voyageur" whose salvation is an object of our deepest solicitude. \* \* \* We, nevertheless, cast our burdens on God, believing that He would supply, in some way, the want He Himself had created.

#### PROVIDENTIAL SUCCESS.

By a succession of providences which now appear almost miraculous, we have at Mattawa village a beautiful and commodious church, where the sacraments are regularly administered, where prayer and class-meetings are maintained, where public worship is celebrated twice every Sunday, and where an interesting Sabbath-school is in successful operation.

During the summer and autumn months we succeeded in establishing regular monthly appointments among the settlers at Point Alexander, Deux Riviere, Lake Talon, Nipissing, Sturgeon Falls, and Fort Eddy. These appointments, with the exception of Fort Eddy, lie along the line of the Canada Pacific Railway, so that my visits to them afforded a convenient opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the railway navvies at their various encampments, to a distance of one hundred miles west of Mattawa.

#### IMPORTANCE OF THE WORK.

You will understand the importance of this work when I state that in the territory traversed by the Canada Pacific Railway exist large tracts of excellent land which is being rapidly settled by people coming

from Great Britain and from other European countries, as well as from Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. Some of them have sufficient means to provide themselves at once with comfortable homes in the wilderness, while others, less favorably situated, find ready and profitable employment on the railway until they are able to do likewise. Among both classes I find many persons who were formerly connected, directly or indirectly, with the Methodist Church, and who are anxious to have the ordinances of religion introduced into every settlement.

(Conclusion next month.)

#### SASKATCHEWAN.

Letter from REV. JOHN McLEAN, B.A., dated Blood Indian Mission, Dec. 22nd, 1883.

TIME passes, but not our toil. Our work amongst the Blood Indians progresses, and we are encouraged to labor, praying for spiritual results. Difficulties and discouragements are almost innumerable, but they are not insurmountable. Zeal, kindness, and tact are making our influence felt, and the hearts that formerly were alien are now drawn toward us. Sickness in our camps has taken away many of the strong and brave, but in their hour of helplessness they have sought our help, and we have been made glad. The influence of the immoral white man is very injurious to our work, but we hope, by honest endeavor, so to win the hearts of our Indians, that virtue will be desired and earnestly sought for, and many be led to find peace at Calvary.

Severe have been our losses personally this year, and I am almost, in western phraseology, "afoot." Still the tide of fortune may turn, driving away any tendency to despondency. God has given us patience and courage, and we are still enabled to sing "*Nil Desperandum*." We are much in need of funds to pay off debts contracted in building, and to still further carry on our work. Aggressive Christianity is ours, and we are desirous of being sustained by our people in the east. We cannot, we must not, stand still, for we have much to do here, but help financially must be given us. Let the people show us their prayers and sympathies by something tangible. There are many difficulties in the way of translating which can only be known to those who have labored among a people who have no literature. In that department, however, the missionary agents are gaining ground, and time will reveal the results.

The school in Sun Medicine's camp is doing well, and our school in Blackfoot Old Woman's camp has been furnished with stove, seats, and other furniture, and is ready for work being commenced. Our young people are interested in our work, and much may be expected from them in the future. The older members of our camps are harder to reach, but even these are not beyond the power of the Gospel. We have implicit confidence in God's Word to reach the heart, and we have faith in God. When discouragements surround us we labor because it is our duty, and honest toil will not die.

We are holding our own in our white work. Methodists are coming in and must be looked after. Our

new town-site is surveyed, and help is needed to carry on our work in the erection of a church at each of our three white appointments. There is a large and promising field for a man for this work, and, lest our interests suffer, one must be sent. Forget us not in your missionary meetings and the throne of grace. Let us feel that we have your sympathy by sending us financial aid.

#### CALGARY.

*Extract from a Letter from REV. JAMES TURNER, dated Calgary, Alberta, Jan. 2nd, 1884.*

WE have succeeded in erecting a very comfortable and commodious church capable of seating about 200, and have opened it free from debt. Also purchased an organ, valued at \$250, which we have paid for, and have still a small balance on hand to meet current expenses. We have fine congregations, and the interest seems to be gradually deepening. I am of the opinion that in a year from now this will be a self-sustaining circuit.

#### MANITOBA.

*Extract from a Letter from the CHAIRMAN of Portage la Prairie District, dated Jan. 2nd, 1884.*

SEVERAL points on this District have been visited with revival influences during the year, notably the Big Plain mission. Carberry has been specially blessed. The M. E. Church of this town has been gaining during the last three months. Special services have resulted in a number of conversions, and increased congregations. Our congregations are good, and there are evidences of increasing spiritual life. Our Missionary Meetings on the District have been fairly successful. Had the year been a prosperous one, there would have been advancement; as it is, we are doing all we can.

#### NORWAY HOUSE.

*Extract from a Letter from REV. ENOS LANGFORD, dated Norway House, Dec. 26th, 1883.*

I HAVE visited Oxford House and Cross Lake. Am much encouraged in the work. We are looking and praying for a revival here. Congregations good; prayer-meetings profitable and all other services interesting. . . . Our enquiries into the knowledge and Christian experience of our people, gives us a good idea of their moral status. We try to know something of their private and social life, and are thereby enabled to build, and establish, and save souls. If we are not sending you regularly flourishing accounts of the triumphs of the Gospel, don't doubt but we are as much in earnest as we know how to be.

CAREY's first Hindoo convert built a chapel at Serampore entirely at his own expense and was himself very useful as a native preacher; while the first native minister ordained by the Church Missionary Society—a convert of Henry Martyn's—was instrumental in getting some sixty souls into the fold of Christ.

## Facts and Illustrations.

THERE are 21 Sunday-schools in connection with the Wesleyan Mission in Ceylon.

ALL the Methodist and Wesleyan bodies in New Zealand have united in a single ecclesiastical body.

ARABIC journals state that the number of pilgrims last autumn to Mecca and Medina is larger than for many years past.

THE "Morning Star" has been successfully launched on Lake Tanganyika, and the natives pronounce it the most wonderful thing they have ever seen.

In the Wesleyan Mission in the Nizam's Dominions, South India, begun three or four years ago, there are now three churches.

DR. CUYLER says: "All the Luthers and Wesleys who have pioneered great reformatations, and all the missionaries of Christ who have invaded the kingdoms of paganism, have had to endure night-watching and sleepless work before God opened to them the gates of the morning."

A PUBLIC Dispensary has lately been opened in Swatow by General Fang, and placed under the care of two Chinese doctors. The Sacred Edict of the Chinese is read to the patients there in the same way that the Bible is read to them at the Protestant Mission Hospital.

THE last news from the Livingstonia Mission in South Africa is that the whole of the New Testament has been translated into the language of the Chin-yanja, and that the sections of the steam-launch of the London Missionary Society have arrived at the head of Lake Nyassa.

It is now twenty-two years since the Wesleyan Missionary Society began work in Italy. In the Rome District there are now 14 circuits and 19 Italian ministers, with 369 church members. In the Naples and Sicily District there are 18 circuits, 10 Italian ministers, and 575 members. In Spezia alone their day schools are giving Christian training to nearly 400 scholars.

THE Salvation Army have now regular work going on in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, Poona, and Colombo. The whole of the funds for the support of their Indian work has been raised in that country, at least £200 having been received from Hindus and Mohammedans. Of their 33 officers in India, 10 are purely native. Among them they have those who can speak Hindustani, Tamil, Telugu, Singhalese, Marathi, Gujarati, Hindi, Panjabi, Persian, Bengali, and Armenian.

THE fourth edition of the New Testament in the language spoken on the Gilbert Islands has been printed at the American Bible House. Great good has been accomplished by the circulation of the truth in these islands. After the king had learnt to read, he put away nine of his ten wives, established laws with regard to the Sabbath, and put up churches. We trust that the Lord will richly bless the circulation of this new edition amongst these once naked savages.



to hear the good word and know what we could do for them. On last Sabbath, 23rd inst., we met a delegation from the tribe, to whom we tried through an interpreter to preach the gospel, and to explain the work of a missionary, should one come. Our word was good to them, but we must meet all the band, and tell all the men, and the women and children the same as we told them. We appointed Tuesday at 10 o'clock. Driving up to the settlement we were surprised to see a Romish priest there before us. While the Indians were gathering to the "Council Room," we interviewed the priest; found that he claimed to have some people here, and explained to him the object of the meeting. After singing and prayer, Brother Hemlaw and I talked to them, through the interpreter, about the love of God, and the salvation to be had through Jesus for white men and Indians alike, and told them how we once had had hearts, but God made us sorry for sin and changed our hearts. We explained the work of a missionary, viz., to teach their children and to open God's word to them and the other bands of Indians, and teach them how to come to God themselves. A prominent chief from Spence's Bridge (near forty miles away) spoke long and earnestly, and expressed his joy at our words, and his pleasure to hear that the Indians might soon hear God's word. He said the Indians knew a little about God's word and Jesus Christ, but they wanted to know more. Several spoke in much the same strain; but one, the medicine-man, was spokesman for the Indians of the settlement whose chief was dead. The spokesman dwelt much on their desire to have a school, and to have God's word made open to them all. After much talking all around they were asked to say if they desired a missionary like us, and if they would be his friends. Nearly every voice responded, and nearly every hand was raised—*lifted to God*, as they said—to show their desire. There were almost a hundred adults present.

This decisive action seemed to surprise the priest, who rose to say that the Indians did not understand what they were doing. He wished to meet the Indians alone, or speak in Chinook, but we insisted on his speaking openly and in English. He reminded them that the priest and minister were not the same, and that if they chose the one they rejected the other. Thus driven to it, I explained to the Indians the difference. They replied to the priest that they had lifted their hands to God, and they would not go back. He then reminded them that they had sent for the priest, through their spokesman, some time ago, and why would they not have the priest now, for there was only one road to heaven. They replied that the priest said to confess to him, but we said to confess to God. He had God's word, but kept it in his bosom, while we had it under our arm and gave the truth to the Indians. He was a man of *two words*, but we had one word. We spoke the good word, and the hearts of the Indians were with us.

Brother Hemlaw asked them to all say again if they wanted a minister like us; but no! they had lifted their hands to God once. He then asked any who were for the priest to go and give the priest their names, but not one moved. Still the priest was not satisfied, and charged the spokesman (the medicine-

man) with deceiving him, by coming to him last November, and now rejecting him.

Then the medicine-man arose and said that he was ashamed to think that he did go to the priest. He had asked to know about God's word, and the priest put down three crosses—this, one dollar; this, four bits (a half dollar), and this, two bits (a quarter dollar). The priest had sold him Jesus Christ for money, all the same as going to the store to buy anything. The priest was a man of *two words*—saying one thing one time, and another thing another time, but he wanted a man of *one word*.

Then a woman, an Indian woman, stood up and, sweeping her arm around, said,—All these Indians belonged to Mr. Goode (Episcopal missionary). Seven years Mr. Goode come, and travel, and speak God's word to the Indians. All their hearts were for Mr. Goode. But the Indians did not know that man (pointing to the priest). Now Mr. Goode was gone away, their chief was dead, and they had no teacher. We (pointing to us) had come to the Nicolas and had built a house. All the white people, who used to listen to Mr. Goode, now listened to us. So the Indians wanted a man, all the same as we were, to preach to them. What! she asked, Does the white man think Indian has no mind? The Indians had lifted their hands to God, and they would stand to what they had done.

The spokesman than said that Indians had built a church themselves. It was theirs, but not finished inside. If a good man comes, he will have half and the Indians half.

One asked if a schoolhouse was built who would build it—the Indians, or the government, or who? I said that the ministers would ask the Indians to help, and a white man would show the Indians how to do the work well. This was very satisfactory to them. In conclusion, we promised to write to our chiefs, and to let them know when we got word about the missionary. After shaking hands with all, our meeting closed after four hours' discussion.

Next day they stopped us on our way through the settlement, to know if we could give them more of the *good word*, but we could not stop.

Here is a simple statement of this call to Methodism to work for Christ among the Indians of Nicola and the surrounding country. If there could accompany it the earnest tones, the wistful look, the arms stretched out to heaven, lifted to God, appealing to us, I am sure it would not be in vain.

*Extract of a Letter from REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated  
PORT SIMPSON, February 20th, 1884.*

WE have decided to build Mission Boat at Burrard Inlet, as lumber is so much cheaper there than anywhere else. I hope it may be completed by June next.

We have had a sore trial in the loss by death (consumption) of one of our little girls from the home. Little Dolly Robinson died very happy; she assured us she was going to see her mother and the two girls that died in the home last winter. She would see them all, and be with Jesus forever. Another little girl, Sarah Shepherd, died very happy. She was

about 12 years, and it was really a pleasure to visit her before her death; she was so happy, and as she sank in consumption she would sing so sweetly and pray so earnestly that all felt that little Sarah went safely home to heaven. We have had a number of deaths as usual. It has been very cold for here the last month; no snow, twenty-five degrees of frost. Our people are scattering again.

I have heard from all the brethren lately but Bro. Robinson; all are well and write hopefully. We shall not have a large increase this year. We are trying to urge up the brethren to have a good many subscriptions and collections; we shall do as well as last year.

*Letter from the REV. W. H. PIERCE, Native Missionary, dated RIVERS INLET, March 9th, 1884.*

BY the grace of God I am happy to inform you how we are getting along. Although we have nothing very astonishing to write, I know you will be glad to hear of the great battle between sin and righteousness, just starting in this inland place. Arrived here last year by the request of the District Meeting. We were met at the fishing station by David Smanson, one of our Tsimpshean local preachers, and several others. On Sunday morning, after our prayer-meeting, we went over to the mission—preached three times to the fishermen, both Indians and whites. Next Sunday we invited the Weekeeno chiefs, and all came; preached the commandment of our Saviour, "Go ye into all the world," and told them what this blessed old Gospel hammer had done amongst my own people; how they had forsaken their Potlatch and heathen dances; also related to them the conversions at Naas, Skeena, Kit-a-mat, Bella-Bella, and said that is the reason we come to tell you all of this good news. At the close of the service one of the chiefs wished to speak. He said: "My friends, I am not ready to receive the Gospel. I am going to have a big Potlatch next year, after that I might join the mission." The old man trembled while speaking, as Felix did of old. One Friday evening, as we were bowing together in our prayer-meeting, a white man was trying to disturb, and making fun at the prayers we offered to our Father in heaven. Next day the man was missing round the mill. They found his hat on the water, and after long searching the body was found in the water. On Sunday the manager of the fishery asked me to attend the funeral, which I did. It caused me to shed tears while reading those solemn words, "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live." About two weeks after that the Fort Rupert chief came in and held secret meetings amongst the Weekeeno chiefs, telling them not to listen to the preacher. On his way home he dropped dead in his canoe. When the sad news reached the Weekeenos, fear came upon their mind, like in the days of Sapphira and Ananias, but they wouldn't give up their evil ways. In the month of November heathen feasts and dances started. Invitations were sent to Bella-Coola and several other tribes, and they had a big time day and night for two months. This is the great drawback to the blessed work amongst the natives in this land, the young people often telling me that they would like very much to become Christians and attend school, but

greatly fear the old doctors. During the winter some of our Bella-Bella friends yielded to the temptation of Potlatch. However, we have wept with them in one of our class-meetings. After singing in the Indian language that beautiful hymn, "My dying Saviour and my God," Joseph stood up. He said: "My brothers and sisters, since I been up to the lake and attend the dances and feasts my heart got cold, and the devil take away my good feelings. I was so ashamed that I didn't went to church on Sunday; pray for me that God would remember me in mercy." How kindly the Lord invites them to return, yea, commands us to look unto Him. We thank God and take courage that we are not left to ourselves, but while struggling against the storms of heathenism on this new mission field, we have that faithful friend who "sticketh closer than a brother."

Our severe cold weather still lingers on this Inlet, yet we are glad to see our summer settlers coming in, and hear their cheerful voices in singing the praise of their Redeemer. We begin to think the spring is near. I just returned last week from Wanuck, having a blessed time with the Indians—preached twice on Sunday. A large cannery starting in that place. A white man met me on the road the other day. He said: "I want to tell you all the whites in this place speak well of you." I said, "That's a bad sign." "Why?" "Because the Lord says so, 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.'" The reason the man said this, they don't like anybody to tell them of their sins.

My paper is nearly full, and I must add one more thought. I am grateful to God for the nice letter I received last week from W. Gooderham, Esq., Toronto. It was a great encouragement to me to hear his earnest desire in behalf of the salvation of my benighted brethren. Although I never see your kind faces, yet often I feel the warmth of your prayers. I hope the day is not far distant when these walls of Jericho shall be tumbling down by the sound of the Gospel of Christ.

#### JAPAN.

*Letter from REV. Y. HIRAIWA, to Mrs. Cochran, dated KOFU, Jan. 31st, 1884.*

I AM very glad to hear from you again, knowing by your letter that my last letter in answer to your last favor was not carried to you after all. I feel very sorry, as I had written a long one very soon after receiving yours, telling you how and where I was working, and all about my family. That letter seems to have been lost somewhere, but I think I need not repeat the same things in this one, as you have probably been informed by Dr. Meacham, a living letter from Japan, carrying the most important and latest news.

I had been working here with two other helpers till the end of last summer, when one was taken from the Church militant to the Church triumphant—a very faithful worker he was. Since then I became especially busy, as the field is very large. In the beginning of last autumn I was requested by the warden of the penitentiary here to come and preach Christianity to the prisoners. From that time a voice for the Gospel



is crying in the prison on every Sabbath afternoon, when all the prisoners are excused from their work and task for the sole purpose of hearing the preaching. If they do not like to come to the preaching place, then they must work as hard as usual. I have at present about four hundred audience of male convicts, and about thirty female in a separate place. I preach two separate sermons in the prison on Sabbath afternoon, and I hold two services every Sabbath morning and evening in the Kofu chapel.

If you would come back to Japan, we all will welcome you with hearty greetings, and you shall find Japan in respect to Christianity quite changed since the time you left her.

You heard, I suppose, from Dr. Meacham of the Ecumenical gathering of native Christians in last May, which were very grand meetings. Well, that formed a new epoch in the history of Japanese Christianity, which made since then very rapid progress in the realm. Already there have been added more than two thousand souls, by rough calculation, to the whole community of the Protestant Church in the last year, and there were over seven thousand Christians in the realm by the last December, including children. This year, which is only one month old yet, is very encouraging; weekly religious papers are laden with good news every time they come. The last November almost all Churches in Japan celebrated the 400th anniversary of Luther's birthday, and several of them were visited by high officials and all were a grand success; even the little church of ours here had very good meetings; thrilling and interesting addresses were given.

We are now enjoying very large religious liberty. We believe it will not take long for our beloved Emperor to embrace Christianity, which has touched the Imperial court through a few individuals of the government already.

## Facts and Illustrations.

DURING the past year the foreign missionary societies of the world report a gain of 308,643 communicants.

IN Morocco, with its six or seven millions of people, there is but one Christian missionary, who labors among the Jews at Mogador, and but one mission school.

A NEPHEW of the King of Corea, a son of its Prime Minister, and the son of a military mandarin, have entered the Southern Methodist College at Shanghai.

A GERMAN missionary lately remarked to a Christian Boer as he looked at his parched fields, "You must be very anxious for rain." "No, sir," he answered, "*anxiety belongs to the heathen.*"

IN Syria the magistrates refuse to put the oath to a convert of the missionaries. They say: "He is a Protestant; he will not lie, he does not need an oath."

A DECREE of toleration has just been granted by the Czar, Alexander III., to Russian dissenters from the Greek Churches, who number from twelve to fifteen millions.

A CANTON missionary says that many of the heathen families whom he knew spent two-fifths of their income for idolatrous purposes. The editor of the *Indian Methodist Watchman* reports the same fact of natives of the Deccan and Southern India.

AT a Japanese Conference at Osaka, last April, a resolution was passed to lay before English Christians the great need of medical missionaries and trained nurses, the latter to instruct the native women in this most valuable art.

THE death of Keshub Chunder Sen gives special significance to a recent utterance of his concerning missions in India, though allowance must be made for a degree of Oriental enthusiasm. "The success of Christian missions," he said, "is no longer a problem. I fully believe Christ has come into India, and has taken possession of India's heart. Some say India will be Christ's, but is not yet. I hate the idea of conjugating Christ's success here in the future tense. It is a thing already achieved. I say emphatically that the Spirit of Christ has gone into the depths of India's heart. I declare that the sanctifying and civilizing influences of Christ's life and teachings are working wonders in this land."

## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—

Chautauqua .....	81
Key-note for 1884-5. By the editor .....	82
A Missionary and His Work in the far North .....	82
Obligations of Union. By Rev. Chas. Stewart, D.D. ....	83
The World for Christ. By Rev. W. Herridge .....	84

### TEMPORARY THOUGHT:—

Missions and Railways .....	85
The Outlook for Egypt .....	85

### MISSIONARY READINGS:—

Noble Deeds .....	86
Kewatinookoo .....	86
Christian Triumph .....	87
Questions for Consideration .....	88
Chautauqua .....	88
Giving a Tenth .....	88
Two Theories of Christian Work .....	89

### WOMAN'S WORK:—

Notice To Branches .....	90
Walking in the Shadow .....	90
Indian Sewing School .....	91
Woman's Missionary Society—Home Notes .....	91

### OUR YOUNG FOLK:—

Gifts for the King .....	92
The Indian Children .....	92
Some Young Heroes in Turkey .....	92

### ALONG THE LINE:—

British Columbia. Letter from the Rev. J. P. BOWELL .....	93
Port Simpson. Letter from the Rev. THOMAS CROSBY .....	94
Rivers Inlet. Letter from Rev. W. H. PIERCE .....	95
Japan. Letter from Rev. Y. HIRAIWA .....	95

### FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS. ....

### ENGRAVINGS:—

Chautauqua, N. Y. ....	81
Map of Chautauqua. ....	88
The Hall in the Grove,—Chautauqua. ....	88
Court Yard in Damascus. ....	89

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## THE GOSPEL AND THE RED INDIANS.



HERE are many cities in India and China and Japan with a population exceeding in num-

ber all the Red Indians in British North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the Eskimo of the Arctic Sea thrown in. Yet for more than sixty years the Church Missionary Society has devoted much money and many men to their evangelisation. The unmistakable leadings of God's Providence led a Society "for Africa and the East" into the Farthest West; and not one of the Society's Missions has received more unmistakable signs and seals of the Divine approval. In the Diocese of Moosonee, where the Indians and Eskimo number between 5,000 and 6,000, nearly all have now embraced the Gospel. In the Diocese of Rupert's Land, with about the same number, or more, the larger half are Christians. In the Diocese of Athabasca, out of perhaps 9,000, more than a third are Protestant Christian, an equal number being Roman Catholic. In the Diocese of Saskatchewan, the Indians are more numerous: the Bishop thinks nearly 80,000; and comparatively few of these are yet brought in, but missionary work is extending among them, and by God's blessing we shall soon see the Gospel spreading among the Plain Crees and the Blackfeet, as it has done among the Swampy Crees and Ojibbeways of Moosonee and Rupert's Land and the Chipewyans and Tukudh of Athabasca.

There are also the Indians of British Columbia, the Tsimshians, Kitiksheans, Hydabs, Kwa-gutl, &c., &c. Probably there are 80,000 of these in the three Dioceses of British Columbia, New Westminster, and Caledonia. In Caledonia the C.M.S. is also at work.

In this present number of the GLEANER we give some pictures illustrative of the work in the Saskatchewan Diocese, and a short account of what is being done there.



DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN: BRA





INDIANS CROSSING THE BOW RIVER.

*Sydney P. Matt*

# “AND THOU MAYEST ADD THERETO.”

1 Chron. xxiii. 14.

**Y**E chief among the fathers,  
Ye princes of the tribes,  
Brave captains of your thousands,—  
Ye wise among your scribes,—  
Who, with a willing offering,  
With perfect heart will bring  
His treasure for the House of God—  
The palace of the King?

There shall be gold of Ophir,  
And silver ore refined,  
And onyx stones and jasper  
With glistening stones combined.  
Build ye the glorious Temple!

Princes, arise and do!  
The people offer willingly,  
“And thou mayest add thereto!”

O hewers in the mountains!  
A four score thousand ye,  
Your sturdy strokes are ringing,  
Steadfast, courageous be!  
The rugged mass, the costly stones

Ye hew from quarries vast,  
Shall rise in stateliest grandeur  
In God’s fair Fane at last.

Ye burden bearers lowly,  
Ye patient rank and file,  
Ye shall not lack the guerdon  
Of Royal glance and smile!  
Nor faint in tribulation’s hour,  
With glory full in view,  
The gain shall far outweigh the pain,  
“And thou mayest add thereto!”

Sons of the forge! the iron  
In rich abundance brought,  
Upon your ringing anvils

With courage must be wrought!  
The planks must bear the strain of  
time

With nails and joinings true,—  
There’s strength in Zion’s Sanctu-  
ary,

“And thou mayest add thereto!”

No citadel unguarded,  
No dream, the builders raise,  
Her walls shall be salvation,  
And all her gates be praise.  
The links of iron riveted

For Zion shall endure,  
With treasures of the lasting hills,  
God makes her gates secure.

Invisibly, but surely,  
The radiant walls arise,  
And noiseless by the perfect parts  
Are fitted—in the skies.

Made ready, perfected, complete,  
Fashioned by patient care,  
Wrought for an end thus glorious  
They find their riches there.

This day, the roar, the clamour,  
Through Lebanon may ring,  
And flames may leap, and at the  
forge

The pond rous hammer swing;  
The furnace and the crucible  
Inglorious metals fuse,  
And silver, seven times refined,

May shine for Temple use;—  
But ere another day may dawn,  
The toil of earth may cease!

And He may reign whose right it is—  
The holy Prince of Peace.

Then shall He fill His Temple fair  
With glory through and through!  
O careless one! arise, and seek  
That “thou mayest add thereto!”

CLARA THWAITES.



## THE STORY OF THE NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

By the Author of "England's Daybreak," "The Good News in Africa," &c.

X.



E must not suppose that our missionaries confined their efforts to the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands, where their first stations were established. *Kaitia*, the fifth Mission settlement, a few miles from the Western coast, was formed in 1834; eagerly the natives assisted by erecting a chapel, cutting roads through the woods, and throwing bridges over the rivers, to facilitate the movements of their teachers; and so many candidates crowded around them, to entreat the instruction preparatory to baptism, that great care and strictness were exercised to guard against its becoming an unreality. Pana, the head chief, joined the Christian ranks, and no sooner became a believer himself, than he earnestly sought the saving of others. He called his copy of the Word of God his new "weapon of war," and received a hearty welcome, for they observed they need no longer dread him, as they did when he sought to devour them like a dog. Tawai, Pana's greatest enemy and that of his tribe, had for long carried on the most bitter hostilities against them; but one Sabbath morning Mr. Matthews, the missionary (a son-in-law of our friend Mr. Davis), was told that the dreaded Tawai had suddenly appeared in the settlement. His heart misgave him, and hastening to see what it portended, he was amazed to find the lion had become a lamb. Tawai informed him that he must now salute him by the name of Moses, he had become a Christian.

The incidents which led to his thus being cleansed from the leprosy of sin almost remind one of the story of the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife. One of Tawai's slave-girls had some time before lived in one of the Mission families at Pahia, where she had received regular instruction. Tawai took her away to come and live with him, but he could not make her leave behind the teaching which had sunk into her heart. She continued to repeat the prayers and catechisms she had learned. Her master strictly forbade her doing so; but formidable as he was in his savage ferocity, she had learned to fear God rather than man, and she continued to pray on. Enraged, he now threatened to shoot her, but this made no difference: prayer had become dearer, more necessary to her than life. Perplexed and interested by her courage and perseverance, he now began to inquire into these doctrines, which wrought so mightily in those who received them. His slave-girl became his teacher, and God blessed the precious seed of the Word thus sown to his awakening and conversion. After baptism, it had been one of his first impulses to visit his former enemies, Pana's tribe, and carry them the good tidings. He had not heard of the work amongst them, and was equally surprised and rejoiced to find that the missionaries were there, and Pana, like himself, had become a Christian. It was a beautiful sight to see these two fine warriors, who had at one time desired nothing so much as chances of shedding each other's blood, worshipping that day together in the house of God, and when the services were over, passing the evening in relating to each other how God had led them both into the same narrow road. The next morning Mr. Matthews found them both at the school, standing in the same class, and reading together the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

It was still earlier than this, in 1838, that earnest entreaties from the River Thames and the Bay of Plenty reached the missionaries for white men to come and dwell among them, that they too might "learn to sit still." Recently strengthened by help from England, they were able at once to respond, and in October, the same year, they started in a small vessel to seek a

favourable spot for a new settlement. The very desolation of the country through which they passed appealed with an eloquence more touching than words to the hearts of those entrusted with the "Gospel of Peace." In many places it was absolutely depopulated by war. Mr. Williams says, "It was melancholy to look around; all was perfect stillness—no vessels, boats or canoes, moving over the surface of the waters which spread like magnificent rivers among the numerous islands. Traces of former towns and villages were visible wherever we turned; but all the inhabitants had been destroyed, or taken captive, or had fled." Spending the Sabbath on one of these islands, now absolutely depopulated, nothing was heard but the songs of the birds, whose sweet and varied notes were distinctly heard mingling with the Christian hymns that now, for the first time, ascended to God from these lonely regions. How well we can enter into the feelings that swelled the hearts of His faithful servants during these consecrated hours. "I felt," says the missionary, "an indescribable sensation as I viewed the ground on which we sat. For many successive years this neighbourhood has been the seat of war in its most savage and infernal forms—but that the Lord has now here heard the prayers of His people is an earnest for good, and this place is, as it were, now consecrated to Him."

Wherever they went on shore they met with the most hearty welcome, and urgent entreaties to remain. "We keep the Ratapu" (sitting still upon the Sabbath day), was the constant plea, "but we can do no more till a teacher comes." Many of the chiefs were tired of fighting, and seemed to think that if the missionaries would but come and settle amongst them, peace would follow as a necessary consequence. "I shall go on fighting," said one fine young chief, "till missionaries come and break my legs; then I will sit still and learn!" Another pleaded, "The Ngapuis have left off war because they have missionaries; but how can I learn—can the trees teach me?" There was something deeply touching in one question, repeated more often than any other, "Why did you not come in our fathers' time, then we should have learned better from our childhood?"

At Puriri the people, delighted to see them, crowded round to lead them to the most favourable spot for a future settlement, and did all in their power to make them comfortable. As the day was closing, the missionaries invited them to attend the evening worship they were about to hold with their own natives, who had accompanied them, and in a few minutes between 150 and 200 had assembled. The shades of night were falling around them, several fires had been kindled, and the flames cast their uncertain brilliance over these children of the wilds, lighting up the graceful mats in which they enwrap their limbs, and their fine expressive features; it was a scene for a painter to delight in. Mr. Williams gave out the hymn, and what was his astonishment when not his own party only, but the whole assembly, joined in, in full chorus, words and tune all correct! The missionaries almost doubted the evidence of their own senses, but the wonder was enhanced when the loud Amen at the close of their petitions, and then the universal joining in the Lord's Prayer followed this singing of the hymn. The solution of the mystery only deepened their thankful amazement. Three lads who had formerly been taken captive in Hongi's wars, had lived for some time in one of the mission families, and, afterwards escaping to their homes, had imparted to their countrymen the instruction they had received, entirely without books.

One can imagine there was no longer any hesitation in fixing on Puriri for a settlement, and the work thus remarkably commenced by the hand of God grew and prospered under His blessing. The "raupo" chapel (*hā*), built with reeds interwoven and plastered with mud) was soon more than filled with







## THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1883.

## MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

N. M. let .... 5.54 a.m.  
F. Q. 9th .... 10.30 a.m.F. M. 16.54 a.m. | L. Q. 22.11.30 p.m.  
N. M. 30th .... 11.57 p.m.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

- 1 M God is love, 1 John 4. 8. [Jo. 3, 16.  
2 T God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son,  
3 W God commendeth His love toward us, Ro. 5. 8. [the end, Jo. 13. 1.  
4 T *Rebmann* d., 1876. Having loved His own, He loved them unto  
5 F *Ep. Russell* d., 1879. The Lord loveth the righteous, Ps. 145. 8.  
6 S *Ep. Cotton dreamed*, 1866. Who shall separate us from the love  
[of Christ? Ro. 8. 35.  
7 S 20th aft. Trin. Our Father, which hath loved us, 2 Th. 2. 16.  
8 M *Ex. 34. Phil. 1. R. Ez. 37 or Dan. 1. Lu. 11. 28.*  
9 M He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, Jo. 14. 21.  
9 T *Bp. Hadfield consec.*, 1870. His love is perfected in us, 1 Jo. 4. 12.  
10 W *Price sailed for E. Africa*, 1874. O continue Thy lovingkindness,  
11 T How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, Ps. 36. 7. [Ps. 36. 10.  
12 F It is a good thing...to show forth Thy lovingkindness, Ps. 92. 2.  
13 S *Miss. expelled fr. Absoluta*, 1867. My lovingkindness will I not  
[midst of Thy temple, Ps. 48. 9.  
14 S 21st. aft. Trin. We have thought of Thy lovingkindness in the  
M. Dan. 3. Col. 3. 1-18. E. Dan. 4. 5. Lu. 11. 28.  
15 M *D. Fenn d.*, 78. Thy lovingkindness is better than life, Ps. 63. 8.  
16 T Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, Heb. 12. 6.  
17 W *Noble d.*, 1865. I love them that love Me, Prov. 8. 17.  
[kindness, Ps. 103. 4.  
18 T St. Luke. Healeth all thy diseases...crowneth thee with loving-  
19 F *Mrs. Croucher d.*, 1880. In His love He redeemed them, Is. 63. 9.  
20 S I have loved thee with an everlasting love, Jer. 31. 8.  
[hath to us, 1 Jo. 4. 19.  
21 S 22nd aft. Trin. We have known and believed the love that God  
M. Dan. 6. 2 Theas. 1. E. Dan. 7. 9. or 12. Lu. 13. 11.  
22 M *England d.*, 58. *Ep. Borelay d.*, '81. More than conquerors thou'  
23 T I will love them freely, Hos. 14. 4. [Him that loved us, Ro. 8. 37.  
24 W To know the love of Christ, wh. passeth knowledge, Eph. 3. 19.  
25 T He will rest in His love, Zeph. 3. 17. [love, Cant. 2. 4.  
26 F *Townsend sailed for W. Africa*, 1886. His banner over me was  
27 S *Isa Stone Childr. Home*, 1851. The Father Himself loveth you,  
[Jo. 16. 27.  
28 S 23rd aft. Trin. SS. Simon & Jude. *Bp. Moule consec.*, 1880. Christ  
[loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, Eph. 5. 25.  
M. Hos. 14. or Is. 32. 9-17. 1 Tim. 5. E. Joel 2. 31. or 5. 9. or Jer. 3. 12-19.  
29 M *Isaiah ord.*, 1854. Continue ye in My love, Jo. 15. 9. [Lu. 19. 39.  
30 T We love Him because He first loved us, 1 Jo. 4. 19.  
31 W If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another, 1 Jo. 4. 11.

## MORE JERSEY BREEZES.

## IX.—Our Daily Blessings.

"All His benefits."—Ps. ciii. 2.



OUR daily blessings!—How much does that short epitome contain! It is the much in little of bounteous benediction. According as our temperaments differ, so does one or another of the Christian graces seem to us the more attractive. The young, beaming with hope, will take *Joy* to heart, and long to see much of it gushing forth among the ransomed of the Lord. The aged asks only to be permitted to lie down in *Peace* with God and man. Woman finds rest for her yearning sympathy in the endearments of home *Love*; while man, panting for conflict, grasps the strong shield of *Faith*. *Long-suffering* is perfected in the ailing and the evil-entreated; while *Temperance* braces the healthful and sends him onward with elastic footstep.

But the lovely grace, wherein all others take root and flourish, is *GRATITUDE*. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is a stirring exhortation continually needed by our sluggish souls. With meek, heaven-gazing eye and onward-pressing step, the sweet spirit of thankfulness is always within call. She is our best helper and friend, the unobtrusive guardian of all things lovely and of good report. Perhaps we have neglected to invoke this kind angel when clouds obscured the ever-during sun. We have grieved her and made her weep, as we passed, in cheerless despondency, amid the countless gifts of

the All-Bountiful. It may help us to enumerate some of what we are apt to call "common" mercies, because they come to so many. And, when we pause to reflect, what have we that we have not received? Think of the perfection of our marvellous body, and how all its magic machinery goes on, without our care or forethought. How unbearable should we find such responsibility, even for one hour! The pliant hand, the sensitive eye, the brain with its fairy network—can we help standing in awe? Shall we not consecrate all we are and have to our Creator's service? When we awake refreshed each new morning, let us say, I laid me down and slept; I awoke, for the Lord sustained me. As we step over the threshold of the chamber which has heard our grateful, trustful outpourings, let us be joyous and brave, quite sure the Lord's good gifts will meet us at every turn. Each happy circumstance is undeserved; each sorrowful one might be sadder. Candour will readily admit that Gratitude is never out of season. If we delight to record God's mercies, they will spring up for us on every side, for a thankful heart, like a true philosopher's stone, turns seemingly adverse combinations to pure gold.

Let us open our eyes and see; may the Lord open our lips, that they may show forth His praise. Even our special needs and tastes are tenderly noted and gratified. And how much do earthly benefactions brighten our daily life! Suppose we adopt the beautiful expression of Oriental gratitude: "I thank God for thy goodness to me." There is too little counting-up of our mercies, too much murmuring, fretting, and anxiety. Comes not our every experience from the appointment of a pitiful Father? Shall not He, the Judge of all the earth, do right? The whole day takes its colouring from the thoughts of the morning hour; the whole life, from the blossoms of its spring-tide. Those who are labouring, in whatsoever place or capacity, to spread the glad tidings of Salvation, specially need to gird themselves continually with the invincible panoply of gratitude. Their poor hearts must often be so weary; the frail flesh so willing, the fainting spirit so weak. Let them make gratitude their constant companion. Let them, when in danger of losing courage, "set their foot on the lost Ebenezer" in their journey, and "give a spring." The effort shall be rewarded. Sudden brightness shall illumine the dark and dreaded passage, and with the happy confidence of obedient, loving children, they shall own what a joyous and pleasant thing it is to be thankful. A. M. V.

## THE DIOCESE OF SASKATCHEWAN.

[The pictures in the present number are all illustrative of this article.]

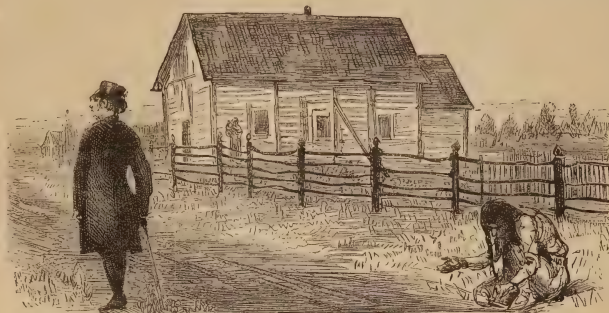


ANY of our readers have heard some of the always vigorous and interesting speeches of the Bishop of Saskatchewan. We give some pictures illustrative of his Diocese, and take the opportunity to add a brief summary of C.M.S. work in it.

The see was founded in 1874, as part of the wise and far-seeing plan formed by the present Bishop of Rupert's Land, Dr. Machray, for dividing his then enormous Diocese into the four dioceses of Rupert's Land, Moosonee, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan. To Moosonee and Athabasca two C.M.S. missionaries were appointed, Dr. Horden and Dr. Pompas; and to Saskatchewan a clergyman who was helping Bishop Machray in St. John's College at Winnipeg, Dr. Maclean. The four dioceses form an Ecclesiastical Province, of which the Bishop of Rupert's Land is Metropolitan.

The Diocese of Saskatchewan, speaking roughly, lies between





SASKATCHEWAN: THE CATHEDRAL, PRINCE ALBERT.

lat.  $49^{\circ}$  and  $55^{\circ}$ , and between long.  $105^{\circ}$  and  $117^{\circ}$ . It is bounded on the south by the boundary line between British America and the United States, on the north by the Diocese of Athabasca, on the east by the Diocese of Rupert's Land, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains.\* It is about 700 miles square, and comprises an area of nearly half a million of square miles. When the Bishopric was founded in 1874, this vast country was peopled by some 80,000 heathen Indians, a small number relatively to the extent of territory occupied, but larger than that of the Indian population in the other dioceses of the North-West put together. There were a few small settlements of white people; but there was not a single missionary in the Saskatchewan territory proper, though there was one on English River, in a remote corner of the diocese. "There were," as the Bishop has lately said, "no endowments, no missionaries, no churches; everything had to be begun as far as the Church of England is concerned."

These words are quoted from the Bishop's address at the first meeting of his Diocesan Synod on August 31st, last year, when he was able to report that he had sixteen clergymen on his list, of whom eight were C.M.S. men, six S.P.G., and two supported by private contributions. The eight of the C.M.S. were Archdeacon J. A. Mackay, the Revs. J. Hines, T. A. Clarke, S. Trivet, J. Settee, J. Sinclair, and D. Stranger, together with another, who was expecting to go out last autumn, but has been prevented by the illness of his wife. Another, however, one of this year's Islington men, the Rev. J. W. Tims, has started in his stead. Of the seven above named, Mr. Settee, Mr. Sinclair, and Mr. Stranger are Indians; and Mr. Mackay also is a native of the country.

Meanwhile, English immigrants are pouring into the Saskatchewan territory; the Canadian Pacific Railroad is being laid down at the rate of four miles a day; and the Fertile Belt, as a large part of the country is called, promises to become in a few years the home of a mighty people. To provide for their spiritual wants is not the work of the C.M.S.; but we may rejoice that other Societies are able in some degree to supply the need, and that the indefatigable Bishop has been enabled to do so much for the development of the Church of

England in the Diocese during the last seven years. But it is of the greatest importance that the Indians should be brought at least under Christian ministrations before the tide of immigration fills the land; and this Society may thank God for the part it is permitted to take in spreading the Gospel amongst them.

The first principal C.M.S. station as we leave the eastern boundary of the Diocese and move westward is PRINCE ALBERT, on the North Saskatchewan river, a little above the confluence of the two great branches. Here the Bishop resides, and here are located Archdeacon Mackay and the Rev. J. Settee. The latter venerable Indian brother—who writes, "Give my Christian love to the Committee, and tell them I am now an old man, having served the beloved Society now 52 years"—has charge of the Cree congregations at South Branch and Nepewewin,

comprising together 844 baptized Native Christians, of whom 110 are communicants. The latter district, including Sturgeon Lake, has been dignified by the Bishop with the title of a rural deanery, and Mr. Settee is the first rural dean. Mr. Mackay acts as Secretary of the Society's Saskatchewan Mission, and is also Cree tutor in Emmanuel College, the training institution for the Diocese. This college, though quite in its infancy, has thirty students; twelve in the college classes, and the remainder in the collegiate school. Six students have been ordained since it was opened, and five others are employed as catechists and schoolmasters. The Society maintains four Indian students in the college, and that number have been sent out into mission work during the past year, one of them being the Rev. D. Stranger. Mr. Mackay is also engaged in linguistic work, both in Cree and Sioux. In the former tongue he has prepared a volume of family prayers, of which 4,000 copies have been printed by the S.P.C.K. for the use of Indian families.

At BATTLEFORD, higher up the north river, is stationed the Rev. T. A. Clarke. There are 230 Christian adherents connected with this post. A local newspaper, the *Prince Albert Times and Saskatchewan Review*, in its issue of December 27th



SASKATCHEWAN: EMMANUEL COLLEGE, PRINCE ALBERT.

\* Since the above was written, we find that the Provincial Synod has somewhat modified the boundaries.

last, has the following account of the Indians of the neighbourhood :—

Six Indian reserves have been located and surveyed in the neighbourhood. These are inhabited by the Cree and Stoney Indians, who are cultivating their farms extensively, and have made for themselves comfortable homes, through the liberality of the Dominion Government, which assists them largely in every way. As an instance of the progress they are making in farming pursuits, we may mention that one of them at Eagle Hills has raised this summer 630 bushels of grain, and about 200 bushels of potatoes. There are about 450 of the latter, and 800 Crees. Schools have been established on three of the aforesaid reserves, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society of England. The native children exhibit a great aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and it is gratifying to see the wonderful progress they have made in the various subjects taught them. The Rev. T. A. Clarke superintends the schools, visits the reserves alternately on Sundays, and conducts an English service in Battleford every Sunday evening. He has been greatly encouraged in the work by the success which has attended his humble efforts to disseminate the glorious Gospel amongst the aboriginal tribes. Although a noble work has been achieved by the Church, yet the majority of the Indians are still heathen, and much still remains to be done.

In the still wild country north of Prince Albert and Battleford is the station of *ASISIPPI*, which owes its existence to the untiring labours of the Rev. John Hines. Mr. Hines was on a visit to this country during a large part of the year, and the newly-ordained Native clergyman, the Rev. D. Stranger, has been in charge. There are 159 Christian adherents, of whom 35 are communicants. (See *GLEANER* of Sept., 1881.)

Nearly 200 miles to the north-east of Prince Albert, as the crow flies, is *STANLEY*, on English River, which is almost at the point where the three dioceses of Rupert's Land, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca join. There are here, and at the out-stations of Pelican Lake and Lac la Ronge, 550 baptized Indian Christians, of whom 140 are communicants. The Rev. John Sinclair, a Cree Indian trained at Emmanuel College, is the pastor. In June last year the Bishop and Mr. Mackay visited this station, the journey thither, by boat, occupying a fortnight. At Stanley 75 converts were confirmed, and 19 at Pelican Narrows.

The remaining C.M.S. station is *FORT MACLEOD*, in the extreme south-west corner of the diocese, on a branch of the South Saskatchewan, almost at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and more than 400 miles, as the crow flies, from Prince Albert. Near Fort Macleod is a large reserve for the Blood Indians, a branch of the great Blackfoot nation; and among them the Rev. Samuel Trivett is earnestly labouring. He has also visited the Crees at Cypress Hills, 150 miles to the east, and the Blackfeet proper on Bow River, nearly 100 miles to the north. It is for work among these latter that an additional missionary is now being sent out.

#### "I am not a Dog."

THE opposition of the Buddhists in Ceylon to the preaching of the Gospel is very bitter, and is being constantly stirred up by the influence of the American Agnostic, Colonel Olcott. This gentleman is most active in his antagonism to the Mission. He warned the priests in the Baddegama district that "Mr. Alcock (the missionary) was like a spider, and his village schools like a spider's web spread over the district to catch the little-Buddhist boys and girls." An ex-priest who had embraced Christianity he tried to persuade back into Buddhism. "I am not a dog," said the convert, "to return to my vomit." The Colonel offered to show him 145 falsehoods in the Bible. "If you could show me one," was the reply, "I would renounce it. Pray spare your pity. If you can believe there is no right, no wrong, no God, no judgment, no soul, no responsibility, no conscience, you need for yourself all the pity you possess, and more."

#### ARCHDEACON J. A. MACKAY.



THE Rev. J. A. Mackay, who has lately been appointed to the office of Archdeacon by the Bishop of Saskatchewan, is a native of Moosonee, and of mixed Scottish and Indian descent. In his younger days he was a pupil of Mr. Horden, now the Bishop of Moosonee, and was afterwards employed as a catechist at various missionary posts on the shores of Hudson's Bay. He was afterwards a schoolmaster at Red River, and in 1862 was ordained by Bishop Anderson of Rupert's Land. For many years he laboured at Stanley, on English River; but when the Bishop of Saskatchewan began to organise his new diocese, and founded Emmanuel College at Prince Albert, Mr. Mackay was moved thither in order that he might be the Cree-speaking tutor in that institution, where (as above mentioned) young natives are trained for missionary work. Prior to this, however, he paid his first and only visit to England, in the summer of 1876, when he laid before the C.M.S. Committee the plans which have

since led to a considerable extension of the Society's work in the Diocese of Saskatchewan.

Mr. Mackay has taken an active share in translational work. He helped Bishop Horden in his version of the Four Gospels and the Prayer Book in the Moose Cree dialect; and he has prepared in the Cree language a Manual of Family Prayers, a Hymn-book, a Catechism, First Books for Children, a translation of Bishop Oxenden's *Pathway of Safety*, &c.

#### BISHOP HORDEN'S CONFIRMATIONS.

THE Bishop of Moosonee, who returned to his Diocese last year, writes as follows:—

On August 27th, after due examination, I confirmed forty-five young Indian men and women, and subsequently three others, the whole of whom had been carefully prepared by Mr. Vincent. Except two, whose knowledge did not satisfy me, these were all the persons of the Indian congregation of a suitable age for confirmation. Our Indian congregation there is composed of the entire Indian population, excepting such as are attached to the English congregation. The conduct of the candidates at the time of the service was marked with deep solemnity, and I could not but feel assured that the prayer at the imposition of hands was, in many cases, fully realised.

Then, on November 26th, I confirmed all the English-speaking young people, half-caste and Indian, between the ages of fifteen and twenty. There was not a single exception; and during the preparation for the rite, which extended over many weeks, scarcely one was ever absent from the class. They came, too, from many quarters—from Moose, Albany, New Post, Matawakumma, and East Main; all spoke English fluently; all could read their English Bibles; all were well acquainted with the Church Catechism; all appeared deeply impressed with the gravity of the step they were about to take. The number was seventeen.

Another would have been present, but he had already "come to the company of just men made perfect." He was a young Indian, Benjamin Sutherland by name, who received his education at our Mission School. When old enough he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was sent into the interior, whence he returned to Moose last summer in feeble health, and when I first saw him he was confined to his bed. There I confirmed him; there, too, I administered to him the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and within a few days he passed away in peace, firmly believing that for him, individually, Christ had poured out His blood on Calvary.

Besides these confirmations, I held one at Albany on the last Sunday of the year, when I confirmed twenty-three candidates.



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON J. A. MACKAY,  
Of Saskatchewan.



## OVER THE WATER.

BY EVELYN R. GARRATT.

## CHAPTER X.—"FOUND WANTING."



IFE and death, joy and sorrow, side by side they travel on this earth, and sometimes mingle strangely.

The days that followed Ella Venning's accident, though so full of anxiety for Sasie, were also days of great happiness for her. Leith Lancaster had one day suddenly arrived at Inglesby, to his mother's surprise, and when asked the reason, he told her his appearance was owing to a letter of her own, in which she had happened to mention some good news about Sasie.

"I should have spoken long ago," said Leith, "had it not been that I knew Sasie and I disagreed on the subject of religion, and that she made no profession of being one of God's children; but when I received your letter telling me that she was altered, I felt I could not stay a day longer in suspense. Anything is better than suspense."

"I have had my suspicions for some time," said Mrs. Lancaster, "and may God bless you, dear boy."

So the dreaded time had actually come! But it was not quite such a blow to Mrs. Lancaster now as it would have been had it happened before the Missionary Meeting.

"For," she thought to herself, "now that Leith is going to be married of course he will settle in England."

Leith had always been a favourite with Mr. Ogilvie, and it had been a secret wish of the latter that the two should marry; still he made several objections on the score of age, &c., when Leith with an anxious face urged his suit. Sasie was far too young to think of marrying; better wait another year or so, and if then Leith liked to speak to her, well, he would not stand in the way. It was better not to put any such notions into the child's head as yet. Let him keep his own counsel and wait patiently for a little time.

The fact was, that Mr. Ogilvie was not going to let Leith have his bright little daughter too easily, though there was no other man he knew to whom he would so willingly part with her. But the idea of losing his child was not a pleasant one, and he made it evident to Leith that parting with Sasie was to lose a good deal of joy out of his life and home. However, at last he gave his consent to Leith to speak to Sasie, and the former left his study with a pale, anxious face in search of her.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lancaster, feeling in too restless a state of mind to wait patiently at home for her son's return, put on her bonnet, and started off to inquire after Ella Venning.

The maid-servant had had injunctions to ask Mrs. Lancaster in should she call, so she was shown into the drawing-room, which, though a small fire was burning, looked cold and gloomy on this winter afternoon. Mrs. Lancaster sat waiting for some little time; the unnatural quiet of the house felt almost oppressive, and it was a relief when at last the door opened, and Mrs. Venning entered.

"It is good of you to come," she said, holding out her hand; and then as their eyes met, her lips trembled, and she added, "I felt I should like to see you."

"How is Ella?"

"She is better, I am thankful to say, but—I hardly know whether I wish her to live—or how to break the news to her."

"You mean——?"

"I mean that if she lives, my pretty girl will be a cripple for life."

There was such a ring of pain in Mrs. Venning's voice that might have touched the hardest heart. She had taken a chair by the fire and sat looking at the coals with a sad drawn face, and her fingers nervously interlaced one another. "But," said Mrs. Venning, after a pause, turning her eyes upon Mrs. Lancaster with so dreary an expression in them that her heart ached, "that is not all the burden I have to bear; it is the sense of failure on my part. I feel that I have neglected the most important part of the work God has given me. I have failed as a mother."

It was a comfort to Mrs. Venning to unburden her heart to this tender, sympathising woman, whom she felt instinctively would not judge her harshly. She never remembered hearing Mrs. Lancaster pass a sweeping censure on any one, and when she herself had often severely condemned

some poor sinner, entirely forgetting the injunction, "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted," how often had Mrs. Lancaster put in some tender word of pity and compassion, reminding her of the love of which at such times she felt conscious of lacking, the love that covereth all sins. Mrs. Venning felt that she could trust Nona Lancaster.

"I can't tell you what these days have been to me," she continued; "the thought of my poor Ella dying in the state she is has been almost unbearable, and it has added to my grief to find how little I have won her love or gained her confidence. I see what it is now. I have never taken the trouble to sympathise with the girls in anything that has interested them, and yet have thought hardly of them for not sympathising with me. I have expected from them what I had no right to expect. How could they work, poor children, when they have not learnt to love? I have never put the bright and happy side of religion before them, and consequently they have been repelled instead of attracted. Mrs. Lancaster, it is a terrible thing to learn from your child's own lips that you have utterly failed, and have helped to drive her away from Heaven."

"But——"

"Ah, no, there is no excuse for me, I am only telling you the truth. I have sickenened them of religion by constantly talking of my work and my doings, instead of pointing them to the Lord Jesus Himself and His beauty. If only they had learnt to love Him first, they would soon have begun to follow His example, 'Who went about doing good,' and work would have become beautiful in their eyes from very love of Him, and, because it was His work, not mere parish work. My poor children!"

Mrs. Venning did not unload her heart in vain. She found Mrs. Lancaster even more sympathising than she had expected, and was comforted by her. "May God bless you for your kindness," she said, as she shook hands with her at parting; and then when the door was closed she knelt down and prayed earnestly for forgiveness for the past, and for strength to do her duties more faithfully in the future.

It had been rather a trying time for Nona Lancaster. True sympathy is by no means a costless gift; as a rule it takes a good deal out of the one who gives it. Mrs. Lancaster, while listening to the sad story, had mentally put herself into Mrs. Venning's place, and had suffered accordingly. Leith and his affairs had for the time been put in the background, and it was only on leaving the doctor's house that she remembered that she must prepare for quite a different scene, and be ready probably to obey the command "Rejoice with them that do rejoice." Many find it considerably easier to sympathise with those that are in sorrow than those in joy. Perhaps the reason is that the world being so full of sin and suffering our hearts are more tuned to sorrow than to joy.

But notwithstanding the sorrow that Nona Lancaster had tasted during her life, she knew well how to rejoice in the gladness of others. The lesson had been hard to learn, but she had set her heart and mind towards learning it, and had succeeded in doing so better than most people; but to-day, after leaving Mrs. Venning's house, she felt utterly unprepared to rejoice, and so decided to delay the moment when she would be called upon to do so by taking a longer way home.

It was not an inviting afternoon for a walk: nature looked grey and desolate, too much in tune with Mrs. Lancaster's own sad heart to be of any comfort to her. Life looked lonely in prospect as she recollected that from that day she would no longer be Leith's first thought.

"It will be different," she kept saying to herself, as she looked back at the past and forward into the future. "Everything will be changed now." Suddenly words which have comforted many a one who feels tossed to and fro by the manifold "changes of the world" came into her mind, and, like a sunbeam in a dark, cold room, brought warmth and hope into her sad heart.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The words brought rest with them, and comforted her. Nona had reached the garden-gate by this time, and as she opened it she heard eager footsteps behind her, and in a minute Leith's arm was round her waist.

"Little mother," he said, "here is another child for you."

attentive worshippers, and at the school mothers and even grandmothers might be seen side by side with their own children, learning the first simple lessons of Scripture. The desire for instruction had spread for miles around. One day a chief from fifteen miles distance came for a slate. "What can you want it for?" was the natural question. "I want to write," he replied; "I have learnt from a young man in my own village, who was once in the Bay of Islands."

We must bear in mind that all this was going on in the midst of continual petty wars and bloodshed, among the surrounding tribes. They were perpetually shedding each other's blood, murdering and massacring, for the most trivial excuses, so that the time and strength of the missionaries was continually taxed to prevent an outbreak of fresh hostilities, or rescue some innocent victim. Indeed, hopeful as its commencement had been, it was found best after a while to move the mission settlement from Puriri to Hauriki and Maratai, some miles lower down the River Thames. Here it was permanently established, and some six years after their first arrival amongst them the missionaries could report of nearly 1,000 natives taught to read, and eighty amongst them baptized, whose consistent lives testified to the reality of the work in their hearts. E. D.

## BAIJNATH'S STORY.

The Autobiography of a Young Santál.\*

[Translated by the Rev. F. T. Cole from the original account written down by Baijnath himself.]



T the time of the Santál Rebellion (1855) I was about seven years old. We were then very well-off, and had plenty of land, flocks and herds, and wanted for nothing. I had one sister older than myself who used to stay at home whilst I amused myself out in the fields with other shepherd boys. My parents were very kind to me, giving me plenty of sweetmeats and baked Indian corn.

We boys used to milk the goats, drinking the milk. At other times we would allow the milk to curdle and then eat it. We used to make walls of dirt and call them our houses, in these we placed heaps of sand which we called rice. The village girls used to play with us: they would stay in the house and pretend to cook the dinner, while we boys used to tie sticks together and pretend to plough the fields, choosing two small boys to act as oxen. At breakfast time the girls would bring us mud in plates made by themselves by tacking together several leaves with grass stalks. This mud we pretended to eat. Afterwards they brought us water with which to wash our hands and faces. After breakfast the girls would go to the fields which we had pretended previously to plough, and plant the rice, grass doing duty for young rice plants. Then we would build other houses, which were intended for the newly married. When the houses were completed we performed the marriage ceremony amidst great feasting and rejoicing. Afterwards we would go to the jungle with our bows and arrows and have a grand hunt. Sometimes we knocked over a sparrow or caught a rat. These we would roast and eat with great glee, dividing equally to all the hunters, and if any other boys or girls came, we would meet them with the Santál salutation and offer them some beer in a leaf cup. We had a large round stone which we called the beer jug, and from this we pretended to pour out for our friends. They would pretend to be drunk, and this we considered great fun. In this manner we used to pass our days.

One day reports reached us that some soldiers were coming to seize and eat us. We were terribly frightened, and our parents used to hide us in the fields of Indian corn during the day. The corn was very high then, and afforded us a capital hiding-place. By degrees the panic subsided, and again we acquired courage to play in the open air. Soon after this, reports spread that the Santáls were about to expel the Hindus and English from

the country. A secret order was sent by the leaders of the rebellion to every Santál village to kill off every pig and fowl, and a threat that if they refused to do so, they themselves should be killed in the insurrection. We had at that time a fine pig, which we killed and ate.

I have no recollection as to the quarter in which the rebellion began. This only I remember, that a number of Santál families came and settled down at the entrance to our village, and made for themselves small huts of branches, and they remained with us about a month. After this there was such a panic amongst the people that village after village became deserted, and the inhabitants with their flocks and herds hid themselves in the thickest parts of the jungles. We, seeing what others did, became so frightened, that we, one and all, forsook our homes and followed them. Some took off their belongings in carts, others tied them in bundles and took them away on the backs of oxen, while others again, having no other means of conveyance, carried their children on their hips and their bundles on their heads and fled. When we reached what seemed to be a place of safety, we halted and hid ourselves in the jungle, and never attempted to show ourselves by day, lest we should be discovered and killed by the soldiers. The children were not allowed to cry; the younger ones to be kept quiet were nursed by their mothers, the elder ones were either bribed or threatened.

We remained crouching in the jungle for about a fortnight, and as by that time the soldiers had not made their appearance, the men and boys of our party ventured to go into the neighbouring villages to pluck some Indian corn which was then ripening. I cannot say how long we remained in that place, but fresh reports having reached our ears, we thought it safer to go farther away; so we set off, and after resting at several places on the way, we arrived at Kusumba, a village near Dumka. Here most of our cattle died from exposure and wet. We moved on, a short distance from the village to a small hill; here we were beyond reach of the floods. By the side of the hill was a small cave: into this we crept and thus were saved from much cold and wet; our cars and cattle we were obliged to leave in the open air, and my father had to watch them day and night. In this cave we remained for some time in comparative comfort, whilst other poor creatures had to sleep under their carts, exposed continually to the rain; but we also were in danger from large snakes and wild cats, which often frightened us, so much so, that at last we preferred to live in the open air and endure the same privations as the rest.

Soon after this we moved on to Kusumba, and then built a small house, for ourselves from the remains of the deserted village. We subsisted on Indian corn and jungle fruits. It was most distressing to see the amount of suffering, people and animals dying by scores. I well remember one morning passing four fat buffaloes feeding; in the evening when we returned they were all lying dead, having been left to take care of themselves, and thus they perished from exposure.

Several weeks passed away, when suddenly cholera broke out amongst us. My eldest sister and other relatives were among the victims; numbers also of the villagers died. We were in such fear that we determined at once to return to our old home and take the consequences. We could but die; we might be saved. On our way home we were attacked with fever, and could not go on with the other villagers. They said, "Come with us," but my father answered, "We are all so done up with fever that we cannot move a step farther." So they went on without us. In that village we had some relations, but they had no pity for us, they would not give us even a night's lodging. After a time the fever left us, and we hired ourselves out as day labourers. Our food was all gone, and we were content to work all day for an evening meal. The goats we brought with us were all stolen. We thought ourselves fortunate if sometimes we got a meal of cooked leaves and roots; a plate of cooked rice was indeed a luxury.

Again we set out to return to our home, but on the way my father was again seized with fever. We could do nothing for him; he lay all day in a field, and we feared he was dying. It was a most anxious time for us, strangers as we were, and far from home or friends. My brother and sisters were very young, and my mother tired and weak. However, towards evening my father, being slightly better, managed to drag his aching limbs to the nearest village. My mother carried on her head a basket, containing all our worldly goods, and my father, with the aid of a

\* We would remind some of our readers that the Santáls are one of the non-Hindu hill-tribes of India. See GLEANER, Jan., 1875; April, 1877; and Mr. Storrs's letters in the volume for 1879. "Baijnath's Story" gives a vivid picture of the actual life of a poor peasant in India, such as we very rarely get.



stout stick, managed to creep along to the village. We were very much frightened by its becoming suddenly dark, for there were many robbers about in search of plunder.

The next day we were going on to another village when we met two Mars (a race of Paharis who live in the plains). They said to my father, "Give us some tobacco." My father replied that he had none, and moved on. They said, "Stop, we wish to speak to you." My father told them that he could not stop, he must go on. Then one of the men struck my father on his back, but not enough to disable him. He turned round, and with his stick felled the man to the ground. A hue and cry was then raised by the other Pahari, upon which a number of Paharis came flocking to the spot. They seized my father and bound him, while I rushed behind a tree shrieking. Then he was bound with a rope that they found in our basket, and dragged away to their village. I need hardly say they appropriated all our belongings, leaving us completely destitute. Finding upon inquiry that we had relatives near there, they carried off my mother and us children to their village. One of the men was very kind to me, carrying me on his shoulder because he found I was

and every day he would appoint a different meeting-place lest he should be discovered. My mother when she went to him made a pretence of fetching firewood, and thus no one suspected her errand. This continued for some time, and it made my father so nervous that he said to me, "My boy, come and stay with me; I fear they will find and kill me one of these days. If you stay with me I shall be happier; it is so dreary all alone in the jungle. I see no one, I feel as if I had no one belonging to me. Come and live with me." I stayed with him, and we both used to visit mother and sisters every night, and creep away before dawn. In the day-time we dug up roots, and at night we took them with us to my mother, who would cook them and have them ready for us by the time of our next visit.

So we went on for some time, till my father at last said, "We are dying of hunger, and are in danger of losing our lives, let us leave the place." Our cows and buffaloes had been left with our relatives, and now we intended taking them away, but when we untied the calves there was such a noise that all the villagers turned out to see what was going on. Our relatives told us therefore to leave them with them for the present,

promising to return them to us after the rebellion was over. We managed, however, to take with us two buffaloes, and afterwards lent them to some friends, but we never saw them again, for they were overtaken by the soldiers, who dispersed them and left the animals to their fate. We used to travel by night for fear of the soldiers, and one night we were caught in a heavy rain, and I was so tired and hungry that I fainted, and became so stiff and cold that my father told my grandmother, who was carrying me, to throw me into the jungle, thinking I was dead. My grandmother told him that she would not give me up, but would carry me till it was light and then see. Thus we went on through the jungle until we came to an open spot, when my father said, "Wait here till I can find a place for you, there is a village close by, I will go and see if we can find shelter there." He soon returned, and took us with him to a distant relation's. I was placed before the fire and rubbed vigorously, and then I revived.

We reached our old home about July, and had nothing to eat and no money; but the villagers who had returned before we did helped us a little, though they, too, were in trouble. We found that our crops had been taken by others who

imagined we should not return. However, afterwards they restored the land to us, but being the hot season it was not the time for harvest, and therefore the land was useless to us. We were in great trouble, having no oxen for ploughing and no seed for sowing. So when the rents were collected we had nothing to pay. The man who had reaped the fields paid the rent and made use of the land afterwards, and when we wished to cultivate the fields he refused to give them up, saying the land had been given to him. Our relatives, too, behaved most unkindly to us; my uncle would not ask us to sit down when we visited him, nor did he ever show us the smallest kindness. Thus we were obliged to earn our dinner by working all day for it, and if no one would hire us we subsisted on leaves, and sometimes on the husks of rice. At harvest time we fared better, for we gained a good deal by gleaning, and lived in comparative plenty for about a month. My parents left us every day at dawn and returned after dark with the proceeds of their day's work. I being the eldest had to take care of my three brothers and sister, to keep them quiet and to wash them. I also cooked for them in the day-time and fetched wood from the jungles for my mother when she returned late in the evening. My mother afterwards told us what a joy it was to her, when they came



RED INDIAN ENCAMPMENT. (See page 114.)

tired. My father was left bound in the Pahari's house. A little rice was given him, but, as his hands were bound, he was unable to cook it. My grandmother visited him daily, and cooked for him. It so happened that one day he was not bound very securely, so he managed to get his hands free, and then he unfasted the other cords and escaped to the jungle. The Paharis then seized my mother and grandmother, and accused them of setting him free, which they denied, telling them that they did not know even where he was. The men determined to kill them, but God kept them from their purpose. They were allowed then to go to their relative's house.

The second day, in the middle of the night, my father secretly paid us a visit, staying only a few minutes. Every day the Paharis would come and ask my mother, "Has your husband returned? Do you know where he is?" When they could not find him they laid hands on everything that remained to us, we could keep nothing; we durst not refuse them. My father remained in the jungle, and when the villagers were fast asleep he would creep stealthily into the house. We gave him food, and he would appoint a meeting-place for the next day. Every day at noon, when people were resting, my mother would take him some food,

home, to find us safe and sound. Many during that trying year succumbed to famine: nearly every family lost one or more members from jungle fever and cholera.

About this time my parents quarrelled, which led to a separation. My father took me, and my mother took the other children; she went to live with an uncle. My father and I, after going far away from home, found work in a newly opened coal mine, which had been the bed of a river. My father obtained good wages in this employment, and we managed to live very well. I used to stay in the hut and collect fuel and fetch water whilst my father was working in the mine. One day a lump of coal fell on a boy who was working, and his whole body, in consequence, swelled and afterwards turned into sores. This circumstance so frightened the Santals that they left *en masse*; some returned to their homes, whilst others, and amongst them my father, went to work on a road then being made in the district. After working there for some time my father said, "Let us return home, I am tired of this life."

We then went on till we reached our village. The place was so much changed we could hardly recognise it. Of a number of beautiful pipal trees there was nothing left but the trunks. We heard that thousands of soldiers had been encamped there, and every branch that could be found had been cut down to supply their elephants and camels with food. The villagers told us how that they all cleared out as soon as they saw the red coats with guns and swords.

By this time my father and mother were again reconciled. We now lived with them again. As day servants they managed to save a rupee or two, with which they bought a young sow, who soon after presented us with some little pigs; these were entrusted to my care to shepherd. When they were grown up two of them were sold, and with the proceeds we purchased a cow. Not long afterwards we hired a pair of bullocks, with which we ploughed up a piece of land and planted it; we gradually acquired more land, one field at a time, till we were able to live quite comfortably on our own farm.

About this time a number of schools were established in the Santal country by the Rev. E. Droese. A teacher was sent to our village, and my father promised to send my younger brother to school. He, however, did not care to learn, and wanted to become a servant, so my father said to me, "Bajinath, would you like to go to school?" I jumped at the idea, and accordingly my name was enrolled. We used to sit in the open street for school, the ground being swept and smoothed, and we were taught to write large letters on the dry ground. We had no books at first, and were thought wonderfully clever when we could read and write our own names. Our native teacher forbade us to eat animals that had died of themselves, as we had been accustomed to do. In consequence of this, many of the boys left the school. I was anxious to get on, so promised to do as I was bid in this matter, which made the boys very angry with me, and I was much persecuted in consequence. Our



INDIAN WOMAN OF THE FAR WEST.  
(See page 114.)

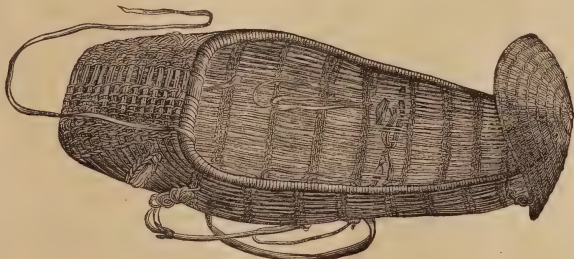
teacher was very strict also, and as we Santals were not fond of being kept in order, he had no little trouble in dealing with us. He sometimes thrashed the boys; this soon thinned the school. He never thrashed me, but one day he twisted my ears most unmercifully for playing the truant. There had been a Hindoo feast held in a neighbouring village with sports; to this I had gone without leave, and therefore richly deserved what I got.

About two years I remained in this school. At the end of that time the Rev. E. Puxley visited all the village schools, and examined us; seven of us passed, and he took us and our teacher to Taljhari, for the purpose of training us as teachers. I was entered in the second class, and after a month was promoted to the first. I was obliged to stay in school longer than the rest on account of my youth. Mr. Puxley said to me, "I cannot make you a teacher, you are so short, the boys would not mind you," so I stayed on several years longer in the school. I well remember my surprise upon seeing some Santal and Pahari boys eating with the Hindoos; in our eyes this was considered a great sin. We seven Santal boys used to cook together, and were very careful that the other boys should not touch our food. One day a teacher took up our hookah and smoked it; we immediately broke it and threw it away, thinking that if we smoked it afterwards we should lose our caste. It was very long before these prejudices were away; but seeing others, and reading in school, we became more enlightened, and gradually became lax in those matters.

The teacher tried daily to impress upon us the importance of becoming Christians; we read the Gospels, but they made no impression upon us; we were convinced of the truth of Christianity, but we had no desire to become Christians. At length my parents believed and were baptized; this had so much influence on me that I soon followed their example. The prominent thought in my mind had been: If I become a Christian how shall I get a wife? (there being scarcely any Christian Santal women at that time)—and I shall not be allowed to dance or drink; all men, too, will snub me, calling me a Christian. I used to go to church, but did not understand the meaning of what I heard. The preacher told us to "ask our minds" (conscience). I said to myself, "How can my mind speak? I never heard a voice speaking in me. It is all nonsense thinking one's mind can speak." Before becoming a Christian I thought that if I believed that God saw me, and that Jesus died for me, surely I should never sin. I used to wonder how those who called themselves Christians could do so many

wrong things. Now I know by experience how very difficult it is to lead a holy and a godly life.

At the time when we were very poor, no one would invite us to their houses, or have anything to do with us, but God has watched over us and protected us from death and all other evils. We have reason to thank and to praise Him for raising us to our present position. God's book is very true, and what He says He is sure to perform. He makes small the



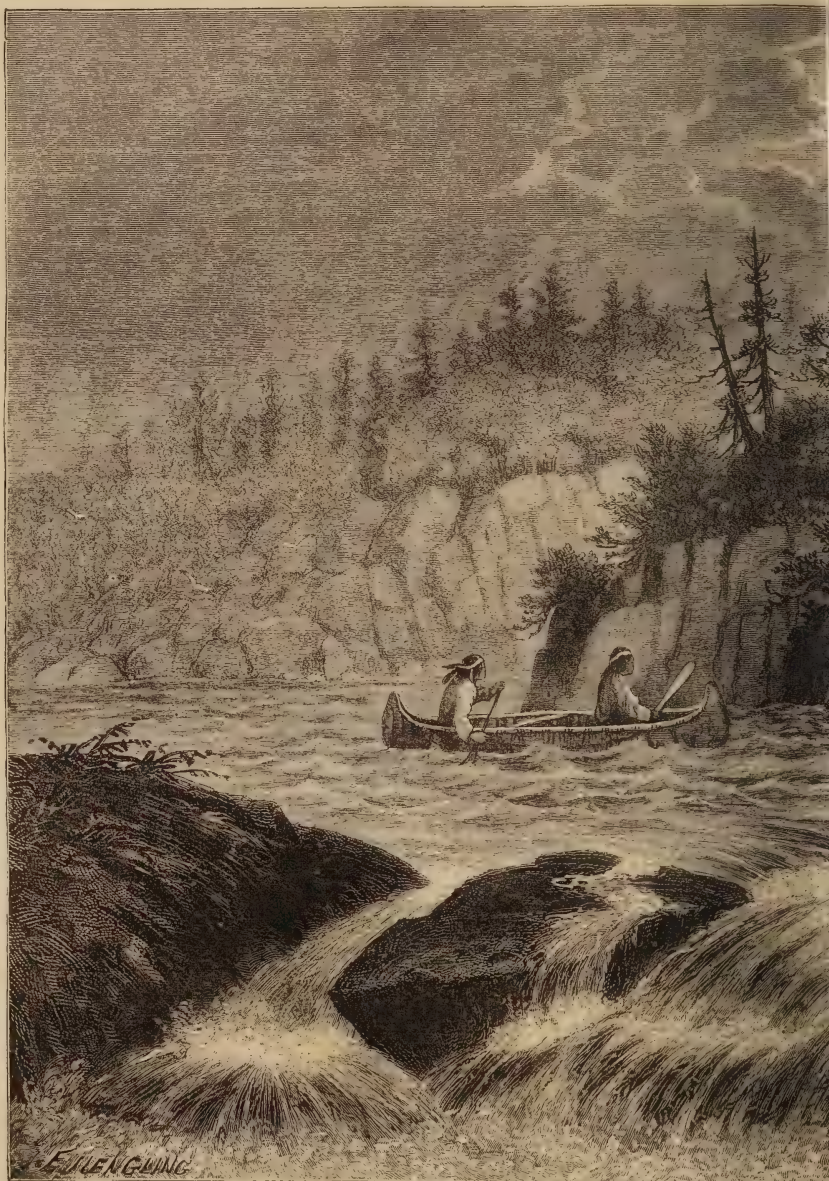
A CASE FOR A BABY.



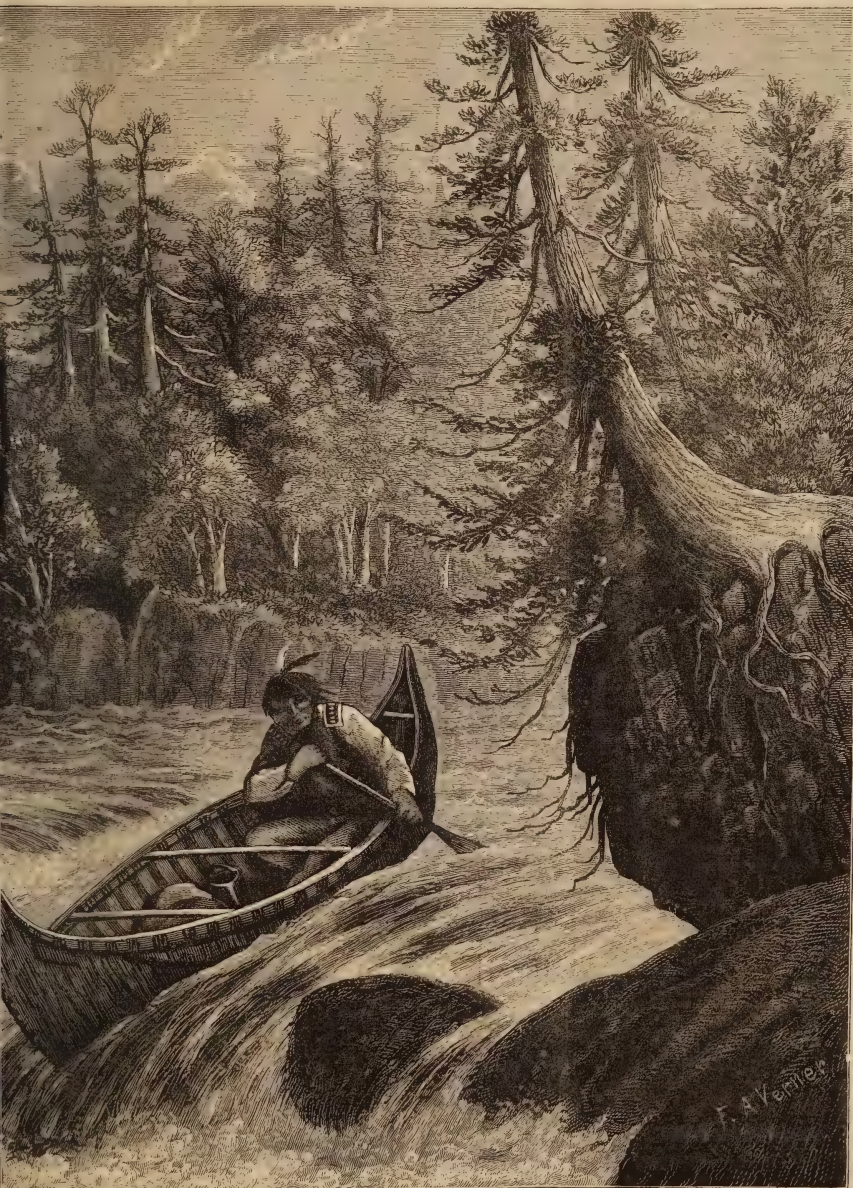
## OUR MISSIONS IN NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

**I**T is just ten years since the C.M.S. Committee in their Annual Report for 1873-4, announced that North-West America presented a field, not for retrenchment, as was at that time supposed, but for extension. The ten years have abundantly proved the correctness of their view. The Society's expenditure in those vast territories has increased from £6,200 to £12,500, and if the North Pacific Mission across the Rocky Mountains is included, from £6,800 to £16,600. The number of missionaries, ordained and lay, including the Native and country-born clergy, has risen from 21 to 85. The statistical returns are imperfect, but there is no reason to doubt that the number of Red Indians professing Christianity under the Society's care exceeds, and probably much exceeds, 10,000. No Mission has called forth more sympathy from the Society's friends, or called it forth more justly; and for no Mission should we more fervently praise Him whose work it is.

The progress of the vast territory in which these Red Indian Missions are carried on was illustrated by the consecration, on June 24th, of a Bishop for another new diocese there, that of Assiniboia. Yet one more is to be established shortly, for the great Peace River district. These will be the eighth and ninth bishoprics in those vast regions, not including Algoma, which is reckoned in Canada proper; and of the nine bishops, four will be missionaries of the C.M.S., viz., Bishop Horden of Moosonee, Bishop Bompas of Atha-







NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

basca, Bishop Ridley of Caledonia, and the Rev. R. Young, who is soon to be consecrated Bishop for Peace River.

Travelling is an important part of a missionary's work in North-West America, whether he be a bishop or a lay catechist. The winter journeys, as most of our readers know, are taken on snow-shoes or in dog-sleds. The summer journeys are mostly on the mighty rivers and lakes, and are vividly depicted in the engraving on this page. And tremendous journeys they are. Take the Diocese of Moosonee alone. Last summer Bishop Horden was not travelling himself, having heavy duties at Moose; but he sent a summary of the journeys then being taken, and lately taken, in different parts of the country. Archdeacon Vincent, he said, on reaching his home at Albany, would have travelled 2,000 miles; the Rev. H. Nevitt, of Moose, 1,500 miles; the Rev. John Sanders, of Matawakumma (an Ojibbeway Indian), 1,800 miles; the Rev. E. J. Peck, of the Eskimo Mission, 1,600 miles; the Rev. G. S. Winter, of York, 1,200 miles; the Rev. J. Lofthouse, also of the Eskimo Mission, 2,000 miles. In the Diocese of Athabasca the distances are still vaster, and in September last, Bishop Bompas was starting on a two years' trip to his northern territories within the Arctic circle, and up to the borders of Alaska.

"In journeyings oft" is the special experience of our brethren in North-West America; and "That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water" is a specially suitable prayer in their behalf.



## THE NORFOLK C.M.S. LADIES' UNION.

To the Editor.

SIR,—We have had a delightful meeting of the Norfolk C.M.S. Ladies' Union at Thorpe Rectory, and several who were present expressed a wish that an account of it might be published in order to enable them to reply to the oft repeated question, "What is the use of this Union?"

The objects are clearly expressed on our card of membership. They are "To pray for the Society, to work for it, to read about its missions;" and the intention of our quarterly meetings is, that we may unite in prayer, and take counsel together as to the best means of promoting these objects. That wonderful missionary psalm, the 96th, was read, and earnest prayer was offered that in all we did we might seek only and always God's honour and glory, and feel what a precious privilege He had given us to be workers together with Him. Many inquiries and suggestions were made on the subject of working parties, and we were urged always to consider them not merely as means for collecting money, but as opportunities for seeking to promote a true missionary spirit. An instance was given of a party which was regularly opened with Scripture and prayer, and a real interest in the cause was taken, the result of which was that £20 was received for work at the end of five months. The Juvenile Association in the same parish contributed £14. The lady stated that she had so few workers in her little country village, that she feared it would not be worth while to have a schoolroom sale, but she had one; almost every thing was sold and £15 added to the Association.

Another lady lived in a remote village where great difficulties were experienced, but she had for years kept up an interest in the C.M.S. through the school children, who had a basket and worked for it, and got others to help them, and they carried it about themselves for miles.

The question was asked, "What is to be done with coarse knitted baby socks and other things of that kind, which will not sell?" the answer was that any warm things would be received with the greatest gratitude in the N.W. American stations, and might be sent to the Missionary Leaves Association. Many old people would gladly knit comforters and mufflers if it were made known that a parcel would be made up for those cold regions.

It was suggested that if a box were put on the table at a working party, nearly enough would be sure to be put in to keep up the supply of materials, or members would give a penny a time.

A lady said that she knew of a very successful working party in a town where shop assistants seemed much to appreciate spending an evening once a fortnight in a drawing room, and working for the cause in which they were led to take interest.

It was considered to be desirable that centres for the reception of work should be appointed in different parts of the country.

The remark was made that each village liked to know the results of its own handiwork, which is most true. If possible the lady who sends it should have her own table at a sale, or, at all events, that a separate account of it should be kept.

On the important matter of prayer, it was recommended that the Cycle of the C.M.S., which is printed at the back of the members' cards, should be used every day, and the annual reports of the Mission to be remembered should be read on the same day; a plan which was found to give great additional interest both to the work and the prayer for it.

As regards the publications of the Society, one lady said she found it very useful to lend the GLEANER as a magazine; another said she had got fifteen people to take it monthly in a little fishing village.

This discussion lasted for about an hour, when the kind rector came in, warmly expressing his pleasure at seeing his drawing-room filled with so many friends to the good cause, and introducing to us the Rev. E. Sampson, of Selby, who gave us a most beautiful address. He entreated us to undertake this work not merely for the C.M.S., or for Mrs. This or That, but distinctly as a work for the Lord Jesus Christ out of love to Him, and out of a sense of our indebtedness to Him. He said before the Lord let the world, some of His disciples might be thinking when He would die or how He would die; but Mary's thought was, What shall I do for Him before He leaves us? and she brought her alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on His head, because she loved

Him, and that love filled the house with the odour of the ointment, and the Lord said of her, "She hath done what she could." A good bishop was once observed to be uneasy on his death bed, and his chaplain asked, "Is anything the matter? Are you afraid to die?" He said, "I am not afraid to die, but I am ashamed to die, because now I realise how much the Lord has done for me, and how little I have done for Him." We were urged to consecrate ourselves wholly to Him.

After the address we had another little prayer, and then we adjourned to the garden for tea, and had the pleasure of seeing old friends and making new ones, all united in one common object; and in half an hour we dispersed to our various homes, feeling indeed that it had been good to be at the Ladies' C.M.S. Union Meeting, and hoping that many more would share our pleasure in belonging to it.—I am, yours faithfully,

S. C. E.

## ANOTHER "GOSPEL TROPHY."

THE following account of another "Gospel Trophy" is sent to us by the Rev. J. W. Balding, of Baddegama, Ceylon:—

I must mention the death of one of our Native Christians. He may well be called a "Gospel Trophy." He was baptized at the age of twenty-one, in February, 1879, and for about a year and a half conducted a school in one of the coast villages. He was attacked with a very serious illness, and naturally desired to return to his home to be nursed by his mother. His father is a devil-priest. The father said that no Christian minister or teacher should pray or read the Word of God in his house. However, the native pastor and schoolmaster visited him several times. The last time I saw him I was anxious to remove him to the hospital, as his home was so wretched, but he preferred to stay with his parents. When we kueli down to pray with him his mother left the room, shouting most cruel and cutting things. Shortly after that visit he was called away to the better home. His parents would not permit a Christian burial; he was buried as a Buddhist. The Native pastor and schoolmaster were present at the funeral. The father came to see me some time after, but did not express any sorrow at the death of his son. The following is an extract from a letter I received from the Sinhalese schoolmaster relating to our departed brother: "He was a Buddhist priest, and had put off robes when he was admitted into our school, at the age of about eighteen years. I have no recollection of the exact date of his conversion, but I believe it occurred about six years ago, and ever since that time he led an exemplary Christian life. When I think of the bitter nature of the afflictions he had to endure for the sake of embracing Christianity, I cannot but see that he was blessed with an extraordinary measure of the Spirit of God. I taught him in the school, but I can safely say that I learnt from him many lessons of Christian patience and meekness."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## The Gleaner at Railway Stations.

DEAR SIR,—I have noticed that religious papers are placed in the waiting-rooms of various railway stations, and the thought struck me, would not friends of the Society be glad to supply their nearest railway stations with the GLEANER? It would increase the circulation of the Magazine, and also attract the attention of travellers to missionary work.

If you think this plan a good one, will you kindly insert this letter in your next number? My sisters and I will undertake to supply the S. E. R. and G. W. R. Stations at Reading, and the G. W. R. Station at Newbury, every month with the paper.

M. V.

## Sunday School Contributions "In Memoriam."

DEAR SIR,—The account in the July GLEANER of a "A Posthumous Gift from a Sunday Scholar" has made me think you might like to hear of other such cases.

Two of my Sunday Scholars—girls of fourteen—were taken from us, within two months of each other, nearly eleven years ago. Both were zealous missionary collectors. On their death the members of their class collected eleven and sixpence for the C.M.S., as the most fitting memorial of "Mary" and "Rose." This was sent direct to London, and acknowledged on the cover of the "little green book." Then the mothers of the two girls, and the aunt of one of them, asked for missionary boxes, so that they might continue the dear children's work. This they have done ever since. It is most touching, on the last Sunday of the year, to mingle Mary and Rose's contributions with those of the present members of the class to which they once belonged, and their "seal hath proved very many."

The original class is now scattered, but from a good many of those who knew them I have received at different times sums of money for the cause Mary and Rose had so much at heart. Only last month, one of their former class-fellows sent me, all the way from Sydney, N. S. W., £1 for my Sunday-school Class bag.

St. Saviour's Sunday School, Liverpool.

W. JESSIE LEON.

on to the neighbors at his own expense, and he asked me to buy some for him. Please send some quantity of them for him, he shall pay for them. He is not a man of means at all, yet he tries to do good with his wisely saved money. He gave to the Church more than all the members of Katsunuma put together the last quarter. Our Sabbath-schools need some quantity of cards now too.

As to my going to Numadzu and Shidzuoka for the Lord's work, I cannot see how I can manage to do so now. Such a trip would certainly do good to me personally I am sure, as I have been panting for rest in the change of work or association, or a quiet rest for a month, but away such a selfish idea, as the Lord gives me strength as I need it. For the sake of work at those places, if I can do anything, I am willing to do so, if only there be some one who will take my place here for the time being. I have imagined till I got your letter that you, Mr. Eby, and Mr. Asagawa would come here on the missionary tour at the last year within a short time and go around to Shidzuoka, etc., and as Mr. Asagawa did go to Numadzu and Shidzuoka some months ago, so he should stay here for some time, and I be appointed to go round those places with you. But the arrangement was quite different. Mr. Eby seems never to come here this year, and you and Mr. Asagawa would not be able to come before December or the last of November. We were a little disappointed for the delay, etc., but let us do all the best we can, accommodating ourselves to the necessity of the cases.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from W. H. PIERCE, Native Missionary, dated Port Essington, August 5th, 1883.*

I AGAIN write you a few lines. The fishing season is just closed. It is very encouraging to us, and will be interesting to you, to know that amid all the tough times we had, the work is in a good spiritual condition. During the three months we have two church services every Sunday—one for all the strangers, and we used Chinook for them in preaching. Port Essington has been a headquarters for all the different tribes of Indians this summer. All our services are greatly increasing; our Sabbath-school is doing well; sometimes we have fifty children. We have three appointments—one at Inverness, one at Aberdeen, and one at Balmoral. By the help of God we reach them all. I had \$18 subscription amongst our young Port Simpson and Metlahkatlah friends towards enlarging our church. A number of Indians coming in to work here still live in their heathen villages. We trust and pray that when they are going home the words of the Lord may convert them. During this summer over two thousand Indians heard the message of the Cross on the banks of the Skeena river every Sabbath. It is a great joy to hear them singing the praise of their Redeemer: "O for a thousand tongues to sing my great Redeemer's praise!" Our native brethren from Metlahkatlah are a great help to us, taking part in our religious service on Sunday. I am thankful to say our brother, Mr. Jennings, is trying to improve me in my studies.

In reviewing the three years I have spent here, I

cannot help being amazed with the great goodness and mercy I have experienced during this short space of time. I was a stranger when I first went amongst them, but the Lord graciously provided friends to take me in and show me every kindness in their power. Though not without the cross, I can say also through mercy I have not been without the blessing. The Lord has been with me, and the light of His countenance hath comforted and taught me. I am now about removing my tent, and blessed be the Lord I can see the cloud moving before me! I will follow it with joy, being well persuaded in my heart that it will lead me safe. O for help to follow it! Remember your native missionary at the throne of grace.

### Facts and Illustrations.

ENGLISH merchants in China are bitterly hostile to the missionaries, because the latter oppose vigorously the opium trade, by which the former get their wealth. The late treaty between the United States and China, forbidding any American engaging in the opium trade, will be of great advantage to our missionaries.

Low Foo, a Chinaman, when converted at Canton, sold himself as a slave in order that he might go to Demerara and preach the Gospel to his fellow-countrymen there. This he has done so successfully that there is now a church of 200 Chinamen there who are supporting missionaries among their own people.

THE missionaries of the American Board, and of the American Presbyterian Mission at Te-chow, North China, have lately had serious difficulties from the bitter hostility of Chinese officials. Their leader, however, has been disgraced and displaced by Prince Kung, and on June 18 a proclamation was issued, bidding the people on no account to molest Christian missionaries or converts.

DR. WHEELER, of the M. E. Mission, reports from Chunking, China, that the work presses the mission on every hand. Larger premises are wanted. They would be filled at the preaching services. The ladies are employed almost beyond the measure of their strength in receiving native women and children who come in crowds to see them. "I have seen nothing like it elsewhere in China," says Dr. Wheeler.

THE value of kid gloves imported into New York every year is ten times as much as is given by all the societies in America to foreign missions.

JAPAN is now connected by telegraph with all parts of the world. She has also 4,000 post offices, street letter boxes, postal savings banks and 8,000,000 newspapers issued during the year.

FATHER CURCI, the Italian Catholic priest who has been censured by the Pope for his liberal views, is translating the Bible from the Hebrew into the Italian for the benefit of the priests. He is sanguine in the expectation, which all Protestants will rejoice to see fulfilled, that "the day is not far distant when the Catholic clergy will turn with ardor to the Holy Scriptures."



This should belong to Victoria District. We should have an agent at Comax. This evening I preached to a good congregation of whites and Indians,—a good time.

Saturday, 30th.—Arrived at Departure Bay, and as we could get no coal, I got off, preached for Bro. Sexsmith in the morning, rode horse back, returned to N., preached at the Indian camp at noon. Here I met with a few old friends, but they look "dried and paled." Oh, how much a good evangelist is needed among these poor people, who would go all the length of the coast and up the Fraser as far as Yale, and preach in every camp, as we once did! It is too bad that the work of years should seem to be lost. The services are kept up here regularly at the church; but many of the neat little houses which were built years ago are not improved for want of some one to personally direct them. Still, many souls have been saved from among this people. May God save more of them! I took the service in town at night,—a good congregation.

Monday, July 2nd.—Took a steamer to Westminster, arrived at noon. Here I met a large number of our Port Simpson people, who are here to work. Had a blessed meeting with them in the basement of the church at night; Bros. Robson and Dowler are in good spirits. It is a shame to our Methodist people in British Columbia, that they did not support the High School, but let it go down after having such a chance to get one on a good footing, had they put their hands in their pockets for a few years and helped it along. Here we need very much the visit of a good man among the Indians during the summer season, for they come here from all parts, and despite the officers of the law they get all the liquor they wish.

Tuesday, 3rd, at 7 a.m., started across to Puget Sound, by the kindness of the captain of the steamer *Evangel*. We were delayed for five hours by getting on the sandheads at the mouth of the Fraser, and did not get to Seattle till 4 a.m.

Wednesday, 4th.—Here we were in the Queen City of the West. It was eleven years since I was here with the late Rev. W. M. Punshon, D.D., and party, and it is amazing how the place has grown. It is said this will be the terminus of the N. P. R. R. Being the 4th, the people went in for a good day. I was here to see if I could get a little steamboat suitable for my work, but although there were many of them, all sizes and all shapes, still I could not get one to suit. I met with Bro. Harrington, of the M. E. Church, Bro. Loudlow, and others. I also met Mrs. Hamblet and her family, a native of Port Simpson, who is preaching Christ and doing great good amongst the lowest of the city. She was blessed in the old bar-room church in Victoria nine years ago.

Thursday, 5th.—Got over to Victoria. Here they have had a blessed revival in the temperance work; the Blue Ribbon Club has done good work, and Miss Willard has just been there and left a blessed impression. May God help the ladies in this work of W. C. T. U.

Friday, 6th.—Had a good time at the Indian meeting; the day spent in business, arranging to get out plans, etc., for my Mission steamer. I hope the dear friends will do all they can to help us to have this Mission ship free of debt when launched. It will cost

more to build than was anticipated. As soon as plans, etc., are out, I think we may build here.

Saturday, 7th.—Left for the north, at 6 p.m.

Sabbath, 8th.—Had a very pleasant day, though very hot for this coast. Had a service among the men, and at the suggestion of a passenger I took up a subscription for our new church at Oweekye-noo, and nearly every man on board gave something.

Tuesday, 10th, at 6 a.m., we arrived at Rivers Inlet. Met Bro. Hopkins and a large number of Bella-Bella people, as also a number of our people from here. The R. I. C. Co. have about \$35,000 invested. There are about 275 people, say 25 whites, 60 Chinamen, 200 Indians. They expect to put up 12,000 cases of salmon for the season. On the north side of the inlet the V. C. Co. have a saw mill in full blast, and a building 200 feet long; are only prepared to salt this season. Here are 17 white men and about 200 Indians. Here is a tribe of the Oweekye-noos, speaking much the same language. About 200 people, still as dark as night, in regard to the true light. We looked up a site for a church, and Mr. Carthew, of the V. C. Co., has promised to ask for one acre to build on; so Bro. Hopkins and I went to work to clear the ground and get the foundation ready, it being impossible to get a man, as it was now in the midst of the salmon fishing, three to four thousand fish coming in daily. Some boats would bring in 300 and 500 each in the twelve hours. It is wonderful to see the water really alive with fish at some times. But it is very trying for our people, unless a more moral tone can be had around these places.

We got the church up 24 x 36; will be a good building when finished. Another season Bro. Tate will be able to take up a subscription and finish it.

## CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—	
Field Notes. By the Editor	146
The General Board	146
The Union Accomplished	146
CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT:—	
The Coming Problem	148
Personal Responsibility	149
MISSIONARY READINGS:—	
Sometime, Somewhere	149
The Bible in Turkey	149
Religious Statistics of the World	150
Darwin on Missions	150
A Strange but True Story	150
The Most Wonderful	151
Exercise on Protestant Missions	151
Brazil	153
WOMAN'S WORK:—	
Woman's Missionary Society	154
What the Chinese Think About Smoking	157
OUR YOUNG FOLK:—	
Missionary Music	158
"Thy Kingdom Come"	158
Going to School in China	158
ALONG THE LINE:—	
British Columbia. A Missionary Trip. Letter from the Rev. THOMAS CROSBY	159
ENGRAVINGS:—	
Eastern Mode of Travelling	145
Humane Elephant	152
Huts of East Central Africa	153

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# The Missionary Outlook.

*A Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review.*

Vol. III.]

MARCH, 1883.

[No. 3.

## Editorial and Contributed.

### FIELD NOTES.

Have you renewed your subscription to the "Outlook?" If not, please do so. 40 cents.

THE Rev. J. F. Goucher has been giving liberal assistance to the Educational Work of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He recently proposed to give for an Anglo-Japanese University at Tokio, \$5,000 toward the purchase of a

Now it will be in order for some generous-hearted Canadian Methodist to devise something liberal for our Educational work in Japan. A first-class College should be established in Tokio without delay. Such an Institution is indispensable if we expect to consolidate and extend our work in Japan. Who will be the first to move?

THE Gospel must be preached throughout Japan chiefly by native agents, and these agents must be trained for their work. Japan is thoroughly awak-



CAVE OF ELEPHANTA, NEAR BOMBAY, INDIA.

site for buildings, \$800 a year for five years toward the salary of an American Professor, and \$400 a year for five years toward the salary of a Japanese Professor.

For India he is also doing liberal things. He is endowing a system of fifty primary schools to be connected with the central High School of Moradabad. For the latter he provided suitable dormitories, and a number of scholarships to be enjoyed by meritorious pupils who shall have passed the lower grade.

on the subject of Education. Her common school system is but little behind that of the most advanced Western nations, and her Colleges and Universities bid fair to rival, by and by, those of England and America. But the Schools of Japan are non-Christian, and the curricula of her colleges is tinctured with skepticism. In a letter received last summer from one of our Native Missionaries occurs the warning sentence,—  
"The philosophy of Huxley and Spencer is dominating the thought of the young men in the Government Schools and Colleges!"



THE problem now confronting the Churches is no less than this:—Shall the millions of Japan, who have lost faith in their old systems, be permitted to drift into a hopeless Atheism? or shall they be guided into the light of a divine revelation? To reach a satisfactory solution, Christian education is indispensable. We must have Institutions in which the young men of Japan can obtain an education as deep, and wide and high as they can obtain in the Government Colleges, and which, at the same time, shall be thoroughly permeated with Christian ideas. Other churches are moving in this matter, and the Methodist Church cannot afford to lag behind.

### NORTH-WEST NOTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. YOUNG, D.D.

(Concluded from page 20.)

**B**UT for the duty to which I was appointed by the "General Board," of aiding in missionary meetings in various parts of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in November and December, I should have visited many other missions in the North-west. The brethren occupying some of these fields have kindly written me since, however, describing very fully their work and needs and prospects, so that I am enabled to report considerably more than I saw during my rapid run through the country in October last; and, although not written in view of publication, I am sure I shall be pardoned for giving to others, words which I feel satisfied will interest and encourage many of the earnest workers and liberal givers in our Church.

#### REGINA.

The Rev. J. W. Hewitt, Chairman of the District, writes of Regina, reporting the formation of a class with some fifteen members, and a Sabbath-school with a good Bible Class which he teaches himself, and the organization of Quarterly and Trustee Boards, and the prevalence of a spirit of unity, liberality and zeal, in the society and congregation. He also reports the results of a most spirited effort to secure the erection of a place of worship. Timber and lumber drawn on 9th Nov., and all the work completed through his labors and the help of many friends cheerfully given, along with hired help, and furnished and opened by the 26th of the same month. It is much to his credit and the credit of his people, that he can thus report the first dedication of a church in the Province of Assinaboia. This is very appropriate inasmuch as he was, and may be yet, for aught I know, the only as well as the first Protestant Missionary west of Brandon along the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Soon after the dedication of the church on which there is but a small debt, the pastor gave a lecture in

behalf of an organ fund, which, with the tea which the ladies furnished, yielded about \$130. Pretty well this, for a place fourteen weeks old.

#### BIRTLE.

The Rev. Mr. Betts entered our Manitoba mission work last August, at my urgent request, and by the consent of his brethren of the New Brunswick Conference, who testified to his zeal and ability and adaptation to the work for which he was sought. Mrs. Betts, as a lady of culture, she having served the Ladies' College, Sackville, most acceptably as Preceptress, as well as a zealous worker in the church, was deemed specially fitted for such fields of usefulness as are certain to open in these neighborhoods, towns and cities of the North-west. Since their arrival they have both given their energies fully to the blessed work. Bro. Betts reports a parsonage as completed and occupied, a good deal of exploring done, successful revival services held, a love-feast of great interest and power, and many inviting openings. He concludes an exceedingly interesting and cheering letter with these words, "The country is filling up with surprising rapidity, and we can not keep pace with the advancing settlement without a strong staff of energetic men."

#### CARTWRIGHT.

The Rev. A. Stewart, B.D., has done about as much pioneering work in the settlements as any of his brethren. In the recently occupied regions of Rock Lake, Pembina Crossing, Beaconsfield and Tiger Hills, he proved himself a very judicious and successful pioneer, and already three or four men are traversing missions which he blocked out. Last Conference he volunteered to open an entirely new field, the head of which is Cartwright. On this mission, which is very large, he supplies a number of settlers who but for his labors would be destitute of the ordinances, and writes that he expects to secure the erection of a new church during the winter. I have no fear as to the results of this year of toil.

#### PEMBINA AND TURTLE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

Rev. J. W. Bell, B.D., Chairman, has done a good deal in the way of exploring "the regions beyond," as well as in working up his own large mission; for he and his colleague have a very large and somewhat difficult field. He reports prosperity in Crystal City, and at various points—states that the missionary meetings so far promise an increase of funds—that the Turtle Mountain Mission has been organized wisely and worked well by Bro. Davies; also, that the prospect is of a large influx of settlers in the Souris River country in Spring, and that there is much need for a Missionary in Laing's Valley, where he is greatly desired; and that a second man will be required on

the Turtle Mountain Mission next year. The energy and missionary spirit displayed by Bro. Bell in this the beginning of what may be a lengthy Chairmanship, afford encouragement.

BRANDON.

Rev. Thos. Lawson, our very successful pioneer missionary, writes on the 18th December a letter packed full of interesting missionary intelligence. Brandon is this year the centre of a large field, very large indeed, upon which three missionaries and six local preachers are doing a great deal of hard work for the Church and the Master. They visit outposts fifty or sixty miles away, as well as many rising villages near by. Of *Virden*, which is about fifty miles distant, he reports that they have secured lots in the heart of the village for a church and parsonage, and predicts that with the several appointments in the Pipe Stone country, and others more adjacent, this will make a first class mission, and must have a good man placed in charge next year. At *Elton*, a new church has been built costing about \$500; and at *Chater*, a building has been erected and a blessed season of revival enjoyed. In one place twenty-five have been brought to the Saviour, and in *Brandon* a number of conversions have been reported in connection with the ordinary services. Their congregations in Brandon have increased to such an extent that numbers could not be accommodated, and so have gone away on Sabbath evenings; to prevent which they have decided to enlarge the church—built last spring, to accommodate 800 persons.

The Hon. Mr. Sifton, of Brandon, has written to the same effect, reporting blessed seasons of grace both in the city and country. I have no doubt but that the other toilers, had they written, would have reported as encouragingly as these have done. Let the whole Church pray for these workers and their work.

## CHRISTMAS DAY AT BELLA BELLA.

BY THE REV. C. M. TATE, MISSIONARY.

WE give an abbreviated sketch of Christmas day at Bella Bella, which may not be uninteresting to some of the readers of the *OUTLOOK*.

At midnight a number of the young people, who had been practising for about a month beforehand, to sing carols, went through the village and sang much to their own delight, and greatly to the pleasure of the older people. After making the round of the village they all repaired to the mission house, and were regaled with buns and tea, prepared by Mrs. Tate. We sang and prayed; then retired to rest for a few hours. Shortly after daylight we were at it again, trimming up the school house, and making ready

for the Christmas tree in the evening. The bell rang for service at 10 a.m., when most of the people in the village came to hear the "Glad tidings of great joy." All joined heartily in the service, thus showing their gratitude to the Saviour of sinners for giving his life a ransom for this lost and ruined world.

At 12 o'clock all the people in the village, including a number from other villages who had come to spend Christmas, sat down to a sumptuous feast provided by Humchit, one of the two leading Chiefs. This might be called a feast of reconciliation, as the two Chiefs above mentioned, who have long been at variance with each other, have just come to terms of amity. At the feast they sat one at each side of a small table, while the missionary and school-teacher occupied either end. When all had satisfied themselves with the good things provided, we joined in a song of praise to God, for having sent His Son into the world, to make the dark places light, and bring peace and happiness to all mankind. After singing, several speeches were made, referring chiefly to the difference between heathenism and Christianity; and showing wherein they were now a better and happier people, than during the dark days of paganism.

In the evening the people flocked to the school house to see the magic lantern. This is a source of great interest to Indians, who can understand a picture better than a lecture. Next in order was the Christmas trees, for we had two of them, and both laden with good things for the school children, such as hoods, neckties, jackets, dolls, books, etc. Most of these articles were made by the missionary's wife, who spent not a little time, with considerable labor, in making them. However, it was worth all the labor and expense to see the manifestation of happiness displayed by the children as each received his little present. After a season of singing and speaking, a time of great enjoyment to all, the meeting was brought to a close.

When we think of the terrible heathenism by which these people were surrounded only three years ago, when they were biting and tearing at each other's flesh in their mad dances, and look at the present state of affairs, we are led to exclaim, "what hath God wrought!"

WHEN the Japanese ambassador to China, who had visited Europe and America, was at Tientsin, the guest of Li Hung Chang, the viceroy of the province of Chihli and the most progressive of Chinese statesmen, the latter asked him this question, "Of all the improvements you have seen in foreign lands, what one do you consider the most valuable for China to learn?" The ambassador answered, "The education of your girls."



## ALEXANDER DUFF, D.D. LL.D.\*

## II.

A PREVIOUS article brought our summary of the life of this wonderful man down to the time of his return to India, in 1841. Dr. Duff was 35 years of age when he re-commenced his work in the land to the elevation of which he had consecrated his eminent and remarkable gifts. The political condition of India at the time of which we write was somewhat disturbed, and presented not a few difficulties in the way of missionary work, especially when conducted on the peculiar lines upon which Dr. Duff carried forward his operations. For an account of these difficulties and of the happy way in which they were met, we refer the reader to Dr. Smith's admirable volume. "When Dr. Duff landed at Calcutta," writes his biographer, "to begin the second period of his work in India, even he was astonished at the outward signs of progress which ten years of English education, under really enlightened British administration, had brought about. No one could doubt that, in the great cities and intellectual centres, at least, as in Italy of the first three centuries, and again of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the Renaissance was a fact." Of this intellectual quickening Dr. Duff was not slow to take advantage; re-organizing his college and adding generally to its efficiency, being ever careful that all this should be made to contribute to the design of his ministry—the salvation of India.

His pure and unselfish toil, his holy life, could not deliver him from personal grief. Very shortly after their return Dr. and Mrs. Duff received the sad tidings that one of their children, all of whom they were compelled to leave behind in Scotland, had "fallen asleep." That this sorrow did not sit lightly, the letters written home at this time to dear friends clearly show. But it did not interfere with the prosecution and extension of the great work in his charge.

In 1843 a new difficulty was encountered; a difficulty arising from the state of the Scottish Church at home. Those familiar with the history of that great Church will remember that it was at this time that the celebrated "Disruption" occurred, when the Free Church of Scotland was formed. The question that presented itself to Dr. Duff and his fellow-missionaries was this: "Shall we remain with the Establishment or join the Free Church?" Perplexing as that question doubtless was to many in Scotland, it was simplicity itself when compared with the problem as

it confronted the missionaries in far away India. If they were heroes who, in Scotland, left church and manse, and went whithersoever the Lord led them, still more truly were they heroes who in India made choice of the new Church in preference to the old. No one can question either the conscientiousness, or, in its issue, the wisdom of the decision.

Dr. Duff had more than one narrow escape from the honor of martyrdom. His brave and successful opposition to the many forms of error that abounded on every hand, awakened the fierce opposition of the foes of Christianity. In 1848 his life was threatened by members of the anti-Christian League of Calcutta, but, like John and Peter before the Sanhedrin or Luther at the Diet of Worms, he flinched not, meeting his enemies with weapons that were sharp and powerful. In the meanwhile the number of the converts constantly increased; the value of the work became more manifest daily. The death of Dr. Chalmers, and the growing conviction in the minds of the godly members of the Church at home relative to the importance of the work of missions, together with other causes, led, in 1850, to Dr. Duff's return to Scotland for a season. Prior to this, the noble missionary visited different parts of India, making himself personally acquainted with the wants and condition of the people of that vast Empire, and with the nature and success of missionary labor in the past. Armed with this information he reached his native land, finding, we are told, "that he had returned to Scotland not a day too soon. There was urgently wanted for the Foreign Missions of the Free Church a financier in the best sense, one who could create a revenue self-sustaining and self-developing, as well as control expenditures, and make it produce the best possible results."

Of the story of Duff's labours in this direction; of his eloquent and soul-stirring addresses,—oratorical models many of them,—of his election, "at the unusually early age of 45, by acclamation, to the highest ecclesiastical seat in Scotland, that of Knox and Melville, Henderson and Chalmers;" of the happy results of his toils; of his visit to the United States and Canada, we are forbidden, by the necessary brevity of our sketch, to say anything.

On the 13th of October, 1855, for the third time, Dr. Duff set out for India. Two years later the Indian mutiny broke out. In twenty-five letters, of marvellous interest, the missionary records the stirring events of those days. The native Church did not escape without the honour of contributing from her membership to the martyr-roll of the Church universal. That Dr. Duff proved himself "a hero in the strife," that in peril as in peace he showed himself

\* For the facts and incidents of this sketch, the writer is indebted to the *Life of Dr. Duff*, by Dr. George Smith, recently issued from the Book-Room, and, through the generosity of a layman, placed in the hands of every minister of our Church.

## Along the Tine.

### JAPAN.

Letter from the REV. G. M. MEACHAM, M. A., dated  
Tokyo, Dec. 20, 1882.

#### PERSECUTION AND PROGRESS.

NEAR Numadzu is a village called Mishima, where for some years a Mr. Ito, of the Dutch Reformed Church, has been laboring. Lately Mr. Ito's zeal becoming stimulated by hearing of what God had done elsewhere, he began street-preaching. Multitudes listened to him. Controversy arose in which Buddhist priests and young lawyers figured in a disgraceful manner. At last mud, wrecked *waraji* (straw sandals) and stones were thrown at the preacher's company, who retired for shelter to the house of a friendly Japanese. For several nights preaching was continued, till one evening it was evident that the other party meant mischief. In a few days an *Enzetsukuwai* (a meeting for lectures, addresses, etc.) was held by the Christian party. At the close of the meeting an elderly man, worth \$15,000 asked permission to speak. He said: "I have never spoken to more than three people at a time in my life; but I feel constrained to say what I believe regarding this new religion. I have been reading, and I am sure it is the true religion. If I was one of them (the Christians) you would not mind what I say. But I belong to the Iôdô sect of Buddhists. This is my testimony. You ask some proof of my sincerity; here it is. Mr. Ito has many copies of Scriptures. If any one has no copy and would like to have one, let him go to Mr. Ito and get one. If he cannot pay, I will pay the bill, and so on, to the extent of 1,000 copies. I give myself to this new religion, and my fortune to the work of spreading it." The effect was very great; many were deeply moved. One man said: "I can't stand this much longer; I am getting weak in the knees."

#### BUDDHIST PRIESTS STUDYING CHRISTIANITY.

Ten Buddhist priests have been studying christianity with Mr. Hashimoto, one of our young men. They profess to be sincere in their desire to find the truth. They meet in Mr. Hashimoto's lodging, not coming all together, but stealthily, one by one, as if to avoid observation. They belong to the *Zen* sect, a sect famous for austerity, simplicity, and learning. Five of the ten are learned. They take copious notes, and ask many questions. Three out of the ten have asked to be admitted next summer into our Theological school.

Now, whether or not this is one of their tricks to find out what we teach and learn how to answer us, I think it a grand opportunity afforded us of putting truth into their minds. They will be disarmed of much prejudice. And if they are bent on fighting us, we shall have more intelligent enemies. Who knows but that the seed will spring up and bring forth fruit in their lives—fruit meet for repentance, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness?

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated Port Simpson,  
October 16, 1882.

I have just returned from a very trying trip to Kit-a-maat. Left home the first of this month by a sloop of the Hudson Bay Co., with lumber for a little house there. We tossed about, making slow progress, till Saturday, when I got a canoe and left the sloop to come on. We reached Kit-a-maat at 9:30 p.m.; very dark night and we were drenched by the heavy rain, but the Indians made up a large fire for us, and a supper of dried salmon and potatoes. I found many of the people had left home; some were off hunting and others trading. Several deaths have occurred since my last visit before leaving for Ontario. But blessed be God, several have left blessed testimonies that they had

#### FOUND THE PRECIOUS SAVIOUR.

One of these was Adam, an old man, and one of the first to give me a warm welcome on my first visit there years ago. I arrived wet and cold late in the fall; he, with some others, made on a large fire to warm and dry us. He was one of the first to give his heart to God, and although suffering from disease, the result of a dark and dissipated life, yet he was very happy and consistent till his death last winter. Told the friends that he had heard beautiful singing, and now he wished them all to sing about Jesus as He was very near to him, and he was going to be with Jesus forever.

Jenny was a strong looking woman. She gave her heart to God about four years ago; was very poorly; had spent her life in sin and shame on the streets of Victoria, but became a truly good woman; and as she knew the Tsimpshean language she would help the missionary as interpreter and assist in translating hymns into the Kit-a-maat tongue. She did a great deal of good among her people, and remained faithful to the last. We had to help her as she was very poor; I gave her a sack of flour the last time I saw her; but though so poor, she had no fear of death; she said that

#### HEAVEN WAS HER HOME.

Betsees, a young man who had served God but a short time, passed away asking his friends to sing as he would pass over the Jordan, and his last words were, "Don't cry for me, I am so happy."

Richard, a middle-aged man, sick and lame from the time he gave his heart to God, said: "I had hoped to have lived long to do good and work for Jesus, my Saviour, but it is all right. I am going to rest in that happy land that we sing about."

In hearing of these happy testimonies I felt that the work done, and all the hard and trying trips by canoe to Kit-a-maat,

#### HAD BEEN WELL REPAID.

The Sabbath we spent there was a blessed day, and they were delighted in the afternoon with the Sunday-school lesson from the Leaf Cluster, so kindly furnished by the friends in Ontario. At the close of the afternoon service we, with about forty others of the people, went from house to house singing as we went, and praying in every house, and with what delight



they sing in their own tongue, "Arise, my soul," "Come every soul," "Oh, happy day," "I hear the Saviour say," "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing." The old people, many of them, cried as we prayed and sang and shook hands with them. They said they wept to think of so many of their friends who had died before the blessed light came. Spoke to them from Mark xv. 17, and Rev. iii. 11, also Heb. vii. 25. At the close of the evening service we had a blessed prayer-meeting, when twenty-six came forward to be prayed for,

#### SEEKING FOR JESUS.

After such a day we were ready for a good night's rest on the floor.

Monday called all the people together and worked on the road of the village and in the front of the church. The bride who was married the day before was among the rest, carrying gravel on her back to make roads, while a number of the young men were putting up the ceiling inside the church; at night we had meeting again, when a subscription was taken up to pay for a new bell, and the lumber for the ceiling of the church, when these poor people came with their pants, coats, vests, shirts, guns, etc. as they had no money.

#### ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS WERE SUBSCRIBED.

Tuesday spent in work as the day before. At six p. m. the sloop came in, and we got the lumber ashore. Next day we started home about noon, in canoes, and a number of young men volunteered to come and take Miss Lawrence, who has since gone there with them to take charge of the School during the winter. We got home by Saturday night by working night and day. The sloop did not get back till the next Thursday. This makes about 600 miles of travel, mostly by canoe, since I got back to my work. I wish our friends would hurry up and let us have money enough to get the steamer.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from the REV. C. M. TATE, dated Bella Bella, November 27th, 1882.*

#### A DAY AT BELLA BELLA.

Friday, Nov. 24th.—At 8 a. m., the labors of the day commenced, when the bell was rung both for the men of the village to go to work, (short days, they commence at 7 a. m., in the summer), and also for a class of young men who meet at the Mission House, and are taught by the Missionary to read, write, cipher, etc., special pains being taken with them, as some, or all of them, may be needed as teachers by and by. Indeed one of them, Louis Brown by name, is going shortly to a heathen village 40 miles distant, to teach school, and preach Christ to a people who know nothing of Christianity.\* At half-past nine the

#### DAY SCHOOL COMMENCED.

There are from 40 to 50 scholars in the school, and all seem anxious to learn. Of course it is difficult for

\* This would be a grand opportunity for any person, or Sunday School, to do inestimable good by supporting a young man of this kind. His salary is only \$30 per quarter, or \$120 for a year.

them to get along very fast, as the instruction given is entirely in English. In the meantime the Missionary and his wife were visiting the sick, dispensing medicine and other matters, such as giving direction in building, clearing lots, and attending to household affairs. The afternoon school commenced at half-past one, and continued till four o'clock. Several Indians from Bella Coola, Kimsquit and other places came to see the Missionary, chiefly in quest of medicine for their sick relatives at home. Such opportunities as these, of preaching Christ, are always embraced, trusting that some of the seeds thus dropped may germinate in the hearts of these poor degraded creatures. At 6.30 p. m.,

#### THE WEEKLY PRAYER MEETING

commenced. The school-house was nearly filled with devoted worshippers, and many earnest prayers ascended to the throne of grace, not only for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the people of Bella Bella, but also for the salvation of the heathen tribes all around. A meeting of the Council—composed of the chiefs and leading men—to settle two or three matters of difficulty, concluded the labors of the day. Medicine was dispensed to about 40 persons, a great many young people being sick with measles.

In this short sketch nothing has been said of the canoe making, house-building, Indians going off to their hunting grounds; others returning with meat and skins of various kinds, such as red deer, mountain sheep, bear, otter, seal, etc. Altogether this is a very busy place during the fall and winter months, and the above is but a fair specimen of a day's doings at Bella Bella.

#### KEEWATIN.

*Letter from the REV. O. GERMAN, dated Norway House, January 4th, 1883.*

#### MY VISIT TO POPLAR RIVER

last September resulted in a somewhat clearer separation of the praying part of the band from those who still hold to paganism. But their number is small and not increasing appreciably. One young man, however, came forward for baptism, and, I believe, will be faithful. There are others who are living as much as ever in the filthy superstitious degradation of heathenism. One man who has been baptized several years, told me that his children would have been dead if he had not

#### RESORTED TO CONJURING.

Indeed it seems impossible to do much lasting good among them, unless they can have more constant teaching. A Christian life set forth among them, in the person of a good devoted teacher, would eventually bring them to believe in and worship his God.

They have gone so far as to say that they would send their children to school, though many of them refuse to accept Christianity for themselves. Thus we must reach them, both old and young. These Saulteaux are more difficult to impress than the Crees; they are more closely

## WEDDED TO OLD BELIEFS,

and yield more complete homage to the "Medicine Man." "Good medicine" will not have a beneficial effect except when used in conjunction with the conjuring drum.

In a quarrel, recourse is had to the "Mache Muskike," (Bad Medicine) as the many cases of blood poisoning testify. Their sins cry loudly for the Gospel. Let us not deny them.

A few of them promise to aid a teacher with fish, of which there is generally an abundance. One man offers his house for one year, and they promise to help in getting timber, etc., for building school-house and teacher's house.

## WHAT CAN BE DONE?

There are children enough for a good school nearly the whole year round. If you can do so, I should be glad if you could let me know whether there is any hope of a teacher being sent them next summer.

Mr. Stout, the gentleman in charge of the Hudson Bay Co.'s post at that place, holds service each Sabbath with those who are willing to attend, his wife acting as interpreter.

I have lately visited Cross Lake, but found very few of the men at home. There are a few good earnest souls there, but many of them are not very hopeful cases.

Many of the families remain on the reserve the whole winter, so that a school could be kept open the year round. They have already had the

## PROMISE OF A TEACHER

if they get a house fit for the school. They have the frame of one up, and may finish it next summer. It would perhaps be well to make an effort to supply them, at least with religious instruction, more frequently than they have hitherto had it.

Among ourselves there is an increase of religious fervor. Some of the young people are beginning to take more serious views of the all-important question of saving their souls.

Our school is open with a very good attendance—John Menow still teaching and doing the best he can. When may we expect our new teacher?

## SASKATCHEWAN.

## RE-OPENING AT EDMONTON.

It having become necessary to increase the seating capacity of the Methodist Church here, a neat gallery 15x21 has been added to it at a cost of \$200. At present it is only seated for the use of the choir, but seats will be added as the necessity arises.

Dedication services were held last Sabbath morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. D. C. Sanderson. The church was decorated with evergreens in honor of the Christmas Festival, and presented a very attractive appearance. It was noticeable that the singing of the choir was more effective from the gallery than it had been before, when they occupied the same level as the congregation. At the morning service the church and

gallery were crowded. The sermon was to the children, and was based on Luke ii, 10 and 11, "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The speaker said that Christmas had many happy associations for old and young. The very word called us back in thought to our own native lands. It was a season of enjoyment, and there was a danger of forgetting the real significance of the day, namely the commemoration of the birth of Christ. The announcement of Christ's birth was made to shepherds. Not far from that very spot David, the king, had watched his flock by night, and beneath those same stars had sung "When I consider thy heavens," etc. But on this night the shepherds saw a light before which the light of the stars paled. It was the supernal radiance of the glory of the Lord, bringing the glad tidings of great joy to all people. The place of Christ's birth—Bethlehem, the city of David, about six miles north-west of Jerusalem—was already famed in biblical history; for here was Rachel's tomb. It was also the birthplace of David, Israel's king; and it was now the birthplace of the world's King. Strange it was that for its King the world had no birthplace but a stable, no cradle but a manger, no welcome but persecution, no crown but of thorns, no sceptre but the cross. The mission of Christ was of a peace-maker and a saviour. Man had quarreled with God. He came to make peace between man and God. The quarrel was all on man's part, and it could only be stopped by the shedding of blood. The blood of Christ was shed for this. He was a Saviour; not a martyr or a teacher only, but a Saviour able and willing to save all who came unto God through Him.

The church was comfortably filled at the evening service. The text was from Exodus xx, 24, "An altar of earth thou shalt make unto me," etc. There were three places more sacred than all others—the grave, the home, and the house of God. The house of God was the place where His name was recorded, and in that place we might look for blessing. Not "the long drawn aisle and fretted vault" and thronging multitude was needed to make a place God's house: the settler's hut and the leafy temple He did not despise. The leading thought was that man needs no command to worship. To worship was a necessity of his nature. Wherever human footsteps walked and reason dawned, were worshippers and altars. Noah, Abraham and Jacob were instanced as altar builders. As to which was the true church, the speaker said that the invisible church of Christ was larger than the visible and contained more members. The true church was not the Methodist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian or Roman Catholic, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him. Churches were necessary for the development of Christian character, and were also the police force of the world. Where there were no churches we had the reign of the revolver. The church was also a rallying point and a centre for all who loved the truth. He urged all present to have a church home, and with a living faith to become members of the same.—*Edmonton Bulletin.*



## Our Young Folk.

### THE WONDERFUL STORY OF WEE-SUH-KA-CHAAK—AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 14.)

SOME time after they went to another lake, and here Wee-suh-ka-chaak made bows and arrows for his brother to amuse himself with; and he said to him,—

"Don't shoot your arrows into the water, or if you do, don't go after them, lest some great evil befall you."

But little wolves, like little boys, are sometimes very self-willed; so in spite of the warning Wee-suh-ka-chaak's brother one day shot an arrow into the water, and went after it; when he was seized and killed by one of the lions who live in the water, and his skin made into a covering for a tent door!

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak went all about the lake, seeking for his brother. Seeing a Kingfisher gazing intently into the water, he said—

"What are you looking at?"

And the Kingfisher replied, "I am looking at the little lions playing with the skin of Wee-suh-ka-chaak's brother."

"Do they ever go ashore?" asked Wee-suh-ka-chaak.

"Yes," said the Kingfisher; "they go ashore on very warm days to sun themselves on the beach."

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said, "If you will tell me where they go ashore, I will paint you, and make you a very handsome bird."

So the Kingfisher showed him the place, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak painted him as he had promised, and made him a very handsome bird, putting a collar of white wampum about his neck, and a tuft of beautiful feathers on the top of his head.

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak took his bow and arrows and went to the place where the lions came on shore. Here he changed himself into a stump and waited. One hot day many of the lions came ashore, and seeing the stump, one of them said,—

"Why should a stump be here where none was before?"

And another said,—

"Let us go and pull it down."

So they went and began to scratch and pull at poor Wee-suh-ka-chaak till they had like to have torn him in pieces. But they could not pull him over. At last they got tired, and went and lay down to sleep.

When Wee-suh-ka-chaak saw they were asleep, he took his bow, and aiming at the King Lion, sent an arrow deep into his side; at which the Lion roared, and they all hurried back into the water; while Wee-suh-ka-chaak went to his lodge.

The next day he went back to the shore, and as he was going he met a Toad, who appeared like an old woman. She was shaking a rattle and singing,—

"Sā-now-weh qua-neh seh-ne yah-neh-ā-ā-ā." Which means,—"I am the rattling quill."

"Granny," said Wee-suh-ka-choak, "where are you going?"

"Oh," said she, "I am going to conjure the King of the Lions, who was wounded yesterday by Wee-suh-ka-chaak."

"Will you teach me the time and how to use the rattle?" said Wee-suh-ka-chaak.

The old woman consented; but as soon as Wee-suh-ka-chaak had learned the time, and how to use the rattle, he killed the old woman, and stripping off her skin, put it upon himself. He then took the rattle and went off under the water to the home of the Sea Lions. When he got to the lodge of the King Lion, he saw his brother's skin hanging over the door-way. He went in, and then told the other lions that they must put up a division in the lodge, as he must be alone when conjuring for the King Lion to heal him of his wound. So they made a partition, and left Wee-suh-ka-chaak alone with the King Lion.

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak began to shake his rattle and to sing—"Sa-now-weh qua-neh seh-ne yah-a-a-a;" but instead of pulling out the arrow, he pushed it farther in.

Then the King of the Lions cried out that Wee-suh-ka-chaak was killing him; whereupon the other lions raised a great commotion and rushed into the lodge, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak had only time to snatch his brother's skin from the doorway, and run for his life; but as he ran he changed his brother into a living wolf again.

When Wee-suh-ka-chaak got to shore, the lions sent a great flood of water after him. It rose higher and higher, and he climbed the highest hills to get out of the way; but still the water rose. Then he gathered all the sticks and pieces of wood he could find, and made a raft on which he floated. By-and-by the water covered the very highest hills, and Wee-suh-ka-chaak saw that the world was drowned!

After a time he began to consider what could be done. Looking around he saw some water animals who had not been drowned, so he called the Beaver, the Otter, and the Muskrat, and they came upon the raft. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said to the Beaver—

"Go down to the bottom, and see if you can bring me a little earth."

So the Beaver went down, and remained a long time. At last he came up but he was dead. Wee-suh-ka-chaak examined his mouth and paws, but there was nothing in them. Then he said to the Otter—

"Go down to the bottom and see if you can bring me a little earth."

So the Otter went down; but he, too, came up dead, and brought nothing.

Last of all he sent the Muskrat, who stayed down a very long time, and at last came up dead; but on examining closely, Wee-suh-ka-chaak found a little mud in his paws and in his mouth.

Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak took the Beaver, the Otter, and the Muskrat, and restored them to life; after which he took the mud which the Muskrat had brought up, rolled it into a little ball, laid it on his raft, and began to blow upon it. As he blew it began to get larger, and grew very large indeed. Then Wee-suh-ka-chaak said to the Wolf—

"My brother, run around this world that I have made and see how large it is."

So the Wolf ran around. It took him a long time,

but he came back at last and said the world was very large. But Wee-suh-ka-chaak thought it was not large enough yet. So he blew again and made it very much larger. Then he sent out a crow and said—

“Fly around my world and see how large it is.”

So the crow went out, but never came back again; and Wee-suh-ka-chaak concluded the world was large enough. And this is the story of how Wee-suh-ka-chaak drowned the world, and made it over again.

#### THE NUT BROWN LITTLE GIRL.

HER name is Kali; she is named after an idol. She lives in a house made of bamboo; the ground is the floor. It has no glass windows, only blinds; and when these are shut it is very dark. There are a great many bugs and ants where Kali lives. Bugs of all kinds and colors make themselves at home everywhere. You would not be afraid of them, because, in that case, you would be afraid all the time, and that would not be pleasant. The sun shines very warm where she lives. She sleeps on a mat, or in a little swinging bed among the trees. Kali drinks cocoanut-milk from a cocoanut dipper; she eats rice for breakfast, dinner, and supper. They do not have bread and butter, cake and pies, as you do, and Kali never goes to school. She does not learn to sew; she never used a needle, for her dress is in one piece; it has no waist, no armholes, or sleeves. How easy for Kali to dress in a hurry! When she rides, she rides in a funny-looking cart called a “bandy.” It looks like a child’s Quaker bonnet on two wheels. It is drawn, not by horses, but by men.

Kali does not go to school. Little girls are not sent to school in that country. Why, do you think? Because their fathers do not think enough of them to send them to school. Boys go to school. Kali’s brothers go. A mother is sorry when God gives her a girl-baby, because she knows nobody will love it. Her father and brothers will be hard and often cruel to her. Sometimes little girls are killed, only because they are girls. Do you know what makes these people so cruel? It is because they do not know God. God is love, and all his laws teach us love. In India the people worship images. These are false gods. Kali is named for a very wicked one. I hope she will not grow up like it. You find idols everywhere. There are millions of them. They are made of clay, or wood, or brass, or iron. Sometimes you meet people with white, or yellow, or blue marks on their noses, cheeks, foreheads, and arms. The marks show what gods they belong to.—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

ONE of our Southern brethren, laboring among the Indians of the western Frontier, writes to the *Advocate of Missions*: “I slept on the prairie last night. The wolves came and howled all around me. I had my pony tied to the horn of my saddle; he pulled it from under my head, but was so badly frightened that he would not move a yard from me, but often put his nose down on my face to wake me every time I fell asleep. I got so cold that I had to pull up grass to make me a bed. It was a lonely time—the more so, that I had seen no house all day.”

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from the REV. T. CROSEY, dated Port Simpson, B. C., Aug. 16, 1882.*

I HAVE just returned from a trip to the Upper Naas. It may be of service to you to know something of it. We were in the midst of much work of settling and visiting the sick and getting things on the way generally, when I heard of G. Williscroft’s little steamer going to Naas, with a sloop in tow laden with lumber. We were kindly allowed a passage, and arrived at

#### NAAS HARBOR,

a salmon fishery at the mouth of the Naas River, at 12 o’clock p.m., after a run of nine hours from Simpson. This is the location of the Douglas Canning Co., which was formed about a year ago with a capital invested of about \$50,000. There I met Bro. Green and family.

Many of our people find work here during the salmon season, also a large number of the Naas people. Mr. Green is building a small church for service, and Miss Green will hold school here part of the season. Twelve white men are employed in the Cannery, also ten Chinamen and a hundred Indians. The season has been rather a poor one for salmon.

#### TWELVE MILES UP THE RIVER

we come to the Naas River Cannery, where a large number of men are employed. Passing this on our way up the river we camped on a sand-bar. We got as far from the bush as possible, so as to keep out of the way of the mosquitoes, but they were buzzing round us all the time. Mr. Green declared he did not sleep all night; Bro. Robinson and I did better than that in spite of them. Early next morning we were off—reached

#### THE MIDDLE VILLAGE

where we found a number of Indians fishing. Camped at the mouth of a small stream, where the wind drew down from the mountains and kept the mosquitoes away. After prayer and thanksgiving, we laid down with a lovely sky for our covering. Next day off again early, and came to an old chief’s house where we had breakfast, and were treated very kindly. We talked to them of Jesus and had prayer, and then left for

#### THE UPPER VILLAGE.

Here we found very few at home, but going on further we came to a large salmon camp, where the people were busy drying salmon and berries for winter use. Here we had a good service, told them of the necessity of preparing to meet God, and of the salvation in Jesus Christ. We were now about 100 miles from Simpson.

Returning we spent the night at the same camping place as before—a cool night after a heavy thunder storm. Left next morning, continuing down stream, called at the middle village and also at



## GREENVILLE.

There are no people at the latter place at present. This being Saturday I stayed over at the Naas River Cannery, visited some and preached Sabbath at 10 a.m., then took canoe and went down to Naas Harbor where I preached afternoon and evening.

Monday I had to go back up the river to settle a difficulty between some parties, which kept me till Tuesday evening.

Wednesday, at 4 a.m., we got up and started homeward, but we found a head wind in the Straits, and our canoe being small we could not travel far. Thursday we were up again at 4 o'clock, the wind had gone down, and we worked hard and reached home by 2 p.m.

*Extract from a Letter from the REV. C. BRYANT,  
Nanaimo, B. C.*

## CIRCUIT WORK.

AT the beginning of June, I began a fortnightly Sabbath afternoon appointment at S. Cedar School-house, a small log-building on the Victoria Road, nearly nine miles distant. It is situate in the midst of a small farming settlement in the valley of Nanaimo River. There are but very few who profess religion but a good number of young people who have been formed into an interesting Sabbath School, which meets every Sabbath, or at least will continue to do so until winter. I help them all I can, especially in learning to sing their Sabbath-School hymns, and have had the assistance of a good brother from Nanaimo, who has occasionally hired a horse at his own expense and visited them. In this way, what with helping in the Sabbath-School and preaching, I have as much as I can do to ride back to the city to be in time to take the evening service. I also take the Indian service at 1 p.m. before going to S. Cedar, and besides the usual city public services, always lead 3 or 4 class and prayer meetings each Sabbath. A fortnight ago, after such a day, I was sent for to walk nearly a mile to visit a dying woman—for the second time that day—and labored with her in prayer until near midnight. This shows what we are doing.

## SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.

*Letter from the REV. J. McLEAN, dated Fort Macleod,  
Dec. 28, 1882.*

## PREPARING TO BUILD.

THE camp fire is burning and the stars shining, as I sit by the bank of the river on the Reserve. Chopping and hauling logs is my occupation for the present; and though tired are my arms and heavy my eyelids, I still find a little time to study Cicero for my final examination paper in the Arts' Course. My comrade, an excellent wood-chopper, is sitting beside me, reading Dr. Warren's "Recreations in Astronomy" which I have lent him. From sunrise to sunset our axes ply, while merrily and lightly our hearts beat time.

A short distance from us Bro. Bettes and his family are snugly ensconced in their prairie home, encouraging their hearts with the ultimate success of the mission in the salvation of many of the Blood Indians. Next Tuesday three men start to the Porcupine Hills to get out logs for my main building. These logs have to be drawn on waggons over forty miles. Difficulties of various kinds press upon us, still we go on determined, by the help of God, to surmount them. The

## MISSION PREMISES ARE BEING ERECTED

in Sun Medicine's Camp, but I am also erecting a school in Blackfoot Old Woman's Camp. There are about four hundred Indians in the latter camp, and a good opening for a school. Could you not give us a lady teacher at once for the school in our main camp, and let the male teacher take this other school which is four miles distant from the mission premises? Our main camp numbers 800 Indians. There is abundance of work, and whoever gains the Indians first will ever after retain them. A man is needed for the white work, a female teacher for the Indians, a bell for our school, and one thousand dollars for our buildings. Should the necessary help be sent me, I can then devote my time to the spiritual interests of my Bloods, and to the fencing and improving of the mission property, together with the erection of all the necessary buildings. You may think the amount I have stated to be large, but I assure you that

## THREE TIMES THAT SUM

will not cover the expenses of the necessary buildings and appurtenances of the mission. We are laboring having faith in God, that the money now being expended will be refunded and our mission be fully and nobly sustained. Can you send me the educational help I desire? Speak a word for us, that financial assistance may be sent us by the many friends of missions. Help us, and that right speedily.

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

*Letter from the REV. SAMUEL SNOWDEN, dated  
Flat Islands, Nov. 13th, 1882.*

I WRITE you a few lines from this western field of labor, hoping they will find you well and in the enjoyment of heaven's prosperity. I have labored here since Conference without intermission. The Gospel has been faithfully preached and the Discipline of our Church maintained. We have in our varied services had good attendance, and in some cases an increasing desire after holiness. The six weeks' Missionary tour just ended has been attended by Divine power and unction.

## THE FIRST SABBATH

was spent at Bane Harbour, a Church Settlement; preached twice and held a prayer-meeting. The house was crowded and the services encouraging.

Before leaving we freely distributed religious tracts, hoping in our absence these silent messengers might win them to salvation.

The next port of call was *Merasheen*, a Church and Roman Catholic settlement. Preached in the house

## LIVINGSTONIA MISSION.

## TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE last mail from the Rev. Dr. Laws, dated 20th May, arrived from Lake Nyassa in less than two months. It brought two items of intelligence of very great interest,—the completion of the translation of the whole New Testament into Chinyanja, the language of the people at the south end of the lake, and the arrival in the *Itala* of the sections of the London Missionary Society's steam launch *Good News* at the head of Lake Nyassa on the Queen's birthday.

## CHRISTIAN WORK IN THE BURMESE JUNGLE.

"THIS dry season we have made two jungle tours, visiting not less than fifty villages. The former was a journey into Upper Burmah by boat, occupying about a month. Our destination was the city of Nyingan. Mrs. Eveleth accompanied me on this tour, and found frequent opportunities for conversing with the women. The progress which Christianity makes among the Burmans is made against a tremendous opposing pressure. It is much like forcing a sailing-vessel through the Straits of Gibraltar against a head wind. They very naturally regard us at the outset, as a Shan recently observed, as 'the troublers of Gautama.'

We arrived at the city of Nyingan as their annual religious festival was approaching its climax of interest. Going before the governor (with a trifling present), we spread out our books before him, and requested the privilege of distributing these, and of preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the multitudes gathered about his city. He picked up a copy of Luke's Gospel, read a few lines at the beginning, a few more near the end, and pronounced the book good. In confirmation of his verdict, one of his followers made an attempt to repeat the Lord's Prayer; in which, however, he made sad work. Our request was granted; and during the remaining days of the feast we improved the moments to the best of our ability. The people gathered about us wherever we went, and gave good heed to our words. So great was the demand for tracts that we were obliged to give only to those who appeared to be the most intelligent among them.

Before going north, Moun Thale-y was warned not to use the same boldness of speech there that he was accustomed to use in British Burmah, lest they should kill him. But he was bolder than ever, denouncing idolatry in every form, and pleading the merits of Jesus Christ. A German, who had declared that there was not a true conversion among the Burmans, was compelled to acknowledge that he had made a mistake; for no man, said he, could face what this one did, who was not a Christian. He will find many more such if he opens his eyes to see them.

It was harvest-time on the river, and many of the men were detained in their fields until nightfall. In several of the villages, after the harvesters had partaken of their evening meal, a messenger was sent by their chief, through the village, summoning the inhabitants to assemble to listen to the Jesus-Christ teachers; and they always gave thoughtful attention to our message. The Lord has many souls in these jungles preparing for His kingdom, whose names will never appear in any earthly church record.

An aged Burman remarked to us, 'Few

Burman men have as yet come out with you; but the time is coming. They will all embrace Christianity: you are sure to do so!"—*Sixty-ninth Annual Report of the American Baptist Missionary Union.*

## ANNUAL REPORTS.

READING the Annual Reports of Missionary Societies is not always the most pleasant occupation, owing to the amount of statistics necessarily introduced. When, however, figures are carefully mingled with a large amount of interesting and valuable information the case is otherwise; the reader is led on from fact to fact until he finds that he has reached the close of that which, at first sight, may have been designated "A dry Report."

Some of our Societies issue a large amount of really valuable information, upon which great care is taken, but we think there is room for improvement in many ways. The plan that most commends itself to our mind is the one adopted by the General Baptist Mission. Brief sketches of the districts occupied, precede the accounts given by the Missionaries. Under the heading is placed the name of the Missionary and the lay or native preachers as the case may be; this is followed by a small table showing the number of communicants, &c., in connexion with that particular district. At the close of the report these are collected in one general table, showing total results, which is followed by lists of contributions, balance-sheets, &c.

Thus the general reader, as well as the practical student of the Mission, can at once become fully acquainted with the position and work of the Society. We subjoin a few extracts from the report above mentioned:—

## ORISSA.

ORISSA is the Palestine of India. What Jerusalem was to the ancient Israelites, that Pooree is to the Hindus. There the temple of Juggernath rears its hateful and obscene front, and "the tribes go up" from the remotest parts of the land, not, alas! "to give thanks unto the name of the Lord," but blasphemously to give unto a hideous and shapeless block of wood that honour which belongs to the only true Lord of the world. The province of Orissa has ever been noted for its scenery, its Brahmins, and its temples. A Hindu sage, describing it to his pupils, said, "Of all the regions of the earth, Orissa boasts the highest renown. Its whole extent is one uninterrupted Tirtha, or place of pilgrimage. Its happy inhabitants live secure of a reception into the world of spirits; and those who ever visit it, and bathe in its sacred rivers, obtain remission of their sins, though they may weigh like mountains." When the famous Sival Jay Singh, the General of Akbar, marched with an army into the country, A.D. 1580, he was struck with amazement at the sight of its sacred river, the Mahanuddi, its vast crowds of Brahmins, its lofty temples of stone, and all the wonders of the ancient capital, Bhubaneswar, and exclaimed, "This country is not fit for conquest and schemes of human ambition. It belongs wholly to the gods." He accordingly interfered little in its affairs, and soon returned to Hindustan. Sixty years ago, that distinguished friend of India, Dr. Buchanan, when on his visit to the Syrian churches of the peninsula, travelled through Orissa. He remained a few days at Pooree to witness the annual festival of Juggernath, and there penned those graphic statements respecting this gigantic outrage on God and man, which have since made thousands of Christian hearts mourn over the connexion of the British Government with these abominations, a connexion which now happily no longer exists.

## POOREE.

THOSE who remember the accounts given years ago of preaching the Gospel in Pooree, and of the noisy and violent oppositions which the Missionaries encountered, will rejoice to note that a great change for the better has taken place. Into this benighted city the light of divine truth is gradually finding its way, and sooner or later the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings.

With reference to the work, Mr. Vaughan observes:—

"At the Chandan Jâtrâ, we had many conversations with learned and unlearned, our mornings being chiefly devoted to that kind of work. We were received very kindly. One babu invited us to drink a cup of tea with him, and sent a nice piece of fish to the bungalow. Another returned my visit, and sent some nice mangoes—tokens of kindly feeling which I have not before received in Pooree. In one case only were the inmates 'too busy to talk about religion.' Several admitted, however, after a great deal of conversation, that their minds were intent upon money-making, and that they could not find time to consider the matter of religion. This world's things are tangible—but the next world! Well, they knew very little about that. It was doubtless wisdom to walk in the paths of uprightness, to be merciful and kind, but beyond that they could not say much. Not a little conversation turned upon this subject; for it appeared to me that the importance of any religion was not realized by the many. I disposed of several English New Testaments, and a few Bibles. With two or three young men we had much conversation in the bungalow. We had also several friendly chats with a respected deputy-magistrate—the result being that he read the gospels nearly through during my stay in Pooree, and attended our little English service. This babu also lent me a book on Bengal peasant life, which I was pleased to read.

In the afternoon we preached near to the great tank, or close to the temple. We had good congregations, more interruption and discussion than usual, but sold a good number of books notwithstanding. Our tracts and scriptures are bound so nicely, and the coloured covers are so attractive, that now and again we were inconveniently crushed by the people, who could not be convinced that we sold them. The side of the great tank, where the idols are placed on the raft, is like a little fair. There are wooden horses that go round and round, and the little boats that go over and over, and an abundance of toys offered for sale. An English school-boy might enjoy the sight. The daily procession, headed by two or three elephants, the dancing music, the dancing women, and the idols carried in state on the shoulders of accredited Brahmins, rather give the idea of a festive occasion than anything else. I failed to gather any other impression; and the appearance of the people, and the all-prevailing jollity, rather suggested a carnival than anything of a solemn nature.

THE Hawaiian law prohibiting Chinamen from coming to the islands has been repealed, and 3000 Chinese labourers have recently contracted for their passage there.

THE Niger Mission reports 4000 souls as under regular Christian instruction. On one occasion Archbishop Johnson was invited to preach the Gospel in a heathen village, where he found 500 people waiting to hear him.

During the year 1882 the native Christians of the Savage Islands have contributed, mostly in produce, 9547l., giving 6026l. to the London Missionary Society, which has charge of that field. This forms a body of less than 6000 adherents—a result which is rarely surpassed.





SHELDON JACKSON INDIAN SCHOOL, SITKA, ALASKA.

### THE SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE, SITKA, ALASKA.

MRS. E. S. WILLARD thus describes this interesting institute:—"The two-story mission building, seen in the illustration, one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, stands on an eminence which slopes gently to the beach. The house is frame, plainly and substantially built, containing, besides the teachers' apartments and those intended for the home of the children, a large room for the accommodation of the day school, which is also used for the Sabbath services.

There are now twenty-four boys in the home, whose ages range from eight to seventeen years. Most of them are quick to learn, and some show quite an aptness for trades. They were very much interested in the progress of the new building, going out in squads last season, under Mr. Styles' directions, to cut and tow in logs for lumber and for the foundations. Two or three have done well at the carpenter work. They patch their own shoes, do their own barbering creditably, and many carve, in spare moments, their favourite and odd figures of fish, crows and ducks. Miniature ships they also get up, full rigged, and little Indian canoes.

The boys are growing ambitious too, it seems. I heard of a council they held alone one night, just after the old Indians had been trying to prevail on Rudolph (who is about sixteen years of age) to become the husband of the old widow of his Uncle Chief, that he might inherit the property.

Rudolph could not be persuaded, and that night there was a very free expression of

opinion by all the boys. Archie seemed to speak for all, however, when he said very seriously, "I would never marry dirty old Injun: for \$1000 I never marry her. When I'm a man I want to take a good clean girl for wife. I want her to know books and to house keep like Boston girl. I not like it, my house all dirty, my children not washed."

Several of the boys have selected their wives to be, and are very anxious that Mrs. Austin should take them into the family and train them to "house keep." And now that they are in the new house, it is the intention to admit girls also.

Some of the boys in this Home have been rescued from the pangs of witchcraft-torture, others from illnesses which, without the missionary's care, must have proved fatal. The most notable of the latter is the case of Lawrence, nicknamed by the boys, "sick man."

In my first letter from Sitka, almost two years ago, among other requests was one for articles which would make a sick-room pleasant and comfortable, and I spoke of a little boy who, the physicians said, could not get well.

He was a great sufferer, and it was probable that he would soon be an inmate of that sick-room, for he was dying inch by inch from a terrible abscess. Well, that boy, cured under the missionary's care, was the very boy who, most probably, saved both life and property on that fearful night of the burning of the Home. All had been sleeping soundly, when a boy, arousing, smelt smoke. He turned to his neighbours, and asked what it could mean. Concluding that it must be morning and was the smoke of the breakfast fire, they dozed again. But again they awoke, and this time hastened to see what the trouble really was. The building was then in flames. By this time little Lawrence awoke, and, seeing the danger, ran hastily and alone to the great mission bell; and, ringing it fast and loud, awoke the missionary's family and the people

of the town, who came rushing to their aid. This boy is now one of the strongest of his age in the school, and is one of the main workers.

Allen, too, has a history. His mother (a woman of the Hoochinoo tribe, living about ninety miles north of Sitka) was under torture for witchcraft, having already been for some days without food, in that terrible crouching, tied-down position, with the head drawn back and lashed to a short stake in the ground. One night Allen at last completed his secret arrangements for her deliverance. Stealing softly out into the darkness, he cut loose all the thongs that bound his mother, and hurried her with her little babe down to the water's edge, when, stowing them into the canoe which he had secured for the occasion, they pushed off and paddled for their dear lives, hunted to the death all that long night. Against the tide and waves, in hunger, pain, and weariness, they reached Sitka in safety, where the mother found at least a temporary shelter with the Indians, and her brave little son, I am glad to say, a home in the mission school.

Moses Jamestown is another boy to whom this "Home" has been as a "City of Refuge."

Having been left an orphan, and to an Alaska orphan's fate, he fled to Sitka from Hoonyah and from slavery. But the curse (which proved at last a blessing, as so many curses do) followed him, and he was accused of witchcraft. His tortures had begun, and the hour for his execution approached. He was tied to a stake, the musket levelled at his breast, the gun fired, and he was shot through the shoulder. But the noise of the gun brought speedily to the spot the guard of the U. S. man-of-war *Jamestown*, who rescued him. He was taken on board ship, and cared for until his wound healed, and then was placed in the mission school. Other rescued boys and girls too have since been added to the "Home" which has been built, and the missionaries ask you to continue to work and pray for them."

## A CANOE VOYAGE WITH THE CHILCAT INDIANS.

BY THE REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

DURING my visit to Alaska, in 1879, I resolved to visit the Methodist and Episcopal churches at Fort Simpson and Metlakatlah, and inspect their plans and methods of labour.

Unable to visit them in any other way, I determined to make the trip in a canoe. Just at that time a large one came in from the Chilkat country, loaded with furs and bound for Fort Simpson. As a portion of the crew were Christian Indians, there was no difficulty in arranging a passage. Besides the six Christian Indians there were twelve wild Chilkat savages, headed by two chiefs, one of whom was a medicine-man or shaman. The canoe was about thirty-five feet long, five wide, and three deep. A comfortable seat was allotted to me in the centre, with my blanket and provisions within easy reach.

Frequently along the way, the Chilkat Indians would break out in singing one of their national airs, to cheer the rowers. This would challenge the Christian Indians, who would follow with a number of the precious hymns of Bliss and Sankey. One evening, after a large number of these had been sung, the old Chilkat and shaman inquired, "Who is this Jesus you sing about?" Then the Taimsean Indians gladly preached Jesus unto him.

These Christian Indians carry their religion with them wherever they go. Under no circumstances would they travel on the Sabbath.

Upon one occasion they were nearly out of food, and their heathen companions urged them to continue their voyage that they might reach an Indian village and procure supplies. But neither tide, wind, nor hunger could induce

them to travel on the Lord's day. One of them afterwards said, in a meeting of his own people, that his heart was often sad upon the trip, because he did not know more of the language of the people they were visiting, and could not tell them more about Jesus.

I was much interested in my Chilkat companions, and, like the Christian Indians, deplored that I could not more fully communicate with them. However, when we reached Fort Simpson, where an interpreter could be had, they came and sought a council.

The two chiefs, speaking in behalf of their people, declared their desire to give up the old way and learn the new, which was better; that they were ready and willing to give up their heathen practices as soon as a teacher would come and show them how, and they earnestly inquired how soon a teacher would come. I promised to present their case to the Board, and encouraged them to believe that a Missionary would be sent. These were the people that we had hoped to visit in their northern homes, but, being prevented from reaching them, they were thus providentially sent to us.

The Indians think that the whites have some great secret about the future state of the soul, which they wish to learn. They are in a condition of expectancy, which would cause them warmly to welcome Christian teachers. But if this season is permitted by the Church to pass away unimproved, who can say that it will not be followed by greater hardness of heart and more determined heathenism?

About six p.m. the canoe was run up on the beach and an hour spent in supper, which, to the Indians, consisted of tea and salmon. Embarking at seven they paddled until ten o'clock, when, finding an opening in the rock-bound coast, we put ashore, spread our blankets upon

the sand, and were soon sound asleep. At three a.m. we were roused and were soon under weigh without any breakfast. This, however, did not matter much, as my stock of provisions consisted of ship biscuit and smoked salmon. Biscuit and salmon breakfast and supper, salmon and biscuit for dinner. The Indians upon the trip only averaged one meal in the twenty-four hours.

During the morning, passing the mouth of a shallow mountain stream, the canoe was anchored to a big rock. The Indians, wading up the stream, in a few minutes with poles and paddles clubbed to death some thirty salmon, averaging twenty-five pounds each in weight. These were thrown into the canoe and taken along.

At noon they put ashore for the first meal that day. Fires were made under shelter of a great rock. The fish, cleaned and hung upon sticks, were soon broiling before the fire. After dinner all hands took a nap upon the beach. At three p.m. we were again under weigh. When night came, finding no suitable landing-place, the Indians paddled on until two o'clock next morning, having made a day's work of thirty-three hours.

At noon the next day, cold, wet, and hungry, we ran into the harbour at Fort Simpson, and shortly after received a warm welcome at Rev. Thomas Crosby's Mission of the Methodist Church at Canada.

One Indian said, "Our hearts are very glad to see you here. Now we see the interest other people take in our welfare. Here in a few years all change so fast. All change so fast when Jesus come. Surely it must be God's work to change here and put it in people's hearts way off that they want to see us. We now believe that other people are thinking and praying for us."



MISS O. AUSTIN AND A CLASS OF INDIAN BOYS, "SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE," SITKA, ALASKA.



the happy problem: "Are you one of my relations?"

"Yes, but I didn't remember it until last night," he answered gravely.

The weeks that followed were brimful of joy to Rue, and she won her way straight into the home and hearts that had opened to receive her.

"And so you think I may tell the matron that you do not care to go back, but are willing to stay here?" questioned the Captain, when the allotted time had expired.

"I guess," replied Rue, looking down at her dainty, ruffled attire, and suddenly flinging her arms around Mrs. Grey's neck, "that you didn't ever live there, and eat soup, and wear check aprons, and have nobody like this to love, 'r else you'd know."

But she has not learned yet that it was her own missionary effort that brought so great reward.—KATE W. HAMILTON, in *The Independent*.

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN, dated NAAS RIVER, B.C., February 23rd, 1883.

(Continued from page 94.)

#### A SALVATION ARMY.

SO much were our people blessed that they became anxious to tell to others what God had done for them. Twenty of them started up the river on snow-shoes, visiting all the villages for forty miles,—a Salvation Army marching through the streets singing and praying, entering every house, and declaring to old and young what God had done for them. In every house they were kindly received. The people heard them gladly. Even those who before had persecuted the Christians, now opened their doors and invited them to eat with them. Spending three weeks in that work they returned; a number of the poor heathen coming with them,—leaving their village, home and friends behind, to come and live with the Christians, and to follow Jesus.

#### A SPIRITUAL FRESHET.

The services all the time were continued with much prayer. Old men who had kept aloof before, were now warmed, and their mouths opened. One old man said, "Yes, my friends, you know this river; it flows on to the sea; lifts and carries away the old logs; taking all it reaches into the sea. But sometimes the river is low; winter comes—the river is dry, and the snow is deep. But then spring comes—the sun shines, the rain falls, the snow melts, and the mountain streams rush down into the river. It fills; it overflows its banks, and carries away old dry logs that for years have been lying on the bank. So it was with God's work. It flowed on, but not very wide; it did not reach us all. It was winter. And then summer came—the sun shone, the good rain came, the river of God overflowed its banks, and reached me. I was a log,

but the good lifted me! I am saved! I am on my way to Heaven! Blessed be Jesus!"

#### THE CHILDREN AT WORK.

The children formed themselves into a praying band; and it was a lovely sight to see them going from house to house, singing the songs of Zion, and speaking the wonderful works of God. The eldest of the band was not over nine years of age. Christmas was a blessed time. Other years a series of feasts have taken up two weeks, each trying to give the largest; but this time the people said, "The Lord has come and removed our pride, and made us happy, so we will dispense with the feasting." And most amply were they repaid for the course taken, by the rich blessings that God showered upon them day after day.

#### OPPOSITION AROUSED.

The devil, however, did not suffer such work to go on without opposition. First, a great heathen chief died in the mission village, and the heathens rushed here with songs, dances and eagle's feathers, to carry on their superstitious practices over the corpse. This sorely tried our Christians; but they remained indoors. Then the people would not bury the dead body, and for seven weeks it lay here. Again, a young man and his wife, having found Jesus, came to stay here; but they had not been here a week before the woman's heathen friends came in the night and carried her off back into heathenism. She, however, managed to escape, and returned to the mission; but yesterday a strong party came and took her away again.

#### "ALL THESE WILL I GIVE THEE."

William Jeffree, one of our local preachers, has an uncle a chief in a heathen village. This chief—an old man—sent for William a week ago, and showed him boxes filled with blankets, furs, etc.; and then, sitting down by the fire, said to William, "My nephew, you are my heir. You see my property. I have been saving it up all my life for you; so that when you take my name, you will be rich, and a big chief. But you are going a different road, and you are poor; you have no good clothes, and no boxes filled, and you won't dance, so the people don't give you presents. It is true you have a house at the mission, but that is all. I can't see your property. Come to me, and I will give you all. I have no child; you are my son, so come and take all I have." William replied, "Yes, uncle, your words are true. I am not rich; I do not have fine clothes, or boxes filled with blankets; and the people don't give presents since I went to follow Jesus; and I know you cannot see my property. But

#### I HAVE A TREASURE.

Yours are in these boxes. Mine are up in Heaven. You see yours now; but soon you say you will leave it, and won't see it again. I don't see my treasure now, but it's yonder; and when I leave here I shall go to it and have it forever. I love you, my uncle, but you must do as you like with your property. I cannot leave the treasure I have in Jesus." The uncle seemed angry then; but, two days after, came to William's house and said, "I am getting old; I will

finish my old way this winter, and next year I will come and live with you." We are thankful for the grace God has given them to withstand divers temptations.

#### AT NAAS HARBOR

we have a nice little society, who have also been partakers of the late blessings. The work is still going on, and all hearts are rejoicing in the love of God. We have had a large number of deaths—most blessed ones, which I must give you in another letter.

I have been down with fever, which has left a severe pain in my head and left side, and the extreme cold weather tried me much; but trust that with warmer weather, my usual strength will return.

#### THE WORK AT BELLA BELLA.

*Letter from MRS. C. M. TATE, dated BELLA BELLA, March 21st, 1883.*

WE send a few notes for the OUTLOOK which may be of interest to some who read it. From the time we commenced the Mission until last fall there were very few deaths, but during the winter we were visited by measles and almost the whole of the children and young people were attacked by it, and many of the parents lost their little ones through improper nursing, they in their superstitious fear not allowing us to prescribe for them.

#### THE FIRST THAT DIED

was a little baby. When it was too late the mother brought it to the Mission House; we kept her all night, did what we could for it, but she took it away again when she saw our efforts were unavailing. A short time afterwards a man passing told me it was dead. I was surprised, as I thought the child would live some hours at least. I hurried down to the house and found the place full of women wailing and making a great ado, while two or three others were engaged in crowding a lot of clothing into a large box.

#### I REQUESTED TO SEE THE CHILD,

they told me that it was all right; it was dead. I thrust my hand beneath the clothing that they were putting in the box and felt the warmth from the child's body. I pulled out the shawls, blankets and other things; the people, in the meantime, determined that I should not take it out, kept putting them back and tried to close down the lid. I managed, however, to get the child out, and found the pulse still beating. It was rolled up tightly in five or six yards of white cotton, of which I soon divested it. They were filled with fear and horror at my proceedings—this I knew; so laying the child across my lap, I sat down a few minutes uncertain what next I had better do. After talking to them, I suppose severely, for I was very indignant, I told them I should

#### CARRY THE CHILD TO THE MISSION HOUSE.

I scarcely expected that they would allow me to do so, but to my surprise they offered no objection. It did not live long, so I had some of them prepare a coffin which was very rudely constructed, as they have no idea how to make anything of the kind, their custom

being to put the corpse into a deep box and in a sitting position. And this seems always to have been done, after the case had been considered hopeless, but before actual death had taken place. Who can tell the hours of agony some of these poor creatures may have endured!

#### MR. TATE HAD JUST LEFT BY CANOE

in the morning to visit a tribe of Indians forty miles distant, hence all this work devolved on me. Before Mr. Tate's return a little girl named Maggie, about thirteen years of age, was taken away. Ever since the Mission was organized Maggie was found in her place both in the school and in religious meetings. She had already learned to treasure and read her Bible; she frequently expressed her love for and trust in Jesus during her illness; said she was perfectly happy, for she was going to be with Jesus always. The night before her death she asked her mother how near it was to Sunday as she wanted to learn one more text before she died. But before Sunday Maggie was in the presence of Him who is the "Word." Then

#### LITTLE WILLIE, AGED ABOUT ELEVEN,

died February 1st. He had been sick and confined to his bed for many months. During the long sleepless nights he would delight in singing the hymns he had learnt in school. As his end drew near I was often surprised about the clearness of his ideas about the way of salvation, as he had received but little instruction, his parents being frequently absent from the village. The most interesting of any was Jane, who died February 12th. She was about thirteen years of age, had attended school very regularly, was foremost in her class in day school, and could read the Bible remarkably well. Early last fall she told her mother that she would not be long here, said she loved Jesus very much, and thought He would soon call her to live with Him. She frequently urged her mother to

#### LEAVE HER OLD WAYS,

and to think of "Jesus' way." She often spoke of death, telling her mother not to grieve, but to seek Jesus, then she would meet her in heaven. On one occasion her mother expressed her regret that she was so poorly clad. Never mind, mother, she replied, Jesus will give me a beautiful dress by and by. Early in the winter she suffered from the epidemic that was then sweeping over us; she recovered and was back in her place at school, yet she never fully recovered her strength. In January she accompanied her friends to their hunting grounds. While there,

#### THE "CALL" CAME.

They brought her home, and, seeing she was seriously ill, we brought her to the Mission House; tried all within our power to restore her to health. But delirium rapidly set in, and after three nights and days of watching all that was mortal of Jane lay with folded hands in the sitting-room of the house, there to await Christian burial. One of her last conscious acts was to take her Bible from under her pillow, and kissing it lovingly she exclaimed, "Oh how I love Jesus."

EVERY man whom Christ hath blessed is bound to be a missionary.—*Bishop of Melbourne.*



## Facts and Illustrations.

**BUILDING FROM THE RUINS.**—A Christian Church has been built with stones from the ruins of a heathen temple, by the native converts connected with the Madura Mission of the American Board.

A LITTLE Church of twenty-seven members has been gathered from the Mohammedans in Van, Turkey in Asia. Though small, the Church is active in evangelical work. It has just started schools for both sexes.

SOME Circassians lately robbed Dr. Barnum while on a preaching tour in Turkey. It happened that at the next place he preached the robbers were in the congregation, and so powerfully did he preach of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," that the robbers came up and restored to him all they had taken.

THE English Church Missionary Society reports that on the Niger, tribe after tribe are ready to receive teachers. On the delta of the Niger the people by the hundreds are throwing away their idols, and the churches are thronged every Lord's-day, while the famous old temple at Bonny, studded with human skulls, is going to ruin.

If it is wrong to go out in efforts to bring the heathen to Christ until all our immediate neighbors have been converted, then a school located in a given community should take no pupils beyond its immediate neighborhood until all the children in that limit have been educated. To state the position is to refute the theory.—*Central Methodist.*

REV. GEORGE HILL, of Derby, says it is a remarkable fact, in view of some popular theories as to the origin of the human race, that no race has ever yet been found, in any part of the world, too degraded to be reached by Christian truth, or speaking a language so barbarous as to be incapable of receiving a translation of the Scriptures.

IMPORTANT steps in favor of religious liberty have recently been taken in Austria. It has been decided in the highest court of the empire that parents have a right to determine the religious status of their children, and the Romish Church can no longer insist that the children of Protestants shall be baptized by Romish priests.

THE Canadian Churches are carrying on a good deal of foreign mission work. The Wesleyan Methodists have thirty-seven missionaries working in Bermuda, Japan, and among the North American Indians. The Presbyterians have missions in the New Hebrides, Trinidad, Formosa, and India. Their Baptist missionaries have 638 converts among the Telugus of South India.—*Friend of Missions.*

THE *London Daily Telegraph's* correspondent in Turkey, in a thoughtful explanation of the comparative immunity of the missionaries, says: "They have, however, done a large amount of good in an unobtrusive way, as centres of civilizing and refining agencies, which worked for the material as well as the moral benefit of the people. The labors of these worthy men have a special interest at present, from

the fact that they give a prospect of success for those reforms in Asia which English influence is bent on accomplishing."

"So YOU have given up Mohammedanism and become a Christian! If the English were not here in Lucknow, if we had our own king as before, I would see that your head should be blown from your shoulders," said a young man in our mission-school there, recently, to his school-mate, who had just confessed Christ. The words index the general Mohammedan feeling everywhere in the East. Converts are to be made by the sword, kept by the sword, and if lost, punished by the sword. There is no love of or search for the truth; no rejoicing when a companion finds it. Islamism is so narrow, so bigoted, so tyrannical, that it well deserves to die.

**MISSIONARY QUALIFICATIONS.**—No untrained men should be sent into the mission field. No where else in the ministry are experience and discipline so essential. To send a man as a missionary before he has learned to preach, is to subject him to a double difficulty, and the work to a double disadvantage. The mere fact that a man is good, and thinks himself called to the work, is by no means a reason for sending him. Goodness alone, even when that goodness reaches perfect consecration, is a poor capital for a missionary. To be successful he must also have good common sense and the faculty of knowing men. He should be as wise as a serpent as well as harmless as a dove.—*Zion's Herald.*

## CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—	
Field Notes. By the Editor	98
Bella Bella	98
Lectures on the Relation of Christianity	99
CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT:—	
The Visible and the Invisible	100
Our Missionaries	100
MISSIONARY READINGS:—	
The World for Jesus	101
Gems from Joseph Cook's Prelude on Missions	101
Madagascar	101
Personal Influence of Missionaries	101
Karennee and the Red Karens	102
WOMAN'S WORK:—	
A Spinning Song	104
A Christian Girl offered in Exchange for a Gin-Shop	104
"Still a Slave"	104
The Women of Corea	104
A Sorrowful Mother	106
The Home Side of Foreign Work	107
OUR YOUNG FOLK:—	
Rue's Heathen	108
ALONG THE LINE:—	
British Columbia. Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN (Continued)	110
Bella Bella. Letter from MRS. C. M. TATE	111
FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS	112
ENGRAVINGS:—	
The River Jordan	97
Hindu Women Rescued from "Suttee"	105

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## BISHOP RIDLEY'S MISSION ON THE SKEENA RIVER.

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF CALEDONIA.\*

HAZELTON, SKEENA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA,

October 29th, 1881.



THE community here is mixed. The Indians have worked for the gold-miners during the summer, and both live here during the winter. This steady employment has told advantageously on the Indian's character. He is above all things naturally fickle and indisposed to steady work. As a rule the miners have paid them well, and taught them the value of

labour. Hence these people, formerly the lowest of the low, and called the dogs of the Skeena, have, through the material advantages they have enjoyed, risen in the scale, and now have better houses than their neighbours, better food, and better clothing. They are therefore healthier, stronger, less dirty than the rest, and the proportion of children greater. Contact with the whites therefore has not produced the deplorable results that one too often hears of. Now that a Mission has been established here, and stress laid upon education, this community of Indians is likely to advance rapidly. Their progress is stirring up envious feelings among the other tribes of this nation. Deputations have come to me begging me to send them teachers, but we cannot support them if we had them.

Our services have been crowded by attentive congregations, especially the regular daily evening service. The miners, too, come, and I rejoice to see them, not only for their own but for the sake of the Indians, on whom they exercise much influence. When in the spring they left for the mines, it was a pleasant sight. In returning, they looked worn and weatherbeaten. When they started, all looked smart. The white men with braided leggings and ornamented snow-shoes, and the Indians with streamers fluttering from their caps of ermine, marten, and other furs, looked quite picturesque; even the dogs harnessed to the birch-wood sleighs seemed proud of their tinkling bells and gay adornments.

Never before was Sunday kept on the long marches. I had given prayer and hymn-books to some of the whites, and suggested that one of them should minister to the rest, but none ventured. The Indians had prayers every day, and spent the Sunday in a most profitable manner. The whites attended the services, and though they could not understand the prayers, they joined in the hymns and encouraged the Indians.

I had not appointed any leader; but J—, a catechumen, last winter a dog-eater, came forward as a natural leader, and said the prayers, and exhorted the listeners. He is a splendid fellow; square built, of great muscular strength, having a large head, and intelligent, though unhandsome, face, this man cannot but attract attention. During the

summer he paid a visit to Hazelton, and the days spent here could not be quiet. His attentions to Mrs. Ridley, then here alone, were almost comical. He hung about her all day long. The clock would not go fast enough to hasten school or service-time, that he might ring the bell and gather in the people. He was the terror of gamblers, and hated of medicine men.

Last Saturday morning J— came to me with something weighty on his mind, I could see at a glance. He was full of plans. "To-morrow is Sunday," he said; "at the lower village they do not serve God. May I go down and hold services?"

"Yes, go, and be gentle, as Jesus was," I said.

"May I take a bell?"

"Yes, take a small one, because you have only a little knowledge."

"True, but I will tell them all I know."

So he packed his Bible, hymn-book, salmon, and rice, in his blanket with the small bell, and trudged away. Before he returns he means to go to the second lower village to see the five Christians who live there whom I baptized last spring. He will have had a journey of seventy miles at his own charges for Christ's sake.

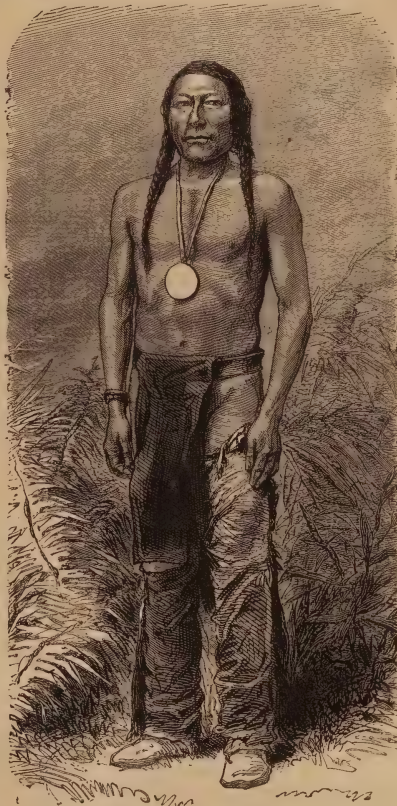
It was he who conducted service on the miners' march.

At the mines the best building was cleared on Saturday and placed at the Indians' disposal for Sunday services, much to the credit of the miners, who always attended and enjoyed the singing, if nothing else. One Sunday morning an Indian family reached the miners' camp, and would have passed forward with their packs. "What," asked the miner, "travelling on Sunday! Is this what the Bishop teaches you?" "We are short of food and must press on." "No, you need not; we will give you food." So they travelled on together from Monday morning to the end.

I had intended to follow them and go to the Fraser River. I was providentially hindered. The interval between that appointed start and my real start for the coast was full of blessing. Then came the resolve to build small houses. Privacy is impossible. Those of strong character, who, when converted, become mighty men of God, are able to resist the flood of persecution rolled on them by the evil-disposed; but not so the weaker folk. One evening a quiet fellow, since baptized, was reading his Bible by the fire-light. One of the evil ones interrupted him again and again. He stood in his light, rudely questioned, abused, and finally assaulted him.

"Why read that book? Your fathers did not, nor do we. Would you be wiser than all?" When the book was struck from the reader's hand he nimbly recovered it and meekly walked away from the jeering circle round the cheerful fire.

The whole clan live in the same large and undivided house. In old times such herding together was a defence, but now that imperial law is gaining respect, order is being established, so that it will be safe to break up the old-time clan into families, and each family live apart from the rest in small cottages. This will be a great upward step, and the beginning of a higher morality. Now we are in a transition state. Not ten



INDIAN OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

\* See the Bishop's previous letter in the GLEANER of July, 1881, and the Map of British Columbia in the number for September, 1879.



House. Some slight alterations in the building for convenience, painting, and other work still undone, and furniture required, would take \$300 or more. Mr. Crosby received in Ontario in subscriptions, proceeds of special meetings, &c., \$552.24. Besides this amount, other sums were sent to the Mission Rooms, which we have not yet received, and of which I can give you, as yet, no exact account. We think, however, that the total would be sufficient to cover the outlay above spoken of, that is, \$700 for building, and \$300 for completing furnishing, &c.; and, possibly, would also cover the travelling expenses of Miss Hendry, which amounted to about \$200.

The \$500 voted by your Missionary Society has not yet been received. I hope we may be able to appropriate it to current expenses. Since October last the expenses have been nearly \$400. Our members have increased lately—we have now fifteen girls and expect more. It will be only by the utmost economy that fifty dollars a year per girl can be made sufficient, but I think we can do it. If we have, as we expect, as many as twenty girls with us, you will see what we shall require. Miss Hendry, I think, should not receive less than \$400 per year. Out of that she could provide her own board. Our goods from Ontario have not yet reached us, which has given some slight inconvenience. When they are here, we shall have the means of carrying on more work in the Home than we have hitherto been able to do. I have given you these facts, my dear Mrs. Strachan, thinking they might be of use to you. If there is any other information you wish to have, let me know. I hope and pray that the annual meeting of the Society may be marked by perfect harmony of spirit, and that Divine wisdom may direct all your counsels. Matters of importance to the Society will have to be considered.

Mr. Crosby joins me in kind regards to yourself and cousins. In Christian love,

EMMA CROSBY.

## Missionary Readings.

### GIVING LIKE A LITTLE CHILD.

NOT long since, a poor widow came into my study. She is over sixty years of age. Her home is one little room, about ten by twelve, and she supports herself by her needle, which, in these days of sewing machines, means the most miserable support.

Imagine my surprise when she put three dollars into my hand and said:

"There is my contribution to the church fund."

"But are you able to give so much?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have learned how to give now."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Do you remember," she answered, "that sermon of three months since, when you told us that you did not believe one of your people was so poor that if he loved Christ, he could not find some way of showing that love by his gifts?"

"I do."

"Well, I went home and cried all night over that

sermon. I said to myself, 'My minister don't know how poor I am, or he never would have said that. But from crying, I at last got to praying, and when I told Jesus all about it, I seemed to get an answer in my heart that dried up all tears.'

"What was the answer?" I asked, deeply moved by her recital.

"Only this—'If you cannot give as other people do, give like a little child,'—and I have been doing it ever since. When I have a penny over from my sugar or loaf of bread, I lay it aside for Jesus, and so I have gathered the money all in pennies."

"But has it not embarrassed you to lay aside so much?"

"Oh, no!" she responded, eagerly, with beaming face. "Since I began to give to the Lord, I have always had money in the house for myself, and it is wonderful how the work comes pouring in. So many are coming to see me that I never knew before."

"But didn't you always have money in the house!" I asked.

"Oh, no! often, when my rent came due, I had to go and borrow it, not knowing how I ever should find means of paying it again. But I do not have to do so any more; the dear Lord is so kind."

Of course I could not refuse such money.

Three months later, she came with three dollars and eighty-five cents, saved in the same way. Then came the effort of our church in connection with the Memorial Fund, and, in some five months, she brought fifteen dollars, all saved in a nice little box I had given her. This makes twenty-one dollars and eighty-five cents from one poor widow in a single twelve months. I need hardly add, that she apparently grew more in Christian character in that one year than in all the previous years of her connection with the church.

Who can doubt that if, in giving, as well as in other graces, we could all become as little children, there would result such an increase in our gifts that there would not be room enough to contain them?

### THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH IN BRAZIL.

INCIDENTS GIVEN BY REV. G. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

AN old man—a plain farmer—said to me, "Young man, what was your father about that my father died and never knew there was such a book as the Bible? My father was a very religious man. He taught me all he ever knew of religion, but he never mentioned this book."

I was obliged to reply, that when my father and his contemporaries first tried to put the Book into the land it was destroyed by the boxful, and it was simply because the civil arm no longer obeyed the ecclesiastical will that it was now circulating freely.

"Filhos," said the old man to his thirteen stalwart children, "I never knew that God forbade us to have and use these images, and I have brought you up, as my father brought me, in ignorance of His holy will. Let us remedy it as best we can. Bring a basket."

They obeyed, and presently were carrying the "figures of things in heaven and earth," to the river. As they returned they passed the door of their aged

year was out it had taken in the very last penny it would hold, and then Susie had the fun of smashing it. "Little brown jug, don't I love thee!" she danced and sung when she had counted the money; for there were a dollar and fifteen cents, all earned by picking up pins.

"It don't seem possible," said Belle, who had been waiting all this while for some big thing to turn up and make her a fortune, but had't seen it yet.

Susie carried her money to the next missionary meeting with a very happy face, and after that worked with renewed energy, and picked up pins more diligently than ever, sure that the pin-business paid.

## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE following letter, written by Bro. Jennings, who last summer went out to Port Simpson as teacher, and addressed to Mrs. Dr. Bascom, of Uxbridge, will be found to contain much that is of very great interest concerning the Indians on that coast, and the work among them.

PORT SIMPSON,  
British Columbia, Aug. 25th, 1882.

DEAR MADAM,—As you are President of the Uxbridge Branch of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada, I have much pleasure in writing you a short account of the Indian Mission work of British Columbia, so far as I have been able to learn in the short time I have been here. There are many Indian tribes in the Province, each speaking a distinct language from the other; as the Songish around Victoria, the Flat Heads, the Fort Ruperts, etc., further north, on Vancouver Island. On the mainland there are the Bella-Bellans, the Bella-Coolans, the Kit-a-Maats, the Tsim-she-ans, etc. The tribe at Port Simpson is the Tsim-she-an, which is very large, extending up the Skeena river, and includes the people at Met-la-kaht-la, a place about twenty miles southward from Port Simpson.

#### THE LANGUAGE

is usually named from the tribe speaking it; but there is a "trade jargon" called Chinook, spoken by nearly all the tribes, by means of which one tribe can make itself intelligible to another. Several of our ministers and teachers here can speak the Chinook, as well as the language of the tribes among whom they live.

More than twenty years ago a missionary came to Port Simpson, and remained a few years, then abandoned the place for one more to his mind, taking with him the converted Indians and leaving the rest to continue practising their old heathen rites. The most degrading ceremonies to the civilized were those of

#### THE "MEDICINE MEN,"

whose brutality or supposed supernatural powers were frequently exhibited. No longer than ten years ago the "medicine men" would go and exhume the dead and go through the village with portions of the corpses in their hands, tearing them with their teeth; or, one in a state of nudity, with a rope around his body, held by men as wild

and savage as himself, would prance through the village with a dead dog in his arms, tearing him to pieces with his teeth. Such rites as these were kept up from year to year. Murder was a common occurrence, and the lowest vices were practised. The Hudson Bay Company's trading house was well fortified with cannon and small arms. Indeed, this was necessary or the lives of the Company's servants would not have been worth a year's purchase. From what I can learn a more melancholy state of things could scarcely be conceived.

When the missionary left, the Indians remaining said, He has left us to go on in the bad, now let us practise our old customs. Poor people! they had scarcely learned that the white man's religion was better than their own. Being left alone, they

#### THREW THEMSELVES INTO DESPAIR,

and men in such a state of mind, you know, sink into great depths of sin and iniquity, even in our civilized Ontario. What other could be expected of savages! Their condition then reminds one of the demoniac among the tombs that we read of in the Gospel, such that no one could bind him, no, not with chains; but their present state brings to your mind the same character, dispossessed, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind. The "medicine men" and conjurers have ceased their vile acts; the war-whoop is no longer heard; the Hudson Bay Company's store is no longer fortified, the fort-gate being open day and night. The men are learning, it may be slowly, the useful arts, and the women those domestic habits that make civilized life so attractive.

About nine years ago a great work of reformation in these northern tribes began in the following remarkable manner:

#### A GREAT REVIVAL

of religion broke out in Victoria among the Indians, and afterwards extended to many of the coast tribes of the province. A few Christian men of Victoria were trying to lead the Indians to Christ, and rented a vacated bar-room in which to hold their meetings, as there was no Indian church then. There these white men sang and prayed with the Indians, each having a very limited knowledge of the other's language, but they continued to work on. Soon one of the Indians, known by the name of Amos, began to pray, and to speak of the love of Christ he had in his heart. Once, while this Indian was praying, a "Chiefess" of the Tsim-she-an tribe, of Port Simpson, was passing along; she stopped at the door and saw and heard Amos praying. She looked on with astonishment, but was too proud to enter. She went away wondering how such an ignorant man as Amos could pray without a book, and that she, with some knowledge of English, could only pray reading from a book, and very poorly at that. She afterwards attended the meetings, became convinced that she was a sinner, and that she could be saved only by the death of Christ. She gave her heart to Him, felt His forgiving love, and then she

#### WANTED HER CHILDREN CONVERTED,

and the glad news of salvation conveyed to her people. This woman, Elizabeth Ducks, had spent some time in Victoria, and had been in the habit of attending another place of worship. But how should the Gospel be made known to her people? They were more than six hundred miles away, and communication was difficult. She believed that that God who had pardoned her sin, and had heard her prayer in her own behalf, would also hear her prayer



in behalf of her children and people. Such was the simplicity and fulness of her faith. She prayed that God would so influence her children at Port Simpson that they would come down to Victoria and learn the way of salvation by faith. One of the men instrumental in her conversion, told me that when he learned the burden of her prayer, he thought to ask such a petition would be to no purpose—that her friends would not come down in answer to her prayer. The woman continued to pray and to believe. One day, after a few weeks, she came to this man, her face beaming with joy, telling him a number of war canoes had arrived from Port Simpson, bearing about twenty of her people, among them her children—all in answer, she said, to her prayer. She at once began to tell them of her own conversion; of the love of Christ she had in her heart; that they were sinners, and to be saved they must come to Christ too. At first they could not understand her, as might be expected, and refused to go to the place of worship. She continued to talk with them, praying that God would direct their minds. At length

#### HER PRAYER WAS ANSWERED

in this matter. The visitors went to the meetings, many of them were converted, and went home rejoicing in God their Saviour. When they got there they began to tell their story about the new life, which led the people to desire a missionary. The Rev. Mr. Tate was sent up to Port Simpson to carry on, as far as human agency is concerned, the good work so well begun. He remained a few months with them, and was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Crosby, who, with his excellent wife, has had charge of the mission ever since.

The change that has been wrought in these people in these eight years is wonderful, indeed. The savage has become a peaceable, law-abiding citizen—a citizen, as far as his knowledge goes, willing to observe the laws of God and man. I have often thought since I came up here, that these people have made more progress in civilization during the past eight years, than the ancient Britons made in a century. I may safely say, that there are no other people in all the world that

#### OBSERVE THE SABBATH

so strictly as the Christian Indians along this coast. No unnecessary work will they do on that day. Many of them, within the last few weeks, rather than break the Sabbath for the white man at the Canneries, have received their discharge, feeling it better and worthier to obey God rather than man. But still, these Indians need nursing. They are yet as children. They must have all the which care kind, loving, Christian hearts can give them—their former life having been so base. Peculiar tact is required to manage them, their prejudices and superstitions being welded into their very nature. We have in Mr. and Mrs. Crosby the right people in the right place. Each fills a sphere so efficiently that, in my opinion, if Ontario was searched, from one end to the other, two persons more suitable or more devoted to their varied duties could not be found.

#### HOLD UP THEIR HANDS

by earnest prayer. Never did I more see Mr. Crosby's fitness for his peculiar work than last week. About fifty of the Tongass tribe of Alaska, on their way home from the British Columbian Salmon Canneries, which have closed their operations for the season, stayed a few days at Port Simpson. Mr. Crosby invited them to his house, and there, in what is called the Indian's room, he preached to them in Chinook. The Tongass sang several hymns in their own tongue; many of them related their religious experience.

Others, being pricked to the heart, confessed the wrongs they had done to one another, and desired to make restitution. Mr. Crosby appointed a time for the settlement of these difficulties, and with great tact and firmness disposed of them all with almost entire satisfaction to the parties concerned.

About four years ago, the Tongass were a most wretched people morally. Some infamous white man had taught them to make whisky from molasses.

#### THEY DRANK THE LIQUOR,

quarrelled with one another—which ended in the murder of four men, one of whom was a chief. Mr. Crosby had warned them against using the drink, told them they would kill each other, and seeing that his words came to pass they are now ready to listen to his counsel. A few years before this occurrence, several Tongass children of high rank in the tribe had died suddenly of some contagious disease. According to their custom a slave must be put to death and buried with them to attend them in the life beyond. There was a band of American soldiers near their village, so the people feared to put the slave to death openly. So the slave was taken down to the beach covered over with a blanket, and they literally

#### TRAMPLED HIM TO DEATH.

What a change has come over this people! They love now to sing the praises of God and to worship Him in His temple. They are clean, and decently dressed, both male and female. But they are without a missionary or teacher, which is the case with many tribes at the North.

There are now about fifteen girls in

#### THE CROSBY HOME,

being taught the habits of civilized life, and they are sent to school as regularly as circumstances will allow. Among the Indians, young girls are subject to great temptation, the morals of the people being so low comparatively. The Home to my mind is a great and worthy movement in the right direction. The young girls are kept from temptation, have a good example set before them, and are taught a high standard of morality. Several young women, reclaimed from a life of shame under the fostering care and instruction of Mrs. Crosby, have

#### BECOME GOOD WIVES AND MOTHERS,

and respectable members of society after leaving the Home. Eternity alone can tell the good the Home is likely to do, if Christian people give it that countenance its importance demands. Really, what is our life worth if we do not improve in some way the condition of degraded humanity? To keep an Indian girl in the Home one year will cost about fifty dollars, by using the money in the most economical way possible.

The following is the way we spend Sabbath at the present: The church-bell is rung at six a.m., and again at half-past six a.m., when many of the people assemble in the school-house for their morning prayer-meeting. At ten a.m. many come to the Indian's room at the Mission House for a Bible-lesson. At eleven a.m. the large congregation assembles in the church which

#### WILL SEAT ABOUT ONE THOUSAND

Indians, when a sermon is preached partly in Taim-she-an and partly in English, or in English sentence by sentence and so interpreted into the language of the people; which they call the true language. After this service, most of the Indians, young and old, remain to learn the text both in

English and in their own tongue. They seem very eager to learn the Word of God. One old woman can repeat forty-eight texts, and says she has lost ten other texts. At half-past two p.m., two Sunday-schools are held, one in the school-house for the children, the other in the church for adults. When the people are all at home these schools are well attended. At half-past six p.m., the evening service begins, which is generally well attended. During the week there are class-meetings, a prayer-meeting, and a preaching service. So you perceive there is

#### PLENTY OF WORK TO DO.

teaching and leading on the people in their religious life. Most of the men here dress very neatly for Indians, much as men dress in the rural parts of Ontario. The women, or *clootchenen*, as they are called in Chinook, all come in very plain dresses, with shawls, their heads covered with handkerchiefs, some one color, some of another. Fancy hundreds of women and girls in church with their heads so covered. Just now there are four white ladies at Simpson. These wear hats.

Hoping that I have not exceeded your patience, and wishing your Society great spiritual prosperity and missionary zeal,

I am, dear madam,

Yours in great respect,

D. JENNINGS.

#### A SUMMER'S WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

AFTER our appointment to Qu'Appelle by the Toronto Conference, as soon as we could get things packed up, and our goods stored away at the Portage, we started for our Western field, carrying with us only such things as were absolutely necessary to camp-life on the prairie for three or four months. At Brandon we purchased outfit, and assisted Dr. Rice in the dedication of the new church there, then pushed on westward to the end of the C. P. R., at that time. Broadview was the first point touched, and our first Sabbath services were held in an unfinished freight shed. By next Sabbath we had explored the country as far as South Qu'Appelle, now Indian Head, where we preached, and then at Fort Qu'Appelle in the evening. We continued our wanderings, having no settled resting-place, living in a 7 x 9 tent, and preaching anywhere and everywhere, wherever we could get a congregation, from Broadview on the east into the settlements about 20 miles west of Qu'Appelle, until the 17th of August, when, learning that Regina had been selected as the capital, I drove there, pitched my tent, secured the consent of the proprietor, and preached the first sermon, on the 20th day of August, to a small but very appreciative congregation, in a newly-erected but unoccupied tent. There were at that time only five tents in Regina, excepting the tents of the C. P. R. employees. From that time my field was enlarged, and I tried to give the people the Gospel, all the while praying, hoping, and looking for help to carry on the work in this extensive field. I preached as opportunity offered, in every place from Broadview to Regina. At length, the last of Sept., I pitched my tent in Regina, and began to prepare for winter. We had a large tent for Church services; but there was no Society or Quarterly Board organization, and no funds to be had from any source. Rents were fearfully high—a little house, 12 x 12, in a very unfinished state, was offered at \$25 a month, and declined with thanks. In such an emergency, we could do nothing but build, hoping that time would put a better phase on our circumstances.

Drs. Young and Dewart visited us after we had got into the frame of our house, and shared the pleasure of sitting on a box at a home-made table. On Saturday, Dr. Young drew up a subscription list, and we commenced our canvass for funds to build a temporary church and parsonage, a kind of union affair, to save rent. We were tolerably successful, and now we have a subscription of \$350, with hopes of a slight advance on that amount yet. The Trustees of the City Property have given us a very fine site for building on, and we hope soon to have a place of our own in which to worship God this winter.

I am deeply pained at the inability, or the unwillingness, of the Church to send more men into this vast field. Early in the spring half a dozen men should be on this field, instead of one. One man must come at once to take charge of the work at Qu'Appelle, Indian Head, Capel, and the country around. Settlements are opening up everywhere, and the filling up of this section of the country is only a question of a year or so. Already I have the promise that if we can give them regular service at Capel, they will build a church before spring; also at Indian Head a church might be built.

As to the country. Well, it is a grand country. I think the land will be very rich, and capable of sustaining its own missionaries in a very brief period of time. Let us have the men to work this field, and soon it will pay back into the treasury all that it costs to start the work.

Regina is advancing at an astonishing rate. It is confidently stated that we have now a population of 800 here. This, with the substantial buildings for hotels and stores, and private dwellings on every hand, is a striking evidence of the go-ahead character of the people and the place. I will write you more anon.

W. J. HEWITT.

## Facts and Illustrations.

THE idols having been removed from a Hindoo temple, a subscription was started to secure their return; the sum realized was about twenty-four cents.

"No Mohammedan is ever converted," it is said again and again by the enemies of the Christian faith. Yet at Peshawur a church of ninety members, composed wholly of Moslems, may be shown with a converted Mohammedan as their pastor.

The children of missionaries residing in Turkey have formed themselves into a society for sending the Gospel to "foreign" lands. The first year their contributions were sent to the Dakota Indians in America, and last year they were sent to Africa.

It is claimed by the Romanists that the alleged worship of the Virgin Mary can never lead to real deification; that it only seeks her intercession in heaven. But the late Dr. Krapf tells us that he found among the Christian sects of Shoa, south of Abyssinia, a community of believers who taught that *the Holy Virgin died for the sins of the world, and had already saved over 140,000 souls.*

THE Leipsic Missionary Society, whose work is among the Tamils of India, reports the total number of converts thus far about twelve thousand. Last year five hundred and forty-four were added to the Church. The Society employs nineteen ordained missionaries,



reached Departure Bay by 7 a.m. on Wednesday. I had met Bro. Bryant at Victoria, who thought he would meet us at Departure Bay, so I did not see Bro. Sexsmith, neither did Bro. Bryant come over. I went ashore and baptized the daughter of J. Dunsmore, Esq., son of the proprietor of the Wellington Mines.

#### WE HAD A PLEASANT TIME,

and then left at 12 a.m. for the north. To-day at noon we were at Albert Bay, where a large salmon cannery is now established, and the English Church has a mission. We hope to reach Port Simpson by Saturday night. We have had delightful weather so far, and all well, with the exception that Mrs. C. and children are very weary, and we long to get home. I write now, for I shall be crowded on our arrival, and the boat turns back from Port Simpson, so we shall have little time to write.

July 21st.—We called at Fort Rupert last night about 7 o'clock, and then on over Q. Sound. Had a little rolling, but it was all right as we were all in bed. At 7 a.m. to-day we reached what is called River's Inlet, where a new salmon cannery was established this spring. We found them in good spirits, as the salmon are running finely. Here I went ashore and found many of the Bella Bella people, and some Bella Coolas. They all seemed glad to see us. The Bella Coola chief said they were hardly ready for us, as his people had some feasting next winter which they wished to get through with, &c. Of course this is from one part of the people. This is what Mr. Tate calls *Weekeno*, or *Owee Keyno*. The chief of these people is very desirous to have a teacher come at once. I shall advise Bro. Tate and Wood to visit here at once; unless, indeed, we see it is better for Bro. Wood to go to Queen Charlotte's Island.

We have had to go out of our way to-day some 60 miles, which will take us twelve hours, and we will not get home now for Sabbath, I fear.

July 24th.—Expect to arrive at Port Simpson in five hours. We have had a long trip. We were in at Port Essington, the mouth of the Skeena, all day yesterday, Sabbath. Preached in the morning to a large congregation in the church.

Letter from WM. H. PIERCE, Port Essington, British Columbia, Oct. 12th, 1882.

We have pleasure in giving *verbatim* the following letter from Wm. H. Pierce, a native (Indian) assistant, who is holding the fort at Port Essington, in British Columbia:

DR. SUTHERLAND,

Dear Sir,—I have intended writing. But multiplicity of duties has prevented me. During the Summer the Lord has been on our side, and blessings from on high rest upon us, (While others crying as in the days of old) the harvest is past & the summer is ended and we are not save. Our congregation is increasing. So we want a new church. The village are growing. Nine new houses built this month. In fishing season Six hundred people heard the word of life every Sabbath. Our people at Methakahlta join us in all our divine Service one chief and his family has removed from Methakahlta to our place, also several others building their houses here. We have much to encourage us. When our chairman Mr. Crosby telling us the such good news. It does our hearts good in this heathen land to hear from you. Our English school is getting very well, the Kit-Seebass people are not afraid of Bible instruction. Every Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock our Bible class meet. It has been very refreshing to our spirits. The arm of the

Lord seems now to be made bare in the sight of these dark tribes. A bright and glorious day is dawning upon people on this West coast that have been so long covered with gross darkness. Mr. Crosby has visit us since he return from Canada we had a blessed time he preach three times to us. On Monday morning subscription taking up to finish the church Improvements we had \$40. Still there is a several villages on the Upper River that have no one to tell them of Jesus and His Great love. I will try by God's help to go and tell them of Him who saith I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. I love my field of labour and hoping that, if I should be removed far away or laid low beneath the dust of British Columbia, others may reap where I have sown, and the time will come when both sower and reaper will rejoice together. Neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. I witness many of our members as they are passing away saying that Jesus has power on earth to forgive sin. My work is sometimes very trying in this place by the white sinners. But I have the promise, I am with you even to the end of the world. Our people have to contend good deal of temptation. Only the almighty power and the grace of God keep them. We are praying for the outpoure of the Holy Spirit as the people are coming home for their fishing. While I write this note Sarah Robinson sent for me, as I set by her. She could not speake much. I ask if she love Jesus. She said I am prepare to meet my Saviour. Thank God for the religion of Christ, it has save thousand of Indians on this land. I would like to be a man of high education. But saving souls is better.

From your unworthy young brother in Christ,  
WM. H. PIERCE.

#### THE FRENCH WORK.

MANY of our people watch with much interest the progress of Missionary effort among the French in the Province of Quebec, but we doubt if the difficulties and needs of the work are understood as they should be. The Rev. L. N. Beaudry has recently issued a circular on the subject, and we make room for it here:

#### FRENCH-CANADIAN EVANGELIZATION. A MACEDONIAN CRY.

DEAR FRIEND.—Please give a few moments of prayerful attention to the following important facts and figures relative to French-Canadian Mission Work:—

There are in Canada one million-and-a-half of French Canadians, with another half-million or more in the United States, mostly in New England, Northern New York, and Illinois.

More than one-half of the adult population of the *habitants* in Canada can neither read nor write.

Prejudices against the Bible and Bible Christians have been instilled into their minds by their spiritual guides from very childhood; but, thank God, even these are giving way before the magic wand of Christian charity, and a new day is dawning! An important future opens before this peculiar people.

About fifty years ago a Methodist Missionary from the Channel Islands, named De Putron, came to this country to undertake Evangelistic labors. Unable to get a foothold among the people he was compelled to return to his own land.

Legend of Zuni

more to the woman who so charmed me. Which did I see? I turned from Maude's exquisite face to listen with keen delight to her sister's voice; I looked from Conrade's supple form and disfigured face to rest my eyes upon Maude's graceful movements and sweetness.

Winter snows were falling when one day Maude failed to bring her usual contribution to the *Weekly Visitor*. Fearing some evil, I went straight from the office to the cottage. Conrade had been failing in strength as the cold weather drew near, and often I had called and been denied admittance, Maude flitting down a minute to tell me her sister was suffering too much to talk. Once I had called upon the physician, who told me he had never expected, he invalid would live even as long as she had.

So, though shocked, I was not surprised when Jane told me "Miss Conrade was very bad, and Miss Maude never left her."

"Jane!" Maude said, above us. "If that is Mr. Sadrona, let him come up. I knew you would come," she said, as I obeyed the summons. "Conrade wishes to see you alone. You will be careful not to agitate her, will you not? She is very weak."

I entered the familiar room softly. Conrade was in her accustomed chair, and smiled a faint greeting.

I spoke some words of sympathy, for I saw by her face he end was very near.

"Do not pity me," she said, and her voice was very faint, while the words came after long pauses, "you have helped to brighten these last days, Max! Max, did you guess, did you know, that if I had been the Conrade I was once, that the log I have been of late years, that I should have given you Sidney's place in my heart? It is but a poor love, Max, but it is yours."

I bent over her too much moved to speak. I loved her then, in spite of the cruelly injured face and helpless form, and she was dying, going out of my life, for ever. I wept for the noble mind, the powerful intellect soon to be still, for the life whose youth had been wasted away by such agonizing discipline. While I hid my face and tried to calm myself, she spoke again.

"Max, you will care for Maude, you will comfort my little sister. For my sake she has lived here alone for six long years and more. When her grief is over a little, will you not take a brother's place to her until— Max, come near—stoop down. Remember I am dying as I speak. Max, Maude loves you!"

She closed her eyes as she spoke, and over her face crept a gray shadow, while the rigidity of her hand seemed seizing every feature. I stepped into the hall, and called Maude, whispering her to send Jane for the doctor. She ran down-stairs, but soon joined me again.

"Shall I lift her to the lounge?" I whispered, seeing how fast the change was coming.

"No, she is more distressed for breath lying down."

"Speak to her! Bid her farewell!"

"Conrade!" she said, "sister!" and then her sobs choked her.

The dying eyes opened once more to look with yearning tenderness into her face; the dying lips unclosed once more to whisper:

"My little Maude!" and all was over.

I lifted Maude's half-fainting form to the next room, just as Jane entered with the doctor; and leaving her with the sobbing servant I joined the doctor.

He told me the address of an uncle and aunt in New York, and I undertook to carry the tidings. In my heart was registered a vow to respect Conrade's dying wish to win Maude, if I could, from her sorrow, hoping the last sacred confidence was but truth.

It was many long weeks before I dared to break the sister's sorrow, but I pined for the sweet face that came no more to my office.

Conrade was dead, and in an obituary we bade farewell to the talented contributor to the *Weekly Visitor*.

But Maude lived, and I learned that all the love that I had given two centered upon the one sweet, womanly girl, who had been such a devoted sister, who was so winsome and lovable.

When the Spring flowers were blossoming over Conrade's grave, I drove Maude to Greenwood, and we planted some of the choice plants her sister loved beside the marble shaft under which she rested. And then, in the sacred quiet, with the leaves softly stirring around us, I told Maude I loved her, told her Conrade's dying wish, and asked her to be my wife.

We were married in the Summer, and Maude is my beloved wife. She has written no more stories since Conrade died, her pen lies idle, but none the less do I love the gentle heart, the refined intellect, though the genius, the fire, and grand stirring soul of my first love have passed from earth in Conrade's death.

#### CHIMBANGO, OR FIG-WINE.

The Fig-tree family (called *Ficus* by naturalists) is very widely diffused, and includes many species having little apparent resemblance to each other. That species (*Ficus caricus*) which mainly produces the fruit so well known is sometimes found in our Northern States as a mere shrub, generally grown under glass. In the Middle States it is sometimes cultivated in the open air; but is still kept low and shrub-like, so that it may be bent to the ground and covered with earth in the Winter to protect it from frosts. In our Southern States and in Southern Europe, especially in Turkey, it grows to a height of some twenty feet, with a spreading top, very much resembling an apple-tree. But this family also includes some of the largest trees on the globe, among which are the banyan and the East India rubber-tree.

A species of the fig-tree is very common on the lower slopes of the Sierras of Peru. It produces very abundantly; a small part of the fruit being dried for home consumption or for sale in the towns. But the greater part of the fruit is used for the manufacture of *Chimbango* or fig-wine. The manufacture is performed entirely by women, who are called *Chimbangueras*. The process is very simple. The figs are partially dried in the sun, and then thrown into a large jar which is filled with water. Fermentation soon sets in, and in a week the chimbango is ready for drinking. It is of a violet color, with a sweet and rather pleasant taste. But it "flies to the head"; is apt to sour on the stomach, and, at least in the case of those who are not accustomed to it, is liable to produce dysentery. The Chimbanguera needs only a few large jars in which the liquor stands to ferment, and two or three tin pails for drawing it off. The labor is next to nothing, and the wine is very cheap—say about three cents a quart; so that for about a penny one can get tolerably well drunk—a privilege of which, we are sorry to say, the natives are altogether too prone to avail themselves. The *ventas* where the beverage is dispensed are quite in keeping with the liquor itself. They are usually mere thatched booths, with three walls, the fourth side being open. The furniture for the household consists of a few earthen vessels and a lot of sheepskins which serve as beds. If human happiness consists in having little to do, the Chimbangueras of Peru ought to be the very happiest women in the world. But,



upon the whole, the SUNDAY MAGAZINE cannot recommend its readers to emigrate to Peru for the purpose of taking up that way of life. —♦♦♦♦—

### A ZUNI LEGEND.

BY A. R. CALHOUN.

THERE exists, in the minds of many, an impression that the Aztec race, found by Cortez in Mexico, has been de-

these interesting people; the majority living and worshipping as did their ancestors centuries before the shores of San Salvador gladdened the eyes of Columbus. The Indians living in towns or villages, and subsisting by agriculture, were called by the early Spaniards *Los Pueblos*, "the Town-folks," to distinguish them from the fierce nomad tribes still found in Western New Mexico and Arizona.

It was my good fortune, some years since, to be connected with a survey sent out to explore a route for a rail-



THE CHIMBANGUERAS OF PERU.

stroyed or died out. Such, however, is not the case; they are still to be found in large numbers in the valleys east and west of the Sierra Madre Mountains, but their constant intercourse with the descendants of the invader has done much to destroy their ancient characteristics. It is not a little curious that, within the limits of the United States to-day, should be found twenty-one communities of

road along the thirty-fifth parallel; and while on this expedition to visit all the Pueblos from Taos, near the southern boundary of Colorado and the traditional birthplace of Montezuma, to Zuni, four hundred miles to the southwest, and on the Pacific slope of the great continental watershed. Being familiar with Spanish, which some of these Indians speak as fairly as the average "Greaser," I was

enabled to gratify a strong taste for legendary lore from original sources.

Zuni, the largest of the Pueblo towns, is situated in a beautiful valley traversed by a river of the same name. Father Marco de Neza, an adventurous Catholic priest, visited Zuni in 1535, and his description of the place and its people would answer quite well for the Zuni of to-day. He says: "It is situated on a plain, at the foot of a round hill, and maketh show to be a fair city; and is better seated than any I have met in these parts. The houses are builded in order, with divers stories and flat roofs.

The people are somewhat white: they wear apparel and lie in beds; their weapons are bows, and they have many jewels, although they esteem none so much as torqueses, wherewith they adorn their vessels and apparel, and they use them instead of money through all the country. Their apparel is of cotton and oxhides, and this is their most commendable and honorable apparel." The Padre says much more, but I cease to quote where he ceases to be accurate.

Though nominally Catholics, the Zuni are worshippers of the sun and its symbol, fire. They claim to have still burning in their *estufa*, or sacred temple, a fire, lit by torch-bearers from the great Temple of the Sun, in Mexico, just before the destruction of that wonderful edifice by the ruthless followers of Cortez.

So much, by way of introduction to the following legend told me by Pino, one of the Zuni chiefs. In answer to a question, he said:

"We worship the sun because it is God's altar-fire, and from it comes life and heat; without it all the earth would be like the mountain snow-peaks at midnight. We worship water, for that is the blood of the earth, and the places (*ojos*) where it bubbles from the ground sacred to

our people. The Zuni River flows from our sacred spring, and makes fertile our valley. You have seen that the spring is surrounded by a wall, on which are twelve vases (*tenijas*) that represent the twelve changes in the heavens. In those vases we place, in the harvest season, some of all things that grow in our soil, and are nourished by water. Were we to neglect this, the Water-god would become angry, and ruin would soon follow."

"But," I asked, "did you ever try the effect of leaving the vases empty for one season?"

He closed his eyes tightly and shuddered, as he replied:

"No, no; it would be madness to test the gods again by neglect!"

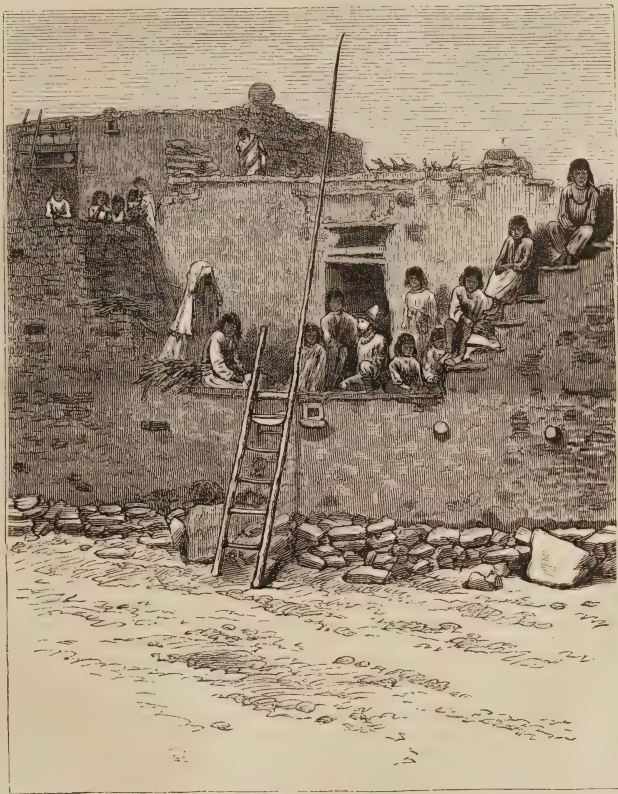
"Then it has been tried?" I asked.

"Yes; and but for that our people, once many as the trees on the mountain-side, would still be numerous and bright as the stars."

He pushed back his long, black hair, and blew three whiffs from his pipe in the direction of the sun. After much questioning, he dropped his pipe, closed his eyes, and continued, at length, in a sad monotone:

"In the most ancient times (*tiempo quanto hai*) a hundred towns filled the valleys round about Zuni; and even along the mountains dwelt our people.

We were then the only people in all the world, and Death only came to the earth once in a thousand years. The great plains to the west, where now is a desert, and the rarely found water is salt, were then traversed by clear streams filled with fish; and God's altar-fire (*el huminar que nos alumbró de Dios*) nourished into life the finest fruits, the most nutritious grains, and the most beautiful flowers, by all these waters. Then the buffalo (*cibola*) and the mountain-sheep (*cerbat*) lived in tame herds through all the land; and the deer, now so wild, and the antelope, so shy of man, played around the houses, and laughing children placed garlands on their necks: for



A ZUNI VILLAGE.



no blood had yet been shed in the world; man warred not against man.

"Then all the rites were carried out with gladness; for men needed not to labor, and worship was joy. Then the fires in the estufa burned brightly, fed by the richest oils and most fragrant woods, and our young men and maidens danced the sacred dances in honor of the Fire-god in the harvest-time. In those far-off days the spring in which our river has its birth was a large, clear lake, wherein the mountains were reflected for ever; for no storm ever stirred its smooth expanse, and the sun loved to gaze into it at noon, and see his resplendent face mirrored in the breast of his brother, the Water-god.\* Where now twelve vases stand about the spring, a myriad of twelves surrounded the lake, and each vase was larger than all our twelve; and they were filled, each Autumn, with fruits and roots and grains, that decayed not till burned the following year in sacrifice. And about the vases clambered flowering vines; and song-birds of brilliant plumage built in them their nests, and there raised their young.

"In those days we had no war-chief as now. Our leaders were the two great priests, one of whom attended the sacred fire in the estufa, and the other directed the worship of the Water-god (*O-na-wii-ti*). The high-priest of the Sun had his home on the mesa (plateau) which rises yonder, with steep sides, from our valley; and with him lived a son, renowned throughout all the land for his grace, strength and beauty. His hair was like the sunbeams, his eyes blue as the sky ere the stars look out; and he led the dancers with feet that made music, and a smile that made light. But the son of the fire-priest loved to come down from the mesa, and wander up to the lake, on the peaceful shores of which dwelt the water-priest and his daughter. She was dark, with eyes like the antelope, and hair like the blackbird's wing, and a voice that sounded like the song of birds breaking through the murmur of waters.

"Fair as was the fire-priest's son, maidens were not jealous of the water-priest's daughter. Beautiful as was she, envy entered not the hearts of the young men; but they rubbed their hands as they saw the lovers by the lake, and they said: 'There will be a marriage soon—such a marriage as the earth has not witnessed since the stars danced at its birth.'

"And the marriage was set for the time of the harvest-dance. Never before had the crops been more bountiful nor the fruits more luscious nor the flowers more beautiful. The laden branches of the peach and fig bent under their burdens, and made each tree a fruit-covered arbor. In bunches, purple and white, the grapes hung from the strained vines, weary with their rich burdens; and the odor of flowers filled the air.

"At night the fire-flies lit the surface of the lake, and they whispered with the fish about the wedding; and the eagles came down from the mountains with the sun in their eyes, and talked with the swans by the water.

"At length came the day set for the wedding. It was to be celebrated here, in the central city of Zuni; and hither came the people from far and near, and encamped by the river. From his temple by the lake came the priest with his daughter; from the altars on the mesa came the priest with his son. The marriage took place when the sun stood balanced in the heavens, and saw his face before him in the lake. Then there was a shout of joy from the assembled

hosts, and the dances began by the river. As the sun went down fires were lit in the valley and along the hills, so that darkness fled, and even the stars were quenched in the blaze of fires.

"But while the fires burned in the valley to honor the bridal pair, the fire in the estufa burned low and died out; for the priest and his attendants had left the temple. And while the dancers circled on the flower-strewn river-banks, the lake and the shrine of its deity were deserted. But the people thought not of this, but danced and sang and feasted, till the strongest grew weary and the happiest sought rest.

"'It is the happiest of nights,' murmured the young; 'and the longest,' said the old men, now alarmed that the sun did not rise.

"'I will go back to the lake,' said the water-priest.

"'And I will return to replenish the sacred fires,' said the priest of the sun.

"And they kissed their children, and were about to depart, wondering much at the long darkness, when cries of terror were heard along the river, where so recently had been songs of gladness. And the people came rushing back, and, gathering about the priests, cried, 'Save us, save us!'

"'Save you from what?' asked the priests.

"'From the waters! The river is rising over its banks! In great, waving billows the lake speeds this way! Hark! there is a dashing of waves in the heavens, and the mighty waters to the west are sweeping hitherward!'

"Even as they spoke, the lightning flashed across the black arch of the sky, and in it the priests read the sign of death. Then, with a crash that shook the highest hills, and roused all the sleepers, the deafening thunder followed, and the rain fell in a deluge from the trembling clouds.

"'To the mesa! to the mesa!' shouted the people. And every one sought to save himself, save only the mothers, who gathered their frightened children about them and strained their bodies to their breasts. Never before had man taken the life of his fellow; but now, in their wild haste to gain the high lands of the mesa, the strong trampled the weaker under foot, and the first blood was spilled in our valley. Even unto this day its stain is upon the red rocks along the path of their flight.

"In fear the buffalo and sheep, and the deer and antelope fled to the mountains; and with cries of agony the birds circled round the dying fires, or settled in terror on the heads of the fugitives. Only one at a time could ascend the winding path, which then, as now, was the only means of access to the mesa. Up this the people clambered, burying their bleeding fingers in the slippery walls and followed by the angry waters. Not one in a thousand escaped, but those that did covered the mesa; and among them were the priest and the bridal pair.

"There was no way to judge of time; there was no food; there was no light. And still the waters rushed down from the heavens; and still the roar of waves could be heard beating against the walls of the mesa, and rising higher and higher.

"The priests knew that the gods were angered. Men had forgotten, in their sensual pleasures, the duties owed to Heaven. The first fruits had been eaten by the bridal pair, and the first flowers—hitherto offerings to the Water-god—had been woven into chaplets for the children of the priests. The priests called to the people to pray that the wrath of the gods might be appeased; and all knelt in the darkness, and bowed their heads and smote their hearts. And as they prayed, a faint light came to the earth, so that the people could look into each other's frightened, famished

\* I found a constant tendency among the Pueblos to confuse the symbol and the thing symbolized. The sun, called "God's Altar," is changed to represent God; and the actual water is made to stand for its presiding deity. I have tried to faithfully chronicle Pina's words, as noted at the time, and have only taken a translator's privilege in recasting them.

faces; and the mothers could see that the infants, clasped to their shrunken breasts, were dead.

"They ran to the edge of the cliff and looked through the gloom, toward where Zuni had been. White-crested waves rolled over its site; and like islands the mountain-tops rose from the world of waters. They looked down the cliff, no longer high, for men stooped over, and their shriveled fingers could reach the water; and on this water floated the dead by tens of thousands; and many of them were maidens and youths, to whose brows, like water-moss, still clung the garlands of the feast.

"There was no night, there was no day, there was no light, there was no darkness; only the rain pouring from the heavens, and the waves coming higher and higher, with the awful hunger eating at the vitals of the people.

"Then those who had never tasted flesh, drew the dead animals from the water, and ate. Even the priests, who never ceased to pray, and the silent women sitting by their dead, ate of the flesh of animals killed by the anger of the gods.

"Visibly the islands grew smaller and less numerous; and the waters had come up the mesa's walls, and began to gather about the feet of the people. The water-priest lost heart, and covering his face with his hands he fell upon the ground to die. But not so the high-priest of the Sun; he still kept his eyes fixed on heaven. As he looked up, a bright light darted down from beyond the black clouds, piercing them like a fiery lance, and falling on the head of the old man. Then, from space, came a voice that thrilled every heart, and the wind and the waves stopped to listen:

"Those whom you have preferred before me, must be offered up as a sacrifice. Then will my light again shine on the earth."

"There was a murmur in the waters, and another voice came up from the depths—it was the spirit of the waters:

"No mercy! no mercy! All, all must perish! and the wind roared its approval, and the waves lashed themselves into a greater fury.

"The high-priest of the Sun cried out, 'Take me! take me! and save my children!'

"But for answer the ray of light grew dim, and the darkness increased.

"Here, father; through us has this suffering come on the people. Let us die, that light may again come to the world!" said the young man, to whom clung his bride.

"And they raised the old priest from the ground and kissed him; and they embraced the high-priest of the Sun. Then, waving a farewell to the famishing people, they walked to the edge of the mesa. Again the light burst out, this time pouring on the youth and maiden till they seemed covered with gold and precious stones. With arms clasped they sprang into the water, and as they sank the black clouds rolled away, and the waters roared back to the caverns under ground.

"There, by the mesa side, even unto this day, stand the bridal pair." And Pino pointed to two huge pillars that rise side by side from the valley, and which in the distance look like giant statues.

In answer to further questioning, he told me that the people went sadly back to their drowned town, and began to replant their crops and rebuild their houses. But while the heat of the sun was greater than ever, from that time on, the anger of the Water-god was never appeased. The lake shrank to a spring, and the great river to a fishless stream. The fertile lands to the west became an arid, shimmering desert, the home of the mirage, with its delusive lakes. The buffalo became wild and fierce; the cerbat remained in the high cliffs in which he had found shelter from the flood; and the deer and antelope never again came near the dwellings of men, for their dead had been eaten. Savage men, bearing arms, brought war, and the soil gave harvest only when moistened by the sweat of labor.

"But," said Pino, in conclusion, "the good days will come again; and all the dead will return to our valleys, under the lead of Montezuma. And the bridal pair, standing in silent watch above the valley, will assume life again at the sound of his voice, renewing the happy existence, sacrificed that the people might be saved."

## THE FAMILY RECORD.

GRANDMAMMA sat in the quaint old porch,

The little one sat near her,  
Duly waiting for chapter and psalm,  
With the bright little face demure and calm,  
And reverent aspect to hear her.

Grandmamma sat in her elbow-chair,  
With the good book open before her;  
Her hands were folded as if for prayer,  
But her eyes were fixed with an absent air,  
A reverie had stolen over her.

It was not on psalms or on proverbs wise,  
Nor on grand prophetic thunders,  
Nor yet on the Gospel's gentle words,  
Nor where St. John's eagle-pen records  
The Apocalyptic wonders—

Yet the page was sacred on which she gazed,  
And raised her thoughts to heaven;  
In faded ink was written there,  
The names of the sons and daughters fair,  
That the Lord to her had given.

Six lonely names 'neath the head of "Births";  
But, alas! on the opposite column,  
With fresher ink, but with trembling pen,  
Each lonely name was written again,  
'Neath "Deaths" heading, sad and solemn.

One by one of the Bible names,  
Grandmamma told them over;  
While the tears were filling her dim old eyes,  
A thanksgiving mingled with her sighs  
For the darling yet left to love her:

"Reuben! my bravest and eldest born,  
Who first taught me a mother's pleasure;  
The first to come and the last to go,  
A parent's joys twice to you I owe,  
For you left me my one sole treasure.

"Miriam and Ruth! it is twenty years  
Since that Spring when the Lord bereft me,  
And the two little graves on the churchyard hill  
We planted with daisies and violets—but still  
One little Spring blossom is left me.

"Samuel! like Samuel's mother of old,  
I vowed him to serve his Maker,  
And in taking him, God took but His own;  
I dared not murmur—now one alone  
Is left—may the Lord not take her.

"Peter! not on the green hill-side,  
Where the others are quietly sleeping;  
But where coral grows, far beneath the whirl  
Of the surging waves—but one precious pearl  
Is left to comfort my weeping.

"Esther! she was just sixteen,  
Graceful, and tall and slender;  
My darling has just her soft brown hair,  
And her pensive face, so sweet and fair,  
And her spirit, meek and tender."

Grandmamma wakes from her reverie,  
And wiped away the water  
That was flowing over her wrinkled cheeks,  
And then read the darling the chapter that speaks  
Of Jairus's little daughter.



time, and was not so well instructed as Jane, but she knew of the Saviour's love, and it was a great comfort to her. Her mother was with her during the latter part of her illness, and seemed much comforted by the child's expression of faith in Christ. Martha, too, we believe, is with the blood-washed throng.

We felt it a great trial to lose these girls, yet we could not but feel that we had cause also for thankfulness.

#### A MUCH SORER TRIAL

has come upon us since. A spirit of restlessness and discontent took hold of some of the girls, encouraged, we fear, by some of their friends outside, and two went so far as to leave the house without permission. Other two seemed so discontented, that we feared their influence would be injurious to the others, and thought best to let them go to their own friends. But we shall by the help of God, follow these girls, and we hope yet to see them in a better mind. Since these departures the

#### UTMOST HARMONY AND CHEERFULNESS

have prevailed, and though our numbers are reduced to eleven, that is really as many as we can conveniently provide for at present. It is very hard for some of these girls to stand restraint for any length of time, so accustomed are they to a life of freedom and change. And we must expect trials—we have found them in the past, such trials, often, as one not knowing the character and circumstances of the people could form no idea of. But the past encourages us to feel that the Lord can bring us through, whatever may assail, and He will take care of His own work. I know many are praying for us. Your suggestion that I should send.

#### MONTHLY OR BI-MONTHLY LETTERS

is a good one, and I will see what I can do to carry it out. I have been asked to write to different places; perhaps it would be well to address each in turn, with the option of forwarding to other Auxiliaries, if it was thought worth while. I should deem it a favor if you would send this on to some member of the Toronto Branch. It should have been finished and might have been sent off before this, but a little sick child of mine has needed my attention, and it has been written by snatches. I wish I could do a great deal more to show the need of earnest Christian work among these people. Thank you for your letter. It is very cheering to hear of your continued sympathy and effort.

#### WOMANS' MISSIONARY WORK.

"WOMAN's work for woman, in the sense of missions to heathen women, grows in significance every hour. The necessity for it, the fruitfulness of the work, the fitness of Christian women to do for their sisters in unevangelized lands, are no longer open questions. Until the women are reached nothing can be considered as permanently accomplished," says a recent writer on missions in China. Reading this pregnant sentence in the faces of 150,000,000 Chinese women and girls, we can well believe it to be sober truth. "It is they," he goes on to say, "who teach the nation to be idolatrous, training the children in

superstition from the very dawn of reason." This is only what we claim for women in this land of ours, except that here they turn the faces of the children to the light. It is the recognition of women as trainers of the next generation, pitching its life to a key that regulates their own. Heathenism and false religion will move on, a swollen, turbid stream, in spite of every effort, if this great mass of heathen women cannot be leavened by the gospel, which has set the women of Christian lands in their high places, and given them queenly power.

It is equally true of India as of China—and no more true of either than of Africa, though for a somewhat different reason. Another fact fully established is, that men cannot do this work. Women must break their fetters, or they will not be broken. That she can carry the torch of life into the darkness is fully proven. No brighter chapter of modern missions is there than that written by her hand. No field is riper than that which awaits her sickle.—*The Gospel in all Lands.*

### Our Young Folk.

#### THINKING IT OVER.

A LITTLE girl I am indeed,  
And little do I know;  
Much help and care I yet shall need,  
That I may wiser grow,  
If I would ever hope to do,  
Things great and good, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try  
To do what good I may,  
God never meant that such as I  
Should only live to play,  
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,  
And sleep and wake, and never think.

I may, if I have but a mind,  
Do good in many ways:  
Plenty to do the young may find  
In these our busy days.  
Sad would it be, though young and small,  
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
Or one kind, loving deed,  
May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing?

Then let me try each day and hour  
To act upon this plan:  
What little good is in my power,  
To do it while I can.  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by and by.

## FAMILY WORSHIP.

THE bell rang at Mr. Stuart's just as the boys were combing their hair. "I do say!" exclaimed Harvey, "I wish we didn't have prayers so early in the morning. My boots are not blacked, and my cravat isn't on, and there's the bell!" They were late, of course, and they grumbled a little and declared that for their part they thought the prayer-bell rang "most awful early." This made Uncle Henry laugh. "Early?" he said; "why the sun has been up nearly three hours. I tell you what it is, boys, if you lived in Moqui town you would have to get up earlier than this for prayers." "Where is Moqui town?" asked both boys at once. "Over in New Mexico, on the rocks. Do you know about the Moqui towns? Why, there is a rock seven hundred feet high, and three quarters of a mile wide. What do you think of such a stone as that?" "And do the Moqui Indians live up there?" "High and dry, three different villages, the people speaking three distinct languages—four, in fact; for they have one language besides which they all know." The boys considered this state of things in silence a few minutes, then Harvey said, "I guess they don't have family worship up there." "Indeed they do. Your bell tinkling this morning reminded me of it. Their bell is just about as large, I should say; but they want to waken the whole village, you see. How do they manage it? Why, they tie the bell to one strong fellow's ankles and send him scudging through the town. By this means all the people hear the bell, and they come pouring out of their houses, down the ladders, and seat themselves on the very edge of the rock, seven hundred feet above the valley. Suppose they fall? Then they are gone." "Do they read in the Bible?" "Not they; no Bibles there. They will some day, when you boys grow up and make money, and send it or take it, as you ought to, to Christianize these fellows. But meantime they watch the sun rise. He is their god you know—all the one they hear about. They go through certain motions, which they call 'thanking the sun for coming back to give them light and heat.' I'm not much of a missionary, but I used to like to look at them, and think of the time when the Sun of Righteousness would rise for them—I mean when you folks out here at home get ready to tell them about Him. If I were a missionary I'd start for the Moqui towns, and see what I could do. Send your money there, boys; the people have been watching the sun rise for so many years they will be all ready to hear about the 'true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'—*The Pansy.*

## THE BIBLE IN MY TRUNK.

A CONVERSATION at a tea-table turned upon the propriety of praying before other persons; and some contended it was pharisaical to kneel down and say your prayers while others were in the room. A minister who was present related the following anecdote:—

"When I was a young man," said he, "I was a clerk at Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding-house were also clerks, about my own age, which was eighteen. The first Sabbath morning, during the three

or four hours that elapsed from getting up to bell-ringing for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it; but I was afraid to do so before my mess-mates, who were reading miscellaneous books. At last my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look like oversanctity and pharisaical, so I shut my trunk and returned to the window.

"For twenty minutes I was miserably at ease; I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk, and had my hand on my little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again dropped the top of my trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my room-mates, who had observed my irresolute movements, said laughingly,—

"I say, what's the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock!"

"I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told him what was the matter. To my surprise and delight, they both spoke up, and avowed that they had Bibles in their trunks, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were afraid to take them out, lest I should laugh at them.

"Then," said I, "let us agree to read them every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh on our side."

"To this there was a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were out; and I assure you we felt happier all that day, for reading in them in the morning.

"The following Sabbath, about ten o'clock, while we were reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stared, and then exclaimed,—

"What is all this? A conventicle?"

"In reply, I stated exactly how the matter stood; my struggle to get my Bible from my trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath.

"Not a bad idea," answered one of them. "You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible, too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Boston. But I will read it after this, since you've broken the ice."

"The other then asked one of us to read aloud, and both sat and listened quietly till the bell rang out for church.

"That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night by one or the other of us, at nine o'clock; and we religiously adhered to our purpose.

"A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking, when the nine o'clock bell rang. One of my room-mates, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

"We'll all stay and listen," they said, almost unanimously.

"The result was, that without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading the Bible; and the moral effect upon our



Letter from REV. C. TATE, dated *Bella Bella*, March 2nd, 1883.

#### PROGRESS.

OUR winter quarter is now past, and, with the lengthening days and melting snow, we begin to feel that spring is at hand. There has been a great deal of sickness, and several deaths, among the Indians. Thank God, the mission party have been kept in health, and we have been happy in our work. A good day school has been kept up all winter, and the children have made good progress in their studies. The young people have shown great interest in Bible study, especially the historical parts. Their chief delight is in singing—nothing will bring them together quicker than to announce a singing meeting. We have translated several pieces into their language, and they sing them better than the English pieces, as they are a little afraid of making wrong pronunciation in the latter.

#### SEVERAL NICE LITTLE COTTAGES

have been built, and the people are getting out of their old heathen houses. The great difficulty in the way of building lies in there being no saw mill within 200 miles. If we could procure a little mill, we have a nice stream of water by which it could be run. This would be a great boon to our people.

We have had several conversions during the winter, notably from among the middle-aged. They find it very hard to live Christian lives, as the whole of their training has been in a way directly opposite to the doctrines of Christianity. They no doubt make many mis-steps in their ignorance, yet when we compare their present life to what it used to be, we "thank God, and take courage."

#### VISITING THE CAMPS.

A number of our people are now away at their several hunting grounds. Two weeks ago we spent a few days in visiting the principal camps. Our voyage was rather a stormy one, and somewhat dangerous, as we were exposed to the mountainous waves of the broad Pacific, which made our little canoe "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man;" and as the breakers lashed themselves to foam against the giant rocks, as though they would tear them up by the roots—only a few yards from our frail bark—we were led to realize that our lives are hung on very slender threads. However, we were under the protection of Him who "holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand," and were brought to our destination in safety, where we were

#### WARMLY RECEIVED BY THE PEOPLE,

and soon made comfortable in a little slab shanty. Although not nearly so good as an ordinary wood shed—some of the chinks being large enough for a good-sized dog to get through—yet sitting around a blazing fire, and partaking of a delicious supper of baked clams, it would have been difficult to make us more comfortable.

Next day being Sunday, we gathered in the largest shanty, at morning, noon, and night, and enjoyed rich "seasons of grace and sweet delight," on account of the Master's presence.

On Monday we went to another camp, where we preached and held prayer meeting, after which we

hoisted sail to a fair wind, and reached home in safety at 8 p.m., feeling that having been a blessing to others, we received a blessing ourselves.

## Facts and Illustrations.

THE *Jewish Intelligencer* says that in a town in Persia (Hamadan) recently forty Jews and fifteen Jewesses have been brought to believe in Jesus by reading the word of God alone.

THE Maori Christians are unusually self-reliant. Six new churches were last year provided by them for their own wants.

A SCOTCH Baptist church has been organized in Patagonia. There are Chinese Baptist churches in Guiana, and a French one in the Argentine Republic.

THE Wesleyan Missions on the west coast of Africa—in Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Yomba, Popo, and Gambia—have contributed about \$150,000 in the last ten years. The number in Church-fellowship is 15,044; in attendance on public worship, 53,474.

## CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—	
Field Notes. By the Editor .....	81
Good News from Bermuda .....	81
Mission Work in Cities .....	82
Rev. George M. Meacham, D.D. ....	83
The North-West .....	83
CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT:—	
Supervision .....	84
Missions and Current Thought .....	84
Stand Every One in His Place .....	85
MISSIONARY READINGS:—	
One Ray of Light .....	85
Arab Women of Algiers .....	85
The Acropolis of Athens .....	85
Temple of the Sun, Peking .....	85
Interesting Sketch of a Lemberg Pupil .....	86
The Hermannsburg Missions .....	86
A Persecuted Brahmin Lady .....	86
"Yet More." .....	87
Facts Worth Knowing .....	87
A Modern Confessor in Spain .....	87
"Ready to Die for the Name of the Lord Jesus." .....	88
Madagascar .....	89
WOMAN'S WORK:—	
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church .....	90
Home Notes .....	91
The Crosby "Home." .....	91
Woman's Missionary Work .....	92
OUR YOUNG FOLK:—	
Thinking It Over .....	92
Family Worship .....	93
The Bible in my Trunk .....	93
The Mongolian Boy .....	94
ALONG THE LINE:—	
British Columbia. Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN .....	94
Bella Bella. Letter from the REV. C. TATE .....	96
FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS .....	
ENGRAVINGS:—	
A Mongolian Boy .....	81
Arab Women of Algiers .....	81
The Acropolis of Athens. (Restored.) .....	88
Temple of the Sun, Peking .....	89

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## Along the Line.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from the REV. THOMAS CROSBY, dated Port Simpson, Dec. 20th, 1882.*

#### QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLAND.

SINCE I had last an opportunity to write you, I have made a trip to Victoria, including a call at Skit-a-gate, Queen Charlotte Island, where Bro. Robinson is at present among the Hydahs. There is the remnant of a once powerful nation. Their village is literally a forest of crest poles—some of which are hollowed out for twelve or fourteen feet, and are the graves of chiefs long dead; others represent the family crest of the owners. The people are passing away: there are few children in the camp, and no young women—all have gone to Victoria, or elsewhere, to ruin; and the people of the villages, who twenty years ago numbered 2,000, would not exceed 900 now.

These people have been coming to us year after year ever since we came to Port Simpson, asking for a missionary, but we could not supply them.

The C. M. S. sent a good man to the northern end of the Island some years ago, but he was taken away, and now they have no agent there.

On one occasion a band of twenty leading men waited on us. They said they would give up going to Victoria if we would send them a teacher. May God bless Bro. Robinson among them!

#### ALASKA.

From Skit-a-gate we went on to Wrangle, Alaska, where five years ago I had the privilege of introducing the Gospel into that land. Now the Presbyterians have here a church and day school, and an Industrial Home, where thirty Indian girls are provided for under the care of Mrs. H. R. McFarland, of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S.

Their work has extended rapidly. They have a mission at Sitka, one at Tah-coo, one at Tsil-cat, and one on Prince of Wales' Island. May God bless them all in their work. We spent a pleasant evening with the missionaries, and had a special service with the people.

#### VICTORIA.

Next morning we were under way for Victoria, with a number of miners on board—pleasant men to travel with. Four days in Victoria, and a run to New Westminster, where I found Bro. Robson in the midst of a blessed revival. There were signs of a coming shower at Victoria also. Oh, how much it is needed throughout all the country! There are fifty thousand Chinamen, living, many of them, in the grossest vice, and ruining the white population as well as themselves, and not a single missionary for them! May God pity them and send them a Christian teacher!

Then the Indians about these towns get all the whiskey they want. It is a lamentable fact, in spite of the law, that this is the ruin of hundreds of these poor Indians. Many of our Northern Indians, being good workers, are induced to go to the lower country

by the high wages they can get, and are thus led into temptation, and often to ruin.

#### BELLA BELLA.

On our way up, I had a chance to stay over a day and a night at Bella Bella with Bro. Tate. Glad to find the work in a good state. Neat houses are replacing the old lodges. There is a great deal of work that ought to be done at outside places—Wee-kee-no and Hy-hies, while Bella Coola is still without a teacher. We must send a native agent there as soon as possible.

Kit-a-mat needs a white teacher, and as no man could be found to undertake it, Miss Lawrence nobly volunteered to go. She started off with a party of Indians, by canoe. They were two weeks on the way, in very stormy weather. She is 160 miles from us. May God bless her in the self-denying work she is engaged in.

In Victoria I found a young man from Chicago, who paid his own way out on the emigrant train, bent on giving himself to the Indian work in this country. I left him at the Bella Bella school for the present. He is promising, and seems to have the right ring about him.

#### REVIVAL AT PORT SIMPSON.

On reaching home, I found a blessed revival was in progress among our people. Praise the Lord! This is what we had been praying for. Many of the most indifferent had been clearly converted. We had prayer-meeting every morning at 7 o'clock, and at 2 p.m. some earnest ones would gather in the street to sing, then proceed to some house for a meeting. And at half-past six in the evening there would be service in the school-house, when the people would come singing up the road like a Salvation Army. It is a glorious work.

Bro. Jennings has been a great help in carrying on this work. Many of the children have been led to Christ. It has been a time of rejoicing for us all.

#### UP THE NAAS.

Some of the people, with their hearts burning with love, felt they must carry the good news to other tribes, so on Friday the 8th Dec. we set off, twelve in number, by canoe for Naas. We got out of the harbor, when the wind came against us, and we were obliged to put in about eight miles from home. There we found several families, had a blessed meeting, and some were blessed. Here we spent the night. Next morning we were off again by five o'clock, and travelled a long way before daylight, reaching Kin-coolith by one o'clock. Rev. Mr. Dunn, of the C. M. S., invited us to have a service, that our people might tell what the Lord had done for them. After a pleasant meeting we set out again, thinking we might get up the river with the flood tide; but we found a strong wind, and so much floating ice in the river, we could make no head way, so we had to make for a camp at a place where some white men are engaged putting up a saw-mill, where we remained for the night, and were treated very kindly.

#### CAUGHT IN THE ICE.

We were now about ten miles from Greenville, our



die out from their minds. As to the old members of our Society, I am glad in being able to say that they are moving on quietly and peaceably in the even tenor of their way. . . . Of late, the Lord has been very gracious to us, inasmuch as our religious life has been somewhat revived and quickened. Though to say that the White Fish Lake Indians do not attend church, I cannot—(they cannot be reproved for non-attendance to the means of grace, our house is always full); yet there was that lack of real interest on the part of many. They listened very attentively to the preached word, and attended the other means of grace, but seemed to get no real good; so I thought to go right to their homes to hold meetings for prayer, class and fellowship meetings; and I am glad to think that our community is being stirred up religiously, so that now the voice of rejoicing is heard in almost every tabernacle in our settlement. We thank God and take courage.

On Christmas-day we had our communion service and love feast. It was a season not soon to be forgotten. Many, in giving their experience, said they had been trying to serve God for some time, and thought they were going in the right way, but since those meetings from house to house have been held, they have been made to see their error: they were going down instead of up. The doing of a round of religious duties formed their religion, but now they saw that this kind of religion would not save them, or take them up to heaven; but Jesus, the religion which His Spirit teaches, is what they had been wanting.

You will see by this simple and imperfect report of our sayings and doings, that we not only have a name to live, but are indeed alive through Jesus Christ. The means of grace are earnestly attended and better appreciated. Now that the spirit of prayer and supplication is being poured out upon our people, the Lord is showing its blessed effects upon many hearts. I hope by continuing and keeping up the gracious influence which has and is still being shed upon this mission station, our prospects may, by the continued blessing of the great Spirit, brighten up, even to the perfect day.

The membership is still the same: rather a decrease in casting off the wandering ones who were only on trial on our list.

Our school, I am happy to say, is in a prosperous state, doing good work among the children of this station. The teacher is at his post daily, and appears happy in his work, and finds the children very apt to learn. I may here remark that all along there has been a mutual teaching, he learning the Cree language from the children, and the children the English from him, inasmuch as he is now able, in some degree, to explain the lessons, so that the young Neechees are able to understand him. He says, in all his experience as a teacher in the civilized world, he never found a school of children that he was so fond of. So gentle and well-behaved, and ever ready to do as they are bid. You will see by the report now being sent what the standing of our school is, in the various lessons that are being taught. I am very well pleased with this department of our work.

From last summer until now we have been blessed providentially with good health, and with enough to

exist upon. There has been no sickness amongst the people, consequently no death, save one, an adult, an aged woman, who died a Christian, and an infant; while there have been six births, and two marriages have been solemnized.

We are not making great advances materially, yet we are doing all we can. Hired labor being very high, all that has to be done must be by ourselves.

Regarding our temporal circumstances, we are neither too high nor too low. The last fall fishery was altogether a failure, but thanks to a kind Providence, our people reaped good crops from their little farms, in grain and vegetables, so that there has been no complaining amongst them, neither have the hand so far been obliged to ask for Government aid to relieve their distress; though they may be compelled to apply for assistance before the winter is over.

Everything seems to come against the Indians hunting this winter, though muskrats and rabbits are quite numerous, and there are also some moose within the neighborhood of the lake; but old "*We-sah-kachauk*," has been particularly wicked since the winter commenced, shaking his snowy locks and his old hoar-frosted blanket in anger from his throne at the North Pole, consequently there has been plenty of snow; we are literally snowed up, and hunting is out of the question.

I have endeavored, so far as my circumstances permitted, to attend to my appointment at Saddle Lake. I am hopeful that some good will yet be done by continued effort among the people at that place; they are very willing to hear. I have not only tried to preach to them, but endeavored also to establish a class and prayer-meetings amongst them, also a sort of a Sunday-school when I am there. I think if we take hold of the work there, a day school should be established amongst them, as the people have all come back to us again; as the Church of England missionary has failed to accomplish his mission there, and is intending to leave, proposing to sell off his house and improvements, as he was ordered by his Bishop to move up to Victoria, within the field now occupied by our missionary, Mr. MacLachlin, claiming that the most of the inhabitants there formerly belonged to the Church of England. There is an idea afloat which, if effected, White Fish Lake mission station will be abandoned. Why White Fish Lake in the first place was selected for a mission station was on account of the fish in the lake; and in the second place, it was thought sufficiently out of the way of war parties. Fish have now been failing for a number of years back, and now it is sufficiently apparent that they cannot be depended on for sustenance to the inhabitants; and as it is very difficult for Indians to clear enough land for farming purposes, on account of the land being so much wooded, though the soil is most excellent. The Indians now see that the only means of livelihood is to till the ground more extensively than they have hitherto done, and not depend any more on the chase. For this end they must move to a part of the country where farming can be done with less trouble than at this place. The place talked of is about fifteen miles east of Saddle Lake; and I have been thinking, if this idea be carried out, that Saddle Lake and the proposed Egg Lake settlement would be attended to by

one missionary. Of course two schools would be wanted. This, what I have said, is only an idea which has sprung up lately from the difficulty of our situation. The Council has not yet met to decide upon the question, and whatever may be the decision of the Council, if in favor of a removal, the affair will of course have to be presented to the Indian Commissioner, and perhaps to the Government in Ottawa.

Dear Doctor, I think I will now close my paper-talk with you—glad to inform you that the good providence of God has favored me so far with a good degree of health, so that I have been able to do the work assigned me. I have not been altogether idle, although I have not written to you very often. I have taken many a journey in different directions, trying to do all I can for the great Master while it is day, and happy to say that my labor has not altogether been in vain: it has been blessed, and I have been blessed myself. My family are quite well. I trust we shall still have a share in your prayers.

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

*Letter from REV. A. E. GREEN, dated Naas River, November 7th, 1882.*

I AM thankful to state that our Master's work is in a very hopeful condition, and we are looking for a mighty revival. During the past summer our Indians were much separated, working at various points. Quite a number went down to work on the C. P. Railroad, but I am glad indeed to say they have all returned home. We were grieved deeply by one or two who yielded to the temptation of liquor, but thankful they came back, confessed their sins, and sought the Lord's pardon. It is a great pity that the liquor law is not enforced. But it is not in Victoria, New Westminster, and Nanaimo. The Indians get all the liquor they want, and the officials wink at it. This has a bad effect upon any of our native Christians who may go seeking employment at any of those places. But we thank God that His grace preserved so many of them, so that they were lights burning among the darkness. Our Indians who went to the Fraser River were helped much by the Rev. E. Robson, of New Westminster. We feel very grateful for the great interest he takes in the Northern Indians. The proprietors of the Fraser Canneries tried hard to get our Indians to work on Sunday. They were told unless they did it they would be discharged. Refusing to break God's law, they were not allowed to work that week. They chose rather to obey God than man. I am surprised that the Dominion Government grant the Cannery proprietors permission to fish on Sundays.

We have had tokens for good during the past two weeks. An old conjuror named "Ulu-cheat" living at Kit-hicks has long been the terror of the poor superstitious people. He professed to be able to kill or cure by sorcery, and in this way extorted much property from the Indians. This last fall he was heavily fined at Port Simpson by the magistrate for extorting money by sorcery. Two weeks ago this old conjuror came to the Mission-house, and asked to speak with me. Several of our Christian natives

were in the room while he spoke to us as follows:—"Bring me the food of Jesus! I am filthy! I am bad! I am come to the fountain! Help me! help me! Long I have worked for the Devil. Long my heart has been troubled! Now I am come to Jesus for rest. When a little child has lost its father and mother, and its home, it cries in great trouble. Anyone who may see the lost one takes it by the hand and leads it to its father. Lead me; I am lost! Lead me to my Father. You know God, take my hand, lead me to Him. I want Him to forgive me and give me a new heart." We pointed him to the Lamb of God, and our native Christians prayed earnestly with him. The following evening in meeting he said, "I feel strange to-day! I feel like a little bird beginning to fly! The weight is gone from my heart. My trouble seems all gone! Last night I could not sleep; I wanted to sing. I feel that I belong to Jesus!" This man was simply dreading by all the natives, but the power of God has reached his heart. He tells the people that he had no power to ill wish them, but his bad heart wanted their property, and so he professed himself a conjuror to get it. Now he is returning the things so taken to their owners. The other day he came up to the house, and coming in the inner room, he said, "If ever I came to this house when I was doing the devil's work, I used to feel ashamed, and so sat down just inside the door, but to-day I come right in for I am washed in the blood."

One of our leading men, Stephen Clark (Nee-wan), (the same man who gave a dinner and made a speech, which I sent you the first Christmas I was here), has been very sick for more than a year. I took him to Victoria in the summer, but the doctors could not help him much. He is very weak. Last Sabbath he asked that the Lord's Supper might be administered to him. So in the evening we went to his house, which we found already crowded. It was a very solemn time indeed. After we had explained the nature of the Lord's Supper, and our dying brother had taken of the same (supported by one of his brethren), he exhorted all to follow Jesus—to keep in the path—to look at the lamp (the Bible). Many wept as he called over the names of several who had previously died happy here. He said, "They are home, and now I am going—there will be room enough for you all—meet me in Heaven." His resignation, and joy, and his sufferings are having a good effect among the people.

The day school is improving; the maps, books, etc., brought by Bro. Crosby are most useful.

I was at Naas Harbor last week. We have a nice class at that place. The church is finished outside, but as I cannot get any lumber for completing the inside, we shall not open it till spring. Meantime, services will be conducted in an Indian house, and we have good hopes of much glorious work being wrought there.

#### SAUGEEN.

*Extract from a Letter from the REV. T. CULBERT, dated Saugeen, Feb. 16th, 1883.*

OUR Missionary Services were very successful. Our Sabbath-school is greatly increasing, and is doing well. As most of the Indians are at home this winter,



our congregations are increasingly good. The Sabbath evening prayer-meetings are well attended. We are holding special services this week—a most gracious influence pervades them. The singing and praying show that the members are being greatly blessed. Lukewarm ones getting revived, seriousness depicted on the countenances of others, show that God's Spirit is operating on their hearts. . . . A number of them are mighty in prayer, and the singing is most delightful.

One fine young Indian prays every night in the present meetings with great earnestness, and in his own way of speaking says he is getting on in religion "first-rate." It can be seen in his countenance. If he had an education he might be a useful man. Nearly all the young people attend the Sabbath-school; yet there are drawbacks, especially the terrible curse of intemperance. If a good Christian man would set up a store near the Indians, so that they would not have to go to Southampton and Port Elgin to trade, it would do much to keep many of them from liquor. Nearly all the Sunday-school, superintendent, teachers, and children, have joined the Sunday-school Temperance Society.

### GEORGINA ISLAND.

*Extract from a Letter from the REV. J. E. HOWELL, M.A.,  
Chairman of Bradford District, dated Feb. 1st, 1883.*

I VISITED Georgina Island Mission last week, and was delighted with Indians and teacher. A good work is being done. Had a Missionary meeting at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the coldest day of the year, January 23rd, and about one-half of the entire population of the Island were present. Collections and subscriptions amounted to over 50 cents per individual present, men, women, and children, an advance of 200 per cent. over last year. Had good singing, capital chairman, Chief Bigcanoe; in fact all went off in first-class order. A good feature of the meeting was that every one subscribed, men, women, and children.

## Facts and Illustrations.

ON the Sandwich Islands some of the native churches give more than four dollars per member, yearly, for the support of the gospel beyond their territories.

THE Presbyterian Churches in Europe and America have raised a fund of \$45,000 for the support of Waldensian pastors in Italy.

THERE is now an evangelical Church of 1,400 souls at Ur of the Chaldees, the modern Urfa. An Armenian weaver was converted at Aintab, and returning to Urfa combined evangelical work with his daily toil with the above result.

WHILE there were, last year, some seven converts to each of our preachers in the United States, there were some seventy converts to each of the missionaries in Asia.—*Foreign Mission Journal.*

STEPS are being taken to open an institution for the theological training of native missionaries in India, to be supported by the whole of the Presbyterian Churches represented in the Indian mission-field.

THE census of missions is to be taken next year, and it is estimated that it will show an increase of 200,000 native Christians in India, Ceylon, and Burmah, for the last ten years—500,000 in all. Where is the doubter in the success of Christian missions?

THE Arabic Bible, translated by Dr. Eli Smith, and Dr. O. V. A. Van Dyck, and printed at Beirut, is circulated in the Delta and along the valley of the Nile. There is a large population in this part of Africa, and westward to the Atlantic, whose vernacular is Arabic; and as rapidly as they can be reached by missionary effort copies of this Bible will be ready for them.

THE Rev. George Hood illustrates the commercial value of missions by referring to the trade of the United States with the Micronesian and adjacent islands. It seems that the first missionaries went to these Islands in 1852, and in 1879 business was carried on which has yielded profit amounting to nearly \$700,000. The Board during that year appropriated for that mission \$16,795. Or in other words, missions paid out \$1, and commerce, in trade created by the missions, received back \$40.75. And this before most people knew such a mission was in existence.

## CONTENTS.

### EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED:—

Field Notes. By the Editor.....	49
Our Engravings.....	50
A New Departure in Japan.....	50
"Our People Die Well".....	51

### CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT:—

A Serious Drawback.....	52
Two Theories of Christian Work.....	52

### MISSIONARY READINGS:—

Rev. Father Steinhauer.....	53
A Moslem Convert.....	54
Famine Orphanages.....	54
Moravians.....	55
Learn to Give.....	55

### WOMAN'S WORK:—

Notice to Auxiliaries.....	56
Woman's Work.....	56
The Christian Faith and a Bad Temper.....	57
A We-lyan Missionary on Woman's Work in India.....	57
Stirring up the Gifts.....	58

### OUR YOUNG FOLK:—

Room for the Children.....	59
Dig a Well.....	59
The Little Black Cloud.....	60
A Bad Foundation.....	60

### ALONG THE LINE:—

Saskatchewan. Letter from the REV. H. B. STEINHAEUER.....	61
B. Columbia. Letter from the REV. A. E. GREEN.....	63
Sangen. Letter from the REV. T. CULBERT.....	63
Georgina Island. Extract from a Letter from the REV. J. E. HOWELL, M.A.....	63

### FACTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.....

ENGRAVINGS:—	
Smyrna.....	49
The Great Wall of China.....	56
Old China Street, Canton.....	57

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REV. A. SUTHERLAND,

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## THE MISSION AT MASSETT.



E mentioned last month that an interesting letter had been received from the Rev. Charles Harrison, missionary at Massett, the principal settlement in Queen Charlotte's Islands in the North Pacific (named after George the Third's Queen), and we referred to his perilous voyage of sixty miles across the sea in a canoe. We now give his own description of Massett, and his first impressions on arriving there. The Indians are the Hydahs, the finest and fiercest race on the coast.

As we came in sight of Massett, nothing but the poles and columns were seen, and I was forcibly reminded of an English wharf, as the poles looked as very much like masts of ships. Each chief, directly we arrived, hoisted his flag, and then came to the mission-house, and said they were very pleased to see us. Here the old tribal custom, to some degree, still prevails. Each tribe has about six chiefs, and one is looked upon as the Etlagada Uan, though, as a rule, each person thinks himself as high as his neighbour. However, at meetings and feasts they sit according to rank, and the highest chief present leaves the last. At feasts, supposing the head-chief received thirty biscuits, the next would receive twenty-eight, the next twenty-six, and so on, according to their status. Before each house a large pole or column is erected bearing the owner's crest, which is generally a raven, frog, bear, eagle, or wolf. Some importance is still attached to the ge-hang business amongst the Hydahs. A ge-hang is the long pole or column in front of the house. Some are seventy-five feet high, and seven feet in width. The greater the chief the higher the pole erected in front of his house. One pole is used to designate and set forth the owner's crest and pedigree. This is carved with different birds and beasts from bottom to the very top. [See the picture.] Another pole is carved only at the top and bottom, which is erected by a great chief when his brother or any relation dies. This is called the obituary ge-hang. I am able to count thirty-five such poles from my window, of higher or lower dimensions. None but the younger people, as a rule, would think of killing the animal which has been selected by his father for his crest. The rising generation are more enlightened, and see the folly of their ancestral superstitions.

Massett, the place of our abode, is finely situated, and commands many beautiful and glorious views, eclipsed by none in England. In front of the mission-house there is a nice plot of ground, which extends to the sea-shore. The Indians have their houses built as close as possible to the beach. On the other side of Massett Inlet is a huge forest of fir and cedar. At the back of the mission-house is a forest of fir, pine, and cedar, with numerous berry-bushes. The church stands sixty yards to the left, and the Hudson's Bay Company's fort forty yards to the right of our house. The church is the picture of loveliness, and stands on a mound by itself.

Mr. Harrison also refers to the impoverishing Native custom of giving away property—a custom which, to a great extent, had been discontinued during the labours of Mr. Harrison's predecessors, the Rev. W. H. Collison and Mr. G. Sneath, but had been revived again after the latter's departure. This custom is a peculiar one. It is briefly this: A chief makes known his intention of giving a feast, and intimates that on that occasion there will be a great distribution of blankets, the principal commodity of the island. The feast is held, and the blankets, to the number of, say, five hundred, representing in value as many pounds in English money, given away. But few of them come from the chief's own store. Each member of his clan is laid under contribution, and as these

are not allowed to participate in the distribution, or, if they are, receive less than they give, the impoverishing effect upon them after a time may be imagined. The chief's loss is, of course, only temporary, as his store is soon replenished again by the next distribution made by a neighbouring chief.

The evil arising out of this custom was at once apparent to Mr. Harrison, and he took steps to prevent it, and the principal chiefs promised to abstain from the practice. One of them refused several invitations to feasts last year because he heard that blankets were to be given away, although, by so doing he lost at least forty or fifty blankets, equal to £50. A picture illustrating this custom appeared in the GLEANER for October, 1881 (the Special North Pacific Number), page 118.

## The Farm Labourers' Missionary Box.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR.—I believe that knowing what others are doing in sending the Gospel to the heathen is a good stimulus to one's own efforts. I should be glad if you would bring before the readers of the GLEANER what has been done by my father's labourers.

In June last year my sister proposed that a Missionary box should be procured for the men, and placed every Saturday on the desk at which they are said. The men very readily took up the idea, and from week to week have given their pence, and when the box was not put out for them at once asked for it. The first three months it contained 11s.; and since then, December, 1882, 9s.; March, 10s.; June, 11s. 6d.; and September last, 21 0s. 8d.; altogether for the five quarters, £3 2s. 1d. The number of men regularly employed is about seven, and living so near London they have to pay full price for all provisions, &c. One of the men, J. T., regularly puts in 6d. per week, and sometimes as much as 2s. During the summer time he was planting cabbage-plants, and he asked my father to let him a piece of land which was narrower than the rest. My father asked him what he wanted it for. J. T. replied, "To plant cabbages, and give the money to the Missionary box." My father at once offered to let him have the land and plants without any charge. "But," said J. T., "that would not do, for it would not be my gift." So he had the land, and has since sold the cabbages and handed over 30s. for the C.M.S. I think after an example of this kind many who say they are too poor to give will feel they can no longer urge that plea when a labourer, whose wages are only 18s., can give 30s. a-year to the C.M.S.

Low Hall Farm, Walthamstow.

EDMUND J. JONES.

## Ceylon: A Visitor's Testimony.

A LADY who went out to India lately in the *s.s. Rena*, gives the following account of a visit to the C.M. station, Cotta, Ceylon.

We went into the schools for boys and girls. They were well filled, and the young people were very intelligent and bright-looking. Most of them could speak English, and they sang the *Venite* in Sinhalese, and "Jesus loves me" in English. The church is in the same compound. I was astonished to see such a large church, and to hear it was filled every Sunday, and at the daily evening service there were never less than eighty-four present. I am sure if people in England could really see what is being done, they would not think so little of Missions and Missionaries. As we drove along to Cotta we could see the difference in those who belonged to the Missions, they were so clean, and were sitting together doing their pretty lace work, and not, like every other Native, loitering about doing nothing.



QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLANDS: DESERTED HYDAH HOUSE.



writer was honoured with the work of commencing this Mission. Many difficulties had to be overcome; some of which ought never to have occurred. There is now a comfortable Mission-house, and a school-house, but they are badly in need of a good church.

The Beren's River Mission will yet be heard from. There is every essential about it to make it

#### ONE OF OUR BEST MISSIONS.

Plenty of good land for the Indians to cultivate, and the best fisheries on the lake are there. Then it is the doorway to a vast inland region of country, where many poor bands of Indians, still unreached by the gospel, are roaming.

The Indians of that Mission, and of the surrounding country, are Saulteaux, (pronounced Sotos.) They are more fierce and passionate than the gentle Crees, and in their pagan state are notorious poisoners. All the other tribes fear them on account of their terrible medicines.

#### FISHER RIVER.

This is the last Indian Mission established in the Winnipeg District; and, although last, is, in some respects, one of the most interesting. Its formation is a direct contradiction to what we generally hear about the Indians—that they are rapidly dying out. This Mission is the result of the rapid increase of the Indians at Norway House. So numerous did they there become, and so limited were the means of obtaining a living, that a large number of families, after much counselling and praying, decided to emigrate. They fixed upon Fisher River as their future home, and after a good deal of hardship reached the place. It is about 200 miles south of Norway House on the west side of Lake Winnipeg. These Indians are all

#### LOYAL MEMBERS OF OUR CHURCH.

Bro. Ross, from Beren's River, has gone to Fisher River, and permanently established the Mission. Some of our best Indians from Norway House are among them. We must help them to build a church and mission-house for the missionary. Other laborers will be needed. Men with hearts all on fire with love to God, and for perishing souls. There are dangers and hardships in the way, more terrible than any endured in any other part of our great field of Methodism, but *souls saved* compensate for all physical sufferings in the path of duty, and the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," is as precious and full as ever.

"I may, like Brainerd, perish in my bloom,—  
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb;  
I may, like Martyn, lay my burning head  
In some lone Persian hut, or Turkish shed;  
I may, like Coke, be buried in the wave,  
Or like a Howard, find a Tartar grave;  
Or like a Xavier, perish on the beach,  
In some poor wigwam, out of friendship's reach;  
Or like McDougall, on a snowdrift die,  
With angels only near to hear the dying sigh.  
I may! but never let my soul repine—  
'Lo, I am with thee,' heaven is in that line.  
Tropic, or pole, or mild or burning zone,  
Is but a step from my eternal throne."

## Along the Line.

### MANITOBA.

From the REV. W. R. MORRISON, dated Morris, February 4th, 1881.

We have received the January number of the *MISSIONARY OUTLOOK*, and agree with you that it will meet a real want, and is by all means a cheap paper at the price asked for it. The *Missionary* has now a medium through which he may reach the people without crowding the columns of the *GUARDIAN*. I am sure that our worthy editor will feel somewhat relieved in this matter.

Upon our return from Ontario in August, we ventured upon the working of this "Morris Mission," and found a field of labor sufficient to tax the energies of a strong workman and a good horse. We have somewhat changed the mode of working the Mission, and Morris has now preaching each Sabbath evening, a change needed to keep pace with the other denominations. One of the appointments has been dropped for want of a place to hold service in; but another has been taken up east of Red River, which can be reached during the winter months, and in summer, provided the season be a dry one. This appointment properly belongs to the Dominion City Mission; but I suppose Bro. Blakely finds enough work without it.

A settlement some 20 miles north-west of Morris has been visited a few times; but, for want of a road, cannot be reached regularly, and the people are without the means of grace the greater part of the year. Had the second man been continued, this work would have been attended to; but the claims of a more important place fully justified the action of the Chairman in removing him. Bro. Mearns has now under his charge as many members as we have on this much older Mission, which speaks well for the development of the country.

Our congregations are good at all the appointments, and an interest is taken in our much-beloved Methodism. At Morris we have formed a Ladies' Aid Society, and socials are being held to provide furniture for our home. About \$25.00 have been already realized. Financially, the Mission is very weak, owing to a failure of crops last season. I need hardly say that this will cripple ourselves as well as seriously affect the support of the Mission Fund. Our lot is cast amongst a kind-hearted people, who are doing what they can to see our wants supplied.

The debt upon our Morris Church is very embarrassing, more especially as we are not able to meet even the interest due upon amount borrowed. Should the South-western Railway touch this point, we will be at once relieved, as our quarter section of land would go a long way to pay the indebtedness.

Thus far we are enjoying a pleasant winter, which is an agreeable contrast to that reported from the older countries. We thank God and take courage.

#### OLD REPORTS WANTED.

ANY friend who can supply a copy of the *Missionary* Report prior to 1846, especially for the years 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1833, 1839 and 1840, will greatly oblige by sending the same to the General Secretary. We want to have a complete set on file at the office, and are yet without the above numbers.

#### STATEMENT OF INCOME.

Amount received on account of the ordinary  
Missionary Fund to 21st March..... \$14,160 51

# A MEMORIAL

ON INDIAN RIGHTS, INDIAN EDUCATION AND INDIAN HOMES.

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*To the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, the SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, together with the COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS; and to the SENATE and HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES in Congress Assembled:*

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at its meeting in Madison, Wis., in May, 1880, was pleased to constitute a committee of seven to memorialize the Government on the subjects of Indian education, Indian civilization, and Indian rights. That committee had the honor of a hearing from the President of the United States, the Secretary of the Interior and the Indian committees of both houses of Congress.

But as the results we desired were not accomplished last winter, the General Assembly thought good to continue and enlarge this committee. We, therefore, come again, charged with the duty of urging upon your consideration, and for your definite action, certain measures which we deem necessary to the civilization of our Indian tribes.

First of all, we have to express our gratification with the wise and timely utterances of the Chief Executive of the Nation and heads of the Departments, on the question of Indian Rights, Indian Homes and Indian Schools. We most heartily endorse the President's declaration, that for the attainment of these objects, for the civilization and uplifting of our Indian peoples, until they can be absorbed into the mass of our population, there is imperative need of legislative action; and also his recommendation that Congress make liberal appropriations for Indian Education.

The Hon. Secretary of the Interior, in his Annual Report, has been pleased to say, "The Indian question, as it is called, has lost nothing of its interest and importance." And then he adds: "All who have studied the question unite in the opinion that the end to be attained is the civilization of the Indians and their final absorption into the mass of our citizens, clothed with all the rights, and instructed in, and performing all the duties of, citizenship."

How shall this end be reached? 1st. By extending to him the protection of the Law, as an individual. The aboriginal owners of the soil are now the only class in this Republic who have no individual rights which any man is bound to respect. From various localities Indians are appealing to Congress for the protection and restraints of Law. 2d. By guaranteeing to each individual Indian a HOME and the means of sustaining himself by the proceeds of his own labor. And 3d. By giving him the benefits of EDUCATION, as indispensably necessary to a proper enjoyment of personal liberty and private prosperity.

For the education of the children and youth of this Republic we are annually expending, both from public and private resources, fabulous sums of money. And we count it well spent. In like manner, if



the fifty thousand Indian children of this country are ever fitted to take a place among our own children, and to be absorbed into the mass of our citizens, they must be educated up to it. To do this will cost money. And under the peculiar relations at present existing between the majority of the Indian tribes and our people, the great part of this burden rests upon the General Government. In the language of Secretary Kirkwood, we say, "Money wisely expended for these ends will be well spent; money withheld from these ends will be extravagance." If the city of Philadelphia, with its 800,000 people, can easily educate its 105,000 children, how much more easily can the Nation with its fifty millions of people, undertake to educate its 50,000 Indian children?

This committee, together with the large and influential church which we have the honor to represent, have no doubts as to the possibilities of the Indians becoming educated, civilized and Christianized. What was regarded by many, only a few years ago, as an experiment, has already passed into a generally admitted fact. Indians, not of one tribe alone, and in one locality, but of many tribes, and all over the country, even up to the far-off Alaska, are stretching out their hands to us for our education, our civilization, our language and our Christianity.

Education is sought to be accomplished by day schools and boarding schools located among the Indians, and training schools established for the Indians in civilized communities, and more or less remote from Indian Reservations. The members of this committee have some practical acquaintance with all these forms of work. Each one, we believe, has its necessary place. Of the latter we have now in successful operation Training schools at Carlisle, Pa., and Forest Grove, Oregon, and ninety Indian youth are students at the Hampton Institute, Va.

These schools have been established so recently that only in part are the results yet manifest. But enough is seen already, in the waking up of an increasing interest in the education of their children in many widely separated tribes, and also in stirring up our own people to an intelligent and practical sympathy in this work, to commend it to the largest liberality on the part of our Government in the appropriation of funds. This committee not only heartily commend the work already done in this way, but respectfully suggest to Congress the authorization of the establishment of other similar schools at military posts which have been vacated, or may be vacated, in different parts of the country.

The Bill presented by Mr. Pound, of Wisconsin, would probably meet the present needs, in place and buildings, for the schools in civilized communities remote from reservations; and in our opinion five or more additional schools of this class should be established at once. In no other way could these unused buildings and reservations be made so useful to the Nation.

But in the event that five additional schools of this kind are authorized by the present Congress, each with the capacity of 300 scholars, they all will provide for less than one-twentieth of the Indian children of proper school age. Leaving out the Indians of New York, whose education is provided for by the State, and those of the so-called civilized tribes of the Indian Territory, whose education is measurably provided for by themselves, we have at least thirty-five thousand Indian children, who must be educated on their reserves, in day schools and boarding schools, Governmental and Missionary, or they will grow up Indians as

their fathers have been. This committee is decidedly of the opinion that our Government cannot afford to raise any more Indians. Of this thirty-five thousand, a small percentage, perhaps one-fifth, have been already gathered into the schools on the different reservations. But the work that remains to be done is of sufficient magnitude to demand the most liberal provisions on the part of the Government. The present existing schools should be placed on the best possible basis for the accomplishment of the desired results, and others established until every Indian child and youth has not only the opportunity of education, but, by some means, is brought to partake of its advantages.

In about a dozen treaties, made and ratified by the Government in 1868, with as many different tribes, the educational clause inserted in each one, pledges the Indians to compel their children, male and female, between the ages of six and sixteen, to attend school; and pledges the United States Government to erect a school-house and employ a teacher for every 30 children who can be induced or compelled to attend school. And these provisions are to extend not less than twenty years.

The Indians embraced in these treaties aggregate between sixty and seventy thousand; and the children of proper school age number twelve or fourteen thousand. It requires but little arithmetic to show that, after deducting all that has been expended by us for the education of these people in the past fourteen years, the Government is legally and morally indebted, under these treaties, in the amount of more than twenty millions of dollars. Is it not time we should begin to pay our debts?

We are very confident that we express the wishes of all the Christian churches in this land, as well as of all honest men, when we ask Congress to appropriate a million and a half of dollars for Indian education, to meet the yearly obligation resting upon us from these treaties.

Then there are at least a like number of Indians with whom we have no such binding agreement, and yet whose children we cannot afford to let grow up in ignorance, for whose benefit another million and a half of dollars should be appropriated. The city of New York appropriates *Three and a half Millions* in 1882, for the education of its children, and surely the Nation's Congress can appropriate a like sum for the education of its Indian wards.

Our committee, perceiving to some extent the magnitude of the work to be accomplished, are quite sure that it will not, and can not, be done so as to insure the highest results, unless it be put in charge of a Superintendent of Indian Education. We therefore respectfully recommend the appointment of such a Superintendent, to whom shall be committed the entire management and control of the instruction of Indian children subject to such regulations as Congress may prescribe.

In our Memorial of last winter we urged upon Congress the necessity of a good Land-in-Severalty Law. The needs for such a law are increasing. Commissioner Price, in his report, has given us abundant testimony on this point. After mentioning a number of tribes, or parts of tribes, where they have been importuning the Government for years to give them good titles to the land they occupy on the reservation, he adds: "The reports of nearly all the agents show a similar state of things existing among the Indians at their respective agencies. The Indian wants his land allotted to him. He wants a perfect and secure title that will protect him from the rapacity of the white man."





Watchman, what of the night?

Preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people.

The morning cometh!



# The Gospel in All Lands

Illustrated.

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These shall come from far.



These from the west.



Go ye  
and teach  
all nations.



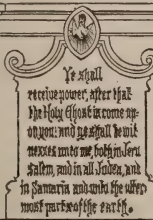
Go ye into all the  
world, and preach the  
gospel to every creature.



Lo these from the north.



These from the land of China.



Ye shall  
receive power, after that  
the Holy Ghost is come  
upon you: and ye shall be wit-  
nesses unto me both in Jeru-  
salem, and in all Judea, and  
in Samaria, and unto the utter-  
most parts of the earth.

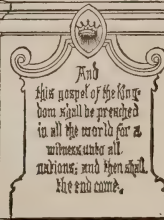


Listen O Isles.

VOL. III. NO. 1.  
JANUARY,  
1881.



Ethiopia shall stretch out  
her hands to God.



And  
this gospel of the King-  
dom shall be preached  
in all the world for a  
witness unto all  
nations; and then shall  
the end come.



# THE GOSPEL IN' ALL LANDS.

## Table of Contents.

### INDIANS.

The American Indians.....	2
Report of the U. S. Indian Bureau.....	10
Pueblo Indians in New Mexico.....	12
Early Missions among the North American Indians.....	13
The Alaska Indian Doctor.....	16
The Poor Indian's Offering.....	17
Missions Among the Sioux.....	18
Missions Among the Dakotas.....	20
Indian School at Carlisle.....	23
Hampton Institute.....	24
The Indians in Alaska.....	24
Presbyterian Missions Among the Indians.....	26
Indian Missions of the Southern Methodist Church.....	27
Indian Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.....	28
Indian Missions of the American Missionary Association.....	29
Indian Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.....	29
Indian Missions of the Friends.....	30
A Day with the Pueblos.....	30
The Prayer of an Indian Father.....	31

### GENERAL ARTICLES.

The Weekly Offering.....	32
How to Interest the Church in Missions.....	33
Work of Baptist Women in Burmah.....	34
The Reformed Presbyterian Church in Syria.....	34
Mission Work among Southern Methodists.....	35
Notes from Japan.....	35
Northfield Seminary.....	35

### CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Freely Give.....	36
The Little Digger Indian.....	36
A Happy Indian Boy.....	38
Indian Boys Snow-Balling.....	38
Offerings Great and Small.....	39

### EDITORIAL.

1880. The Out-Look. 1881.....	40
Our Monthly Review.....	41
Christ the Only Hope.....	41
The Week of Prayer and Missions.....	42
Census of Alaska.....	43

### ELECTIC.

Help the Indians.....	43
Sunday Schools in Oklahoma.....	43
Woman's Work among the Indians.....	43

### WOMAN'S WORK.

Lady Missionaries Needed in India.....	44
Annual Meeting of Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior.....	44

### CHURCHES AND BOARDS.

The Presbyterian Church.....	44
The American Board.....	44
The Protestant Episcopal Church.....	45

### MISSIONARY NEWS.

News of Work among the Indians.....	46
Africa and India.....	46
Turkey and Ceylon.....	47
England, France, and Arabia.....	47
Syria, Palestine, and China.....	47
Japan.....	48

### BOOK TABLE.

Adventures in Patagonia.....	48
Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptists.....	48
The Races of Mankind.....	48
Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast.....	48

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

1 South American Indians.....	1
2 North American Indians.....	2
3 An Alaska House of Cedar Plank.....	3
4 Indian Mode of Burial.....	4
5 Dance of Medicine Man.....	5
6 An Indian Doctor.....	5
7 Digger Indians of California.....	6
8 Fort Wrangle in Alaska.....	7
9 Summer Encampment of Indians.....	8
10 Central American Indians.....	9
11 Indian Tattooing.....	10
12 Map of North America.....	11
13 Indian War March.....	12
14 Pueblo Indian.....	13
15 Indian War Dance.....	14
16 Indian Spirit Charmers.....	15
17 Indian Dog-Eaters.....	16
18 Indian and Missionary.....	17
19 Winter Encampment of Indians.....	18
20 Indian of Anahuac descended from the Aztecs.....	19
21 Wolf Indians.....	20
22 An Indian Dance.....	21
23 A Hunter in Alaska.....	24
24 Eskimo Family.....	25
25 Eskimo Dog Sledge.....	39

## Special Notices.

A large number of subscriptions expire with the February number. Those who wish it longer will please renew early. Two dollars will pay for the Magazine from March 1st to the close of the year. If Clergymen, they can remit \$1.50, and their subscription will be extended through to January 1st, 1882.

To any one sending us the names of four subscribers and \$10.00, we will send a copy free for one year.

Any one sending us the names of two subscribers and five dollars, we will send postage paid a copy of "Life and Epistles of the Apostle Paul," by Conybears and Howson.

Any one wishing to subscribe for one of the following Magazines can obtain the Magazine and the Gospel in all Lands for one year at the price annexed as follows:

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We hoped that a large list of subscribers could be obtained to our children's Missionary paper, the *Christian Tidings*, but the subscriptions already received will not justify its continuance and we shall therefore suspend it for the present. We shall probably publish some Missionary Leaflets in its place.

## Back Numbers of this Magazine

Volume I. of THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS contained but four numbers. Three of these we cannot furnish. The other will be sent postage paid at the following rate:

Vol. I, No. 4, On India, 74 quarto pages, . . . . . 25

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Vol. II, No. 6, On Siam and Burmah.....	25

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# The Gospel in All Lands.

Rev. Albert B. Simpson, { Editor.  
Rev. Eugene R. Smith, }

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AMERICAN INDIANS, AND MISSIONS AMONG THEM; GENERAL ARTICLES, MISSIONARY NEWS, ETC.



SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.



## American Indians.

### The American Indians.

THE word *Indian* comprehends many tribes—almost nations—different in personal appearance, character, capabilities, language, customs, and religion, so that, though they may all have a prevailing *tout-ensemble*, yet it is impossible to present in brief a general description of the race. In the "Far West," and on the shores of the North Pacific, the different

a race differing very greatly from those south of them appear—a manly, tall, handsome people, and comparatively fair in their complexion. Such are the Tsimpeans, Hydahs (or Queen Charlotte Islanders), the Tongass, Stekins, etc., in fact, all the tribes of Russian America (Alaska), and the northern shores of British Columbia. I will venture to say that finer looking men than some of the Queen Charlotte Islanders and other tribes mentioned it would be impossible to find, and the women, especially of the Stekin and Tongass tribes, are celebrated for their more than fair share of good looks. They look with supreme contempt on the Flatheads of



tribes also differ widely—indeed, almost as broadly as do the whites from the Indians themselves. The natives of California, of Western British America, and those east of the Sierra desert are the most miserable race on the American continent—a dark, wretched, degraded set of beings, living upon garbage of every sort, and crouching in almost inaccessible places in the mountain fastnesses, for protection against the powerful tribes of their own race surrounding them, and whose oppression may possibly, in remote times, have led to their present condition. Most of the coast tribes up to 54° north latitude, including those of Vancouver Island, and on the lower reaches of the Columbia and the Fraser, are a degraded race, dirty in person, though vastly superior to the "Diggers" hereafter described; and though handsome men and women are far from uncommon among them, yet from their taking little active exercise, and crouching continually in canoes in fishing and traveling from place to place, their lower limbs are attenuated, and contrast but strangely with their muscular arms and chests, and well-fed, swarthy appearance generally. In addition, these coast tribes, and a few of the interior ones, having adopted the very peculiar custom of flattening their foreheads, they cannot compare, generally speaking, with the more Northern tribes who have not adopted this *outré* improvement upon nature. Again, on the other hand, no sooner do you leave Bentinck Arm than

the southern coasts, styling them *Sapalele le tetes*, or dough-heads; and the compliment is returned by the southern tribes, who accuse their detractors of every crime forbidden in the decalogue—albeit none of them are paragons of perfection in the matter of morality. There is, however, a vast difference between the morality of different tribes, even among those which have been corrupted by the whites, the Flatbows and others in the vicinity of the Kootanie River, in British Columbia, ranking highest, while the northern tribes are justly classed as the lowest in this respect.

### GOVERNMENT.

The government of the Indian tribes is essentially patriarchal, every man governing his own family; but the tribes are governed by hereditary chiefs, who are treated with great respect. Rank of a certain kind may also be acquired through wealth and prowess in war, as with us, and even women can receive a certain rank. Their ideas of right in land are rather vague, though there is generally some tract held by each tribe and claimed as its own. The boundaries of the fishing-grounds are much more accurately defined, and excessive jealousy exists in regard to any encroachment upon them. They claim from the whites the right of selling their land, but this is really an after idea started with a view to obtaining something from them; for, until the whites came, land had no value except for hunting, and

the trees which they affect to value so highly now were of very little or no use to them, except for the very minor purposes to which they applied the wood. Every man claims a right in what he can make. There is no communism of property among them, though it was an old custom for a young unmarried man to give whatever he earned to his elder brother. Crimes are punished by the individual who is the chief sufferer by them, though nearly all crimes have well-understood and established expiations marked out for them. Most minor injuries can be wiped out by payments to the person injured—as, indeed, they can in more civilized re-

that it is so, and possibly with truth. They say that the presents are not given as the price of the wife, but only to express her value and rank, a woman of low status in society being valued at much less. If the father is a man of any *ton* at all, he will send back with his daughter fully as much as he received. All I can say is, that this is so rare that I never heard of it more than once or twice. I have more frequently seen the young lover beggared to his last blanket. In addition, if he is a chief, he is expected to distribute a little largess among the commonality of the village. Sometimes the arrangements are made through old women, and the young



An Alaska House of Cedar Plank.

gions—but “a life for a life” is the universal law, admitting of no deviation, except to the dishonor of the individual whose the vengeance is. Many crimes exist among these people which are left altogether unpunished, being looked upon as no crimes at all—such as infanticide, for example. On the whole, they are much more free from crime than civilized communities; for “killing” they look upon as “no murder.” Hereditary rank, “gentle blood, and long descent,” are highly valued among them, and great efforts are made to attain to position among these frowzy savages.

#### MARRIAGE.

Passing through an Indian—a *Cowichan*—village of a morning, you may chance to see a young fellow wrapped up in his blanket sitting crouched up in the doorway of one of the lodges. That young man has come on a delicate errand. He is a lover, and this is his way of going about the rather delicate business of taking a wife. By-and-by the occupants of the lodge will get up and walk out, nobody taking the slightest notice of him. For a week this may go on, every day the young man coming and then returning without being invited in. At last, if he is agreeable in the eyes of the parents, he is asked in and food set before him; if he is an honored guest; the food, such as the roasted or dried salmon, being prepared by the master of the house, and business opens. His friends bring forward the presents he is prepared to give for the damsel, or an equivalent for the same, until he has no more. If the father is satisfied, all is well; if not, he must go elsewhere. This is the general *rationale* of Indian marriages—merely purchase. However, the Indians themselves stoutly deny

man does not trouble much, or in other cases with much more ceremony; but the principle is just the same. Polygamy is not only allowed, but a man's rank is measured by the number of wives he can support, each woman attending to her own children, though the first wife ranks highest in esteem, the younger being often little better than slaves to her; and probably it is this advantage which induces her to listen to the proposals of her husband to increase the matrimonial stock in the lodge. Few have more than two wives. An old chief, only recently dead, having received some favor at the hands of the missionary, was good enough to offer him one of his wives as a present, adding that it was a mere trifle—he had eleven more at home! Elopements of young men and girls are quite common, and of married women with lovers, though this vicious practice is, to a great extent, checked by the fact that in the first instance the lover is looked upon as a young fellow who only wishes to avoid paying the price of his wife, and that most frequently he has to pacify the woman's friends with blankets: and in the latter, the danger arising from the injured husband's knife acts as a salutary preventive to passionate but yet prudent *Lotharios*. The respect in which female chastity was at one time held among the Indians has been to a great extent lost since the whites came amongst them. Divorce is sometimes performed by the wife's friends throwing the blankets on the waves, though in general it merely consists in the unlucky wife being sent back to her friends well whipped, and with an insulting message. The husband can divorce his wife at his will; but, again, among some of the coast tribes of Vancouver and neighboring terri-



tory, a wife can, with the consent of her friends, leave her husband at any time. Accordingly, if her lord wishes to retain her he must treat her well.

#### THE DYING AND THE DEAD.

When men die, the all but universal belief among the Indians of the northwest coast is that they go into birds—a sort of transmigration of souls. Owls are supposed to be the chief recipients of these spirits, and Indians are very careful not to mention the name of the dead. Often when encamped out in the woods with them at night, the Indians, in great affright, would draw over to my fire, and whisper that some one must have been talking about the dead. A woman once begged of me not to shoot a fine specimen of the great owl (*Bubo virginianus*, Bon.), because it contained the soul of her grandfather!

Of course, I spared the lady's feelings. However, they have also, on the west coast of Vancouver Island at least, a belief in an after country of bliss, which they describe as a happy country, situated somewhere up in the sky, though not exactly over the earth. Every thing there is beautiful and abundant.

There a continual calm prevails, and the canoes float lightly on the sleeping waters; frost does not bind the rivers, and the snow never spreads its white blanket over the ground. In this pleasant country of continual sunshine and warmth and gladness, it is believed that the high chiefs, and those natives who have been slain in battle, find their repose, the chiefs living in a large house as the guests of Quawteah, and the slain in battle living in another house by themselves. Like Odin, he drives away the pauper and the bondsman from the doors of Walhalla! *Myalhi* is their word for the personification of sickness, and *Clay-her* for the personification of death. His country is quite the antipodes of Quawteah's. It is generally regarded as the country to which all common people and slaves (unless slain in battle) go after death; and there they remain, as there is no passage to the martial and aristocratic elysium of Quawteah's land. *Clay-her* is sometimes described as an old man, with a long grey beard, and a figure of flesh without bones, and is believed to wander at night, seeking men's souls, which he steals away, and

unless the doctors recover them, the losers will die. In wishing death to any one, the natives blow and say: "*Clay-her*, come quick." A corresponding belief is that when a person is sick, his soul (*kouts-nah*) leaves his body, and goes into the country of *Clay-her*, but does not enter a house. If it enters, that is a sign that it has taken up its abode below for good, and the sick man dies. *Clay-her's* country is situated deep down in the earth; but it is very like the world we live in, with inferior houses, no salmon, and very small deer. The blankets are thin and small, and, therefore, when the funeral obsequies are performed the friends of the dead,

infused with a kindly scepticism regarding the landing of the departed, often burn blankets, for by destroying the blankets they send them to the departed in the world below. The heaven of the Indians—the happy hunting-grounds of story-book writers, (as of other people more civilized) is framed upon the idea of something that is pleasanter than the world they live in, though I cannot learn that there is much of Mahomet's paradise about it.

The matter-of-fact character of the Indian is much happier in having an abund-



Indian Mode of Burial.

ance of food and a good lodge, than in any enjoyments more refined or less innocent. The common medicine-man has no power over a soul demanded by *Clay-her*; but the higher one, or soocer, has the power of sending his own soul in pursuit of the descended soul of the sick man. If the mission is successful, the truant soul is brought back to the sorcerer, who throws it into the sick man's head, for the soul, they believe, dwells in the heart (*libuxti*), and also in the head (*weht*, "brain").

#### THE MEDICINE MEN.

The medicine men seem to hold the office of wizards or "mediums" between the supernatural world and the Indians. They are generally the idlest and the sharpest fellows in the whole tribe, and by dint of imposing on the credulity of superstitious people, manage to make a very easy living from the more industrious. All of them, probably on the same principle that an habitual liar in course of time believes in his own often-repeated falsehoods, have more or less credence in their own

power—a credulity which they share with the “witches” and “wizards” of all ages and countries. Among the northern tribes there are three grades of them, and to attain to the highest (*sic*) of these ranks is vouchsafed to few. During their exhibitions of prowess, the lowest grade eat the ordinary food of the people, the next dogs, whilst the “highest” will, while in the frenzied condition they work themselves into, tear human flesh.

The medicine man combines the trade of the conjuror also, and performs many sleight-of-hand tricks, which must have taken some time to acquire a dexterity in, as it is not easy to see the method of performing them.

woods and lonely places, he must be killed, or commit suicide; and if he fails to cure any one, he is equally liable to be killed, on the plea that, though he could, he is unwilling to cure the afflicted person. This Chinese-like law is not usually put into force; yet, if he is unsuccessful more than once, the chances of the medicine-man's life need not be estimated at a high figure. In cases of sickness which defy the ordinary old woman doctor, or those who have escaped some great danger, or who have been very ill themselves and have recovered, and are, therefore, supposed to have acquired a sort of



DANCE OF MEDICINE MAN.

The interior tribes have also these medicine-feasts, and like most Indians, wear “medicine-bags” about their necks. Nothing can be done without this, which is generally made of the skin of some animal, bird, or reptile, and stuffed with dry grass or leaves, and then sewn up and ornamented. Before a young man can become a warrior, he must go into the woods to fast and pray, and the first animal which he dreams of becomes his medicine. His medicine-bag should be made of the skin of that animal. There are among them rain-priests, who procure rain, as among the coast tribes there are fish-priests, who begin to walk about mysteriously at night, and then tell the tribe that they have dreamt that plenty of fish will be caught at such and such a place, taking care to indicate some locality where many fish are usually caught. If they are not caught, then, of course, something must have been done which has given offence to the deity which presides over the destiny of finny tribes, and the soothsayer's reputation is unshaken. Yet, after all, the medicine-man's couch is not a bed of roses. If he is seen communing with spirits in the



An Indian Doctor.

brevet-doctorate, the medicine-man is called in. One or more will dance round the patient for hours, yelling fearfully, beating drums, shaking rattles of the bills of the horned puffin, and in other ways attempting to frighten the evil spirit.—*Ruces of Mankind.*

#### The Indians of California.

WHEN the country was first settled by the crowd of gold-diggers in 1849, beyond the few thousands who had collected round the Spanish missions in Lower California, and were in a state of the most abject subjection to and dependence on the priests, there must have roamed over the wide region more than 100,000 Indians, living in a state of freedom and of nature, as perfect as the elk, antelope, or sage-rabbit, which furnished their then by no means precarious livelihood. A head-dress of feathers, with a scanty



coat of paint on his face, was the full dress of a brave, while a fringe of bark or grass suspended from her waist furnished a complete wardrobe for his squaw. To this day the men go quite naked during the summer, if living at a distance from the whites. The men have no beard, this being plucked out by the squaw with a couple of shells as soon as it appears.

If caught in a storm while out hunting, an Indian will dig a hole in the ground, and with a small fire, shelter himself until the storm is over. In building his ordinary fires, he takes the utmost precaution in choosing the situation, in selecting the wood, and the way of arrang-

head and tied the grubs to the bottom of the reeds, surrounding the bait with a circle of loops. These reeds were now stuck lightly in the mud and shallow water near the edge of the river, and he squatted and watched the top of his reeds. Not a sound now broke the quiet of the place. The Indian was as motionless as the trees that shaded him. Presently one of the reeds trembled at the top, and the Indian quietly placed his thumb and finger on the reed, and with a light toss a fish was thrown on the grass. The reed was put back. Another reed shook, and two fish were thrown out; then still another, and the fellow was soon cooking his dinner.



Digger Indians of California.

ing the logs. He laughs in contempt of the white man, who builds a fire so large that he cannot get near it. His hut is differently built in different localities. In the Sacramento Valley, an upright post, six feet long, is fixed in the middle of a hole three or four feet deep, and ten feet across. Poles are then laid from the edge of the hole to rest on this upright post, and the whole covered with grass and dirt. In other places, large pieces of bark are laid upon a framework of poles, and covered with rushes and sedges (the *tule* of the Californian). In the San Joaquin Valley, a framework of poles covered with rushes is a common mode of architecture. The ordinary winter hut is a rude affair like this, half of it being below the ground, the roof dome-shaped, with a hole to allow the surplus smoke to escape. Like all Indian abodes, it is never clear of this pungent smoke, which, however, does not seem to inconvenience the inmates much. Inside, on a raised platform of poles and reeds, are skins and blankets woven from geese-feathers, on which the master and his family repose, while at the side—generally on the south side—is a low door. When they go out, a branch is left in the door to show that nobody is at home.

To illustrate the ease with which an Indian can provide himself with food, an eye-witness relates what he once witnessed on the banks of the Feather River. The Indian sat down and lit a fire. Turning over a sod, and searching under the logs and stones, he found some grubs. Pulling up some light dry reeds of the last year's growth, he plucked a few hairs from his own

Physically the Californian Indians do not rank higher than they do intellectually. In height they average about four feet ten inches for the woman, to five and a half feet for the men. Some of them are, however, taller; our figures portray some exceptional athletic individuals. They are thick in the chest, and have voices of wonderful strength. The women are very wide in the shoulders and strongly built, while the children are heavy-set and clumsy. They are large in the body, but slim in the legs, compared with Europeans. When not affected with hereditary diseases, they are long lived, many having died with the reputation of being more than 120 years old. They are said never to catch cold, though often going about in cold winter almost naked. They are very filthy in their habits, and their houses swarm with lice and other equally objectionable insects. There is nothing whatever to show that before the advent of the Spaniards—the first civilized people who resided in the country—the Indians were anything more than savages of a low type. They never had any domestic animals, and have none yet, except a wretched breed of dogs. So little skill have they usually in the preservation of food that, notwithstanding their acorn and grasshopper stores, they will, like the wild beasts, get fat in summer and emaciated in winter.

These remarks apply particularly to the wild Indians, but some of them have, by their intercourse with the whites, altered their habits, and yet, not always for the better, and, in many instances, they have become very intemperate.

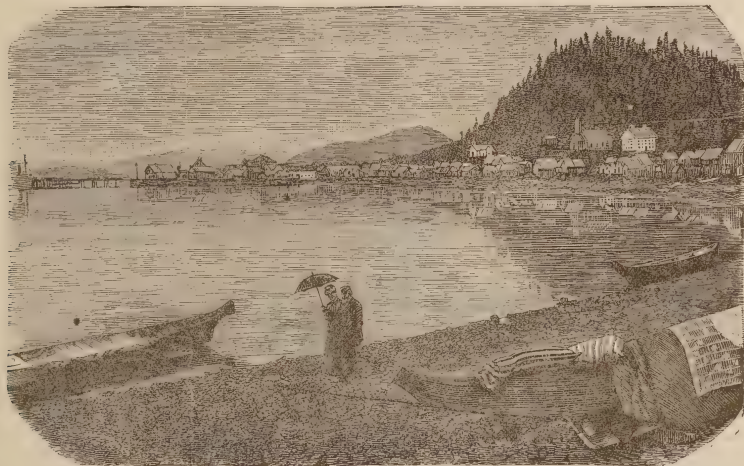
### The Indians of North America.

In the *Missionary Herald* for April, 1880, we find the following:

There are in the United States about two hundred and fifty thousand Indians, not including an unknown, but probably not very large, number in Alaska. More than half of these Indians dress as white people do, and are in some good degree civilized. The other half are dressed in a motley way, in skins of animals or blankets, they paint, and wear feathers and long hair, and are called "wild" Indians. It used to be thought that when this country was discovered there were millions of red

among them as long ago as 1816. They were driven from their homes by fraud and force in 1838, and though a quarter part of them died on the way to their new territory, they have since prospered, and have become so far Christian tribes, that the Board has ceased its work among them.

The wild Indians lead a hard life. Of course, they are exposed to all kinds of peril from storm and cold, and as they cultivate very little land, and depend for food chiefly upon hunting and fishing, they often suffer greatly from hunger. When game is plentiful, they feast like gluttons; at other times they almost



Fort Wrangle, in Alaska.

men upon the continent, but it is now believed that there were not many more then than there are to-day. But, little by little, they have been driven back from the seaboard, towards the interior, and there are comparatively few tribes on this side of the Mississippi River. That the Indians have suffered great wrongs at the hands of white men, all admit. Territories have been given them to live in, and no sooner were they established in their homes than their fine lands were coveted by those who lived near them, and they have been removed against their will to some other less desirable location. Pushed back into the wilderness, they have been allowed to stay only till the explorer and emigrant caught up with them, and then, either by threats, or the bayonet, they have been obliged to move on. The story of the broken promises made to the Indians is a very sad one. We must allow that if, as a race, they are skilled in treachery, they had a good school in which to learn the art.

But while the Indians have suffered greatly at the hands of white men, they have not resisted the efforts of good people to civilize and Christianize them. There are now over 350 schools established among them, and more than 40,000 of them have learned to read. Various societies have begun missions among them, and some of the tribes are so far advanced that they maintain schools and churches with but little help from others. The Cherokees and Choctaws, now occupying the territory west of Arkansas, once lived in Georgia and Mississippi, and the American Board had missions

starve. And yet it requires a long course of training to induce them to give up this wild form of life and settle down in permanent homes. They prefer to roam.

The Indians are not without a religion of their own, though each tribe has its peculiar traditions. They are full of superstitions, and yet believe in one Great Spirit. One tribe, the Shastikas, have the legend concerning the creation, that the creator was an Old Mole, who heaved the world into existence by burrowing underneath somewhere. They also believe that the sun and moon had each at first nine brothers. The sun's brothers were hot like himself, but the moon's were freezing cold. Then the prairie wolf slew them all, and so men were saved from being burned up by the suns, and from being frozen by the moons. They think that when it rains some sick Indian in heaven is weeping, and that the flood was caused by the tears of angels weeping over the death of a good Indian.

The traditions that prevail among the tribes differ greatly, but all the wild Indians seem to have great faith in their "medicine men." These doctors profess to cure by magic arts, and though they often administer roots and herbs to their patients, their chief reliance is upon their "charms." When they come to a sick man, they are usually dressed in a fantastic way, sometimes in the skin of a bear, with a mask, having about their necks strings upon which are hung the skins of bats and snakes, the horns and hoofs and tails of all sorts of animals. Then they dance around their patient, rattling



their charms, jumping and growling like bears. They think in this way to drive off the evil Spirit.

It has often been doubted whether such wild people as we have described, with such strange and degraded superstitions, could ever be tamed and Christianized. But no one can doubt on this point who will take a little pains to learn what has already been done. Missions have had as great success among Indians as among any class of pagans, and had it not been for the bad faith with which the tribes have been treated by white men, they might, perhaps, have all been civilized by this time. The American Board has now a mission among the Da-

the east, while fresh buffalo-steaks yet come to our table from the west. Corn, potatoes, roots, tomatoes, and vegetables come from the garden behind us, and haunches of venison from all around: while buffalo, and otter, and bear, and lynx, and mountain-sheep skins, and furs, furnish mats for the feet, and spreads for the bed in the cold winter gales.

"But the Northern Pacific Railroad, just south of us, is running through to the Yellow-Stone, and settlers are coming thick and fast, and the game will soon be gone. The Berthold Indians are finding themselves face to face with white people, and their old ways of living are be-



Summer Encampment of Indians.

kota, or Sioux Indians, who live in Dakota Territory, west of Minnesota. They have four stations, and nine out-stations, most of them on the line of the Upper Missouri River. Fort Berthold, the most distant post, is about 450 miles north-west from the city of St. Paul, and the missionary of that place, Rev. Charles L. Hall, has sent us a letter representing the condition, past and present, of the Indians of that station. Here is Mr. Hall's letter:

"Three tribes have lived here together amicably for fifteen years, two of them for forty years. They are the remnants of three, perhaps four, large tribes that have lived here ever since Lewis and Clark explored the Upper Missouri, in the beginning of the century. Before the American Board began work here, three years ago, this country was supposed to be the Great American Desert. Instead of that, we find ourselves in the midst of the great wheat-producing north-west; or, rather, north-interior; for we are just in the center of North America. The wheat-fields approach us continually from

coming impossible. Will they bear up before the coming crowd, and mingle with it, or will they be pushed back to die off in the narrowing wilderness? This is the problem we are here to solve. It is being solved for many of the Dakota, or Sioux, living east of us. They are taking up government land, as white settlers do, and mingling with Americans and learning their language. The Gospel has done this there, and it will do it here."

Mr. Hall writes also of the Rees, in whom he is much interested: "They are the largest tribe here. In the Indian sign language, in use by the different tribes of the West when they wish to communicate with each other, the Rees are signified by the same motions with the thumbs and forefingers that are made in shelling corn. They are the corn-shellers. The dwarf Ree corn is their peculiar possession, which their tradition says was given to them by God, who led them to the Missouri River, and instructed them how to plant it. The Rees, according to their own account, do not cut and gash themselves, or go about wailing when a friend dies

as the Gros Ventres do, but go and listen to the sacred-man who preaches to them about heaven, and so they are comforted.

"Our great hope is in the youth and children. Many of the young men want to become white men. One went so far last fall as to come to me with the request: 'Father, they say you are skillful, they told me to come to you. The agent has given me a pair of shoes, but they have *no squeak* in them, as white peoples' shoes have; perhaps you put a squeak in them?' The boys and girls are like all others in the world, except that they have not been tamed so much as white children.

allotment of land, and to cultivate it as thrifty farmers do. Instead of depending upon the chase, they now use the plow and hoe, and the women no longer are slaves cutting the fire-wood and doing all the hard work. The young men and women are attending school, and many of them are bright scholars. Some young men are in the Institution at Hampton, Virginia, and still more are in other institutions located among the tribes. Our Dakota missionaries are greatly interested in the Normal Training School, at Santee Agency, Nebraska. Only ten years ago was the first framed school building erected. Eight years ago the "Dakota Home" was



Central American Indians.

Their parents let them run wild, and they are superstitious about, and fearful of, the school-house and the sacred-writing people, and we have to watch for our game. They like to write on their slates for a while, and then they are off shooting arrows, spinning whiptops made of ash or elm boughs, sliding down hill on barrel staves, or playing marbles, or making mud images of buffalo, or deer, or mountain sheep, or ponies, at which some are quite skillful. The old women confine their art to the useful, and continue to make their old-fashioned pottery, roughly moulded by hand, and baked first on one side and then on the other by turning before the open wood fire in the pit in the center of the lodge. Another useful art in which the old women are skillful is that of boat-building. A buffalo or a bull's hide is stretched on a frame made of willow sticks, and makes a round tub-like boat, one of which may be seen represented in the picture of Pierre's Lodge. The Indians are skillful to make these boats go with one paddle where they wish; but a white man might do about as well in a wash-tub.

"We have only one little mission house. We have for the present a room for our school in the government school-house; but we must build a school-house, and have two lady teachers for it soon, to teach cooking and sewing and house-cleaning, and all household arts, as well as reading and writing and arithmetic on week-days, and on Sundays and at all times to tell the Gospel truths that are the first needs of this people. *Help us.*"

In these Christian settlements, such as the one Mr. Hall describes, the Indians have begun to take each his

built as a girls' school, and three years ago a "Young Men's Hall" was added. These buildings cost about \$12,000, and they are occupied by about one hundred pupils, with their six teachers. The catalogue of the schools gives both the English and Indian names of the scholars, with the meaning of the Indian names. Among them we find these: Wicanhitowin, Blue Star; Mazan-asnasnawin, Jangling foot-bells; Sabekewadhe, Blackens the ground with the slain. The last, especially, seems a sad name for a girl, but it shows the warlike nature of her parents. Here are some of the names of the young men: Wakanhdikokipapi, Fearful Thunder; Nasu, Brains; Asaeyapi, Sent with a shout; Koyakedan, Little clothes. These scholars have come from five different tribes, and are to be the teachers and the preachers to the Indians in the future. Rev. Alfred L. Riggs, who is at the head of the schools, says that the pupils form an encouraging class to work for. He tells about one boy, Hugh, who caught three hundred muskrats, and so bought his school clothes; another boy walked one hundred and thirty miles to reach Santee Agency, so eager was he to learn.

What has been accomplished among the Dakotas has cost long and faithful labor. The two brothers Pond, and Drs. Williamson and Riggs, with their children and other successors, have toiled often amid great discouragements. But they have translated the Bible into the language of the Dakotas, and those who live see, instead of painted savages clad in blankets, quiet and orderly citizens and hundreds of devoted church members. Aside from other helps to a civilized and Christian life,



the Dakotas have a newspaper, the *Iapi Oaye*, or *The Word Carrier*, six pages of which are printed in their native language, and two in English. The last number tells of a little Cherokee girl who came to live with a Christian lady. When the Indian girl was sick and near to death, she said to her mistress: "How long have you known these things, that Jesus loves us, and that he died for us?" Her mistress answered: "Oh, a great many years—always." The child turned to her with tears, and said reproachfully: "And you never told us! My mother and my grandmother died without knowing Jesus. Why did you not come *before* and tell this great

and the improvement in their manner of putting in and caring for the crops raised shows that the efforts of the past few years are gradually bringing them to a self-supporting condition. \* \* \* The efforts of a number of the tribes in cultivating the soil have been attended with a degree of success that has set at rest the question, not only of their ability to learn the arts of husbandry, but also of their willingness to engage in pursuits at once honorable and lucrative, which at no distant day will make them self-supporting and place them beyond the care of the government." The number of Indians in the United States, exclusive of Alaska,



Indian Tattooing.

thing to us, so that they too could have known the way of life?" Can any of us give a good reason why we have not done more to tell the heathen of Him who alone can save them? It will not be of much use for the people of America to think of how they have neglected and abused the Indians, unless, in sorrow for the past, they now give themselves to efforts to aid them. There are thousands of red men who are still pagans, and the least we can do for them is to send them the Christian teacher and preacher. So let us heed the last words of Mr. Hall's letter from Fort Berthold, "HELP US."

#### Report of the Indian Bureau of the United States.

The annual report of the Indian Bureau of the United States for the year 1880 was made public November 2d. It exhibits a continued steady advancement toward civilization on the part of nearly all of the Indian tribes, and very remarkable progress in many instances, especially among the Ogallalla and Buele Sioux in Dakota, and the Pacific coast Indians collected at the Yakima agency.

The demands upon the bureau by Indians at a large majority of the agencies for implements with which to enable them to perform manual labor are far beyond the means at the disposal of the department for that purpose. The acting commissioner says: "The policy of this bureau to teach the Indians to care for their stock, to till the soil, to do mechanical work, etc., has been earnestly pursued during the year, and with the most gratifying results. The desire of the Indians to labor is steadily growing, and a large majority of them are willing and anxious to engage in civilized pursuits,

is reported to be 255,938, all of whom, except about 13,000, are more or less under direct control of agents of the government. The civilized Indians now in the Indian Territory number 60,560, and the uncivilized 17,750. There are in round numbers 25,000 Indians in Dakota, 23,000 in New Mexico, 21,000 in Montana, 17,000 in Arizona, and 14,000 in Washington Territory.

It appears there are upwards of 5,000 Indians in New York State, and more than 10,000 in the State of Michigan. The following statement shows the substantial results of Indian labor during the year:

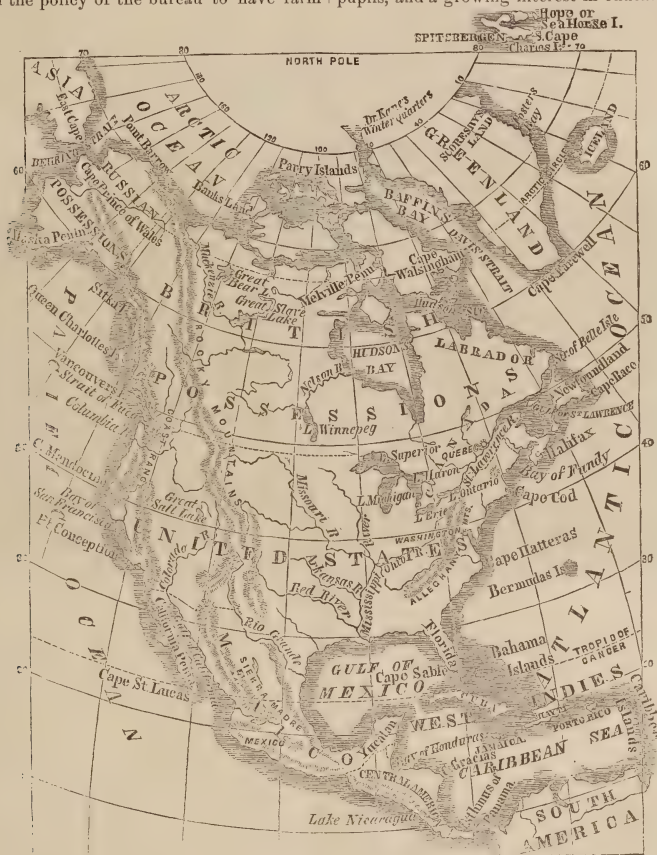
By Indians exclusive of the five civilized tribes of the Indian Territory, 1880: Number of acres broken by Indians, 27,283; number of acres cultivated, 170,847; number of bushels of wheat raised, 415,777; number of bushels of corn raised, 666,430; number of bushels of oats and barley raised, 222,439; number of bushels of vegetables raised, 376,145; number of tons of hay cut, 55,527; number of cattle owned, 78,812; number of sheep owned, 864,137.

By the five civilized tribes: Number of acres cultivated, 314,398; number of bushels of wheat raised, 336,424; number of bushels of corn raised, 2,346,042; number of bushels of oats and barley raised, 124,568; number of bushels of vegetables raised, 595,000; number of bales of cotton raised, 16,800; number of tons of hay cut, 149,000; number of cattle owned, 297,040; number of swine owned, 400,282.

The subject of Indian education is made a prominent topic in the report, the results already accomplished and the policy and plans of the department for the future being set forth with care and minuteness. It is stated

that during the year 60 boarding and 100 day schools have been in operation among the different Indian tribes (exclusive of the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory), which have been attended by over 7,000 children, and taught by 316 teachers. In the education of the Indian youth the policy of the bureau to have farm

ities must depend entirely on the general appropriation for education. Among these tribes there are at least 7,000 children of school age. Reports from the schools on the various reservations are full of encouragement, showing an increase and more regular attendance of pupils, and a growing interest in education on the part



and domestic work occupy as prominent a place as study in the school-room, and the development of character and training of the pupils in the manners and habits of civilized life, is held to be quite as important as acquiring a knowledge of books. But the opportunity for teaching Indian children how to live, as well as how to read and think, is found only in the boarding-school, and for that reason the effort of the office during the past year has been directed mainly toward increasing boarding-school accommodations at the various agencies. Only three new schools, however, have been put in actual operation, and four new buildings erected. The educational work of the bureau could have been enlarged to a much greater extent but for the inadequate appropriations made by Congress for the support of schools. Fifty thousand Indians at seventeen agencies have no treaty school funds whatever, and for educational facil-

ities must depend entirely on the general appropriation for education. Persistent calls for the opening of new schools or the enlargement of those already established come to the bureau from every quarter.

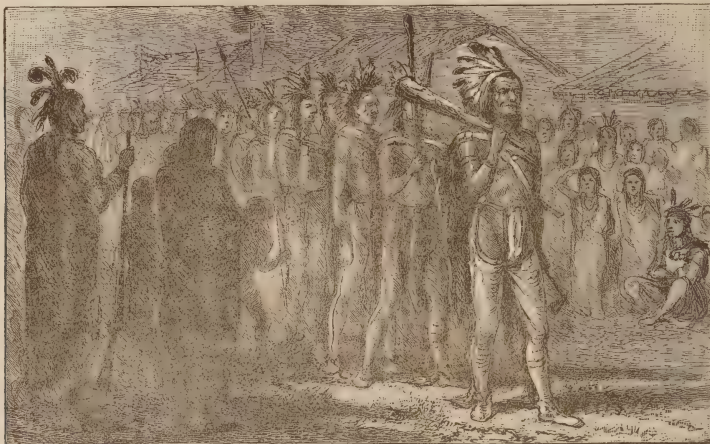
In compliance with the appeals from neglected agencies, the bureau has made arrangements for erecting eleven boarding-school buildings during the coming season, and for the establishment of thirteen new boarding-schools. These will be the first schools of any kind ever provided for the eight thousand San Carlos Apaches and Western Shoshones, and the first boarding-schools opened for 25,000 Indians at nine other agencies, where small and irregularly attended day schools have hitherto met with indifferent success and made little impression upon the tribes among which they were located. But few of these schools will be fairly in operation till toward the close of the current fiscal year, and the expense of their maintenance will not be burdensome un-



til the following year. Increased provision for the support of schools will then be absolutely necessary, and it is hoped that not less than \$150,000 will be appropriated for that object by Congress at its next session. The work and condition of the Indian industrial schools at Hampton, Va., and Carlisle, Pa., are highly commended. Referring to the visits of inspection made to them last summer by various delegations of chiefs and headmen of the Sioux, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Crows, Chippewas, Shoshones, and Bahnocks, it is said that all these Indians were deeply impressed by the advantages offered which these schools offer, and their interest in the

licentiousness is incorporated with, and becomes a part of, their religion, and even its open practice protected by the law of the pueblo, as it is once a year at the Zuni (and most probably at others) pueblo, what must the result be in the home life of the people? Part of the result is an absolute want of chastity in both men and women among themselves, and, as a result, continual feeling of jealousy between husband and wife; besides the execution of the curse of God upon such lives.

The Pueblo Indians are of all people the most religious. Religion enters into everything they do; i.e., everything is done according to ancient custom. The



Indian War March.

education of their children, either at home or at a distance, received a powerful impulse that will undoubtedly be productive of good to their respective tribes. The further statement is made that if the funds at the disposal of the office justified it the attendance at Carlisle and Hampton could be doubled immediately.

#### Pueblo Indians In New Mexico.

By REV. JOHN MENAUL.

It is stating only a part of the truth when the Pueblo Indians are called sun worshipers. They are pantheists in every sense of the word. They worship the sun, moon, and stars, rainbow, fire, water, rivers, mountains, trees, stones, snakes, bears, and animals generally. For all these, or their generic heads, there are official priests, whose duty it is to summon to their assistance subalterns, and as many of the people as are necessary to observe the rites of that particular deity. Many children are dedicated to this service in infancy by their parents, and many grown people dedicate themselves. But whether they are dedicated or give themselves, they are thereafter under the full control of the power to whom they are dedicated. Men and women have to leave their families night and day for weeks, perhaps, at a time, closed up in dark rooms practicing the infernal incantations of their craft, and doing those things which even the heathen eye may not be permitted to look upon. It is from these places of darkness that the most corrupting influences of heathenism proceed; of these the most destructive to the present well-being of the people is unbridled licentiousness. When the practice of such

new-born babe comes upon the stage of life with all the auspices of custom. It is fed and clothed, or not clothed according to custom. It is hushed to sleep with a custom song, gets custom medicine, and grows up in the very bosom of religious custom. The father plants and reaps his field according to custom, goes to, and returns from his work singing a custom song; he makes his moccasins, knits his stockings, carries the baby on his back, in fact does all that he does in strict conformity to religious custom. The mother grinds the meal, makes the bread, wears her clothing, and keeps her house in conformity to custom. She makes her water-pots and paints them with religious symbols according to custom. In fact, the whole inner and outer life of the Indian is one of perfect devotion to religious custom, or obedience to his faith. What a lesson for Christians!

It is this complete and perfect devotion to custom which has kept the Indians a separate and distinct people until this day. Nothing else could have kept them in the face of so much opposition as they have encountered. It is this same devotion to custom, which will prove, and is proving, the greatest obstacle in Christianizing them. It is only education and Christianity that can break down such a power. But once it is broken the stability of character that it has stamped on the people will be of inestimable value in their regenerated lives.

The Pueblo Indians are very industrious. They raise large crops of grain, and have large herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep. They use a great deal of food, especially at their feasts. At the New Year's feasts, bread, meat, etc., is thrown among the dancers profusely, dur-

ing the three days of the dance. This is a time when all are expected to help themselves to the best in the pueblo, as only the best is offered.

Even up to the present time, the Indians are often robbed by the systematic injustice of the Mexicans. But in such cases, there is no use in going to law; for injustice, as such, is a thing unknown in the lower Mexican courts.

That the Indians are in ignorance and the depths of superstitious degradation, is not because they are incapable of education and Christianization, but because they have not had the advantage of either. The Pueblo Indians are exceedingly slow, from the fact, that for centuries they have set their faces like a flint against everything foreign; especially, everything Mexican; and it will take them some time to find out who their true friends are. The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who do not want Protestant influence among them, are those whom the Roman Catholic priests have frightened by all manner of lies; telling them that if they hear or have anything to do with us, they will go to hell. But truth is greater than lies, and actions speak louder than words. So we have a few Indians who are beginning to think for themselves, and are coming out of the thick darkness into the light of God's truth, leaving behind them Rome, and their own customs, as erroneous things. These few will increase, with the increase of knowledge, and the working of God's Spirit upon them, till finally our Indians will become a virtuous and Christian people.—*Rocky Mountain Presbyterian.*

#### Early Missions among the North American Indians.

Rev. Dr. C. S. Bartlett wrote for the A. B. C. F. M., in 1878, the following account of the Early Indian Missions:

It has been often said, You can not tame an Indian. The statement betrays a singular ignorance of facts. No more docile pagans have been found than some of the North American tribes. Seldom have earlier fruits been reaped than in the Indian missions; seldom have brighter promises of a glorious harvest been blasted by adverse events and wicked interferences.

It has been so from the first. Within a year of the landing at Plymouth, Elder Cushman informed his friends in England of the "tractable disposition" of the Indian youth. As early as 1643, John Eliot had been through "varieties of intercourse with them, day and night, summer and winter, by land and sea," and had had "many solemn discourses with all sorts of nations of them, from one end of the country to another."

Probably by this time commenced the long continued and successful labors of Bourne and Tupper at Marshpee. And in 1646 began, in good earnest, the preaching of Mayhew on Martha's Vineyard, and of Eliot around Newton.

Eliot's work has become historical. The index and monument of his achievements and his prospects is found in that famous Indian Bible—the first, and one of the only, Bible printed in America. It has scarcely one living reader now; yet thirty-five hundred copies of it once issued from the Cambridge press. Eliot had, in 1674, a circuit of fourteen villages, and eleven hundred praying Indians. Next year came the terrible blight of "Philip's War,"

Pueblo Indian.

and cut down his congregations to four.

They never recovered from the shock. In fact, only their Christian connections saved the whole of them from extinction at the time. The suspicions, jealousies, irritations, and revenges then aroused never ceased. Then began the long catalogue of organized Indian miseries. The General Court collected the remnant, and removed them to the islands in the bay, where they suffered "incredible hardships;" and the five hundred removed had, in 1698, shrunk to two hundred and five Indians in all what was then Massachusetts proper. Removal! The old, old story, ever new; the fatal rock of their prospects.

In the next century, various efforts were equally hopeful, and equally frustrated. The relics of the Mohegans, at Stockbridge, were gathered by John Sergeant into a thriving town, with twenty houses, built in English style, and a church of forty communicants. The Revolutionary War made, in various modes, sad havoc among them; and after the war, they removed, first to Central New York, then to Indiana, then to Green Bay, then to Lake Winnebago. A relic of them remained in



New York, and were transferred, 1827, with the relics of other tribes, to the care of the American Board. But in all their removals, averaging one for every twenty or twenty-five years, the tribe never lost its civilization. An early and most hopeful mission of the Moravians to the Indians of New York was thrice broken up by fire and sword, and three or four times broken down by removals. David Brainerd's mission in New Jersey, and the opening efforts of Eleazer Wheelock's Indian school and college, with its various Indian missionaries, seem to have been almost fatally interrupted by the struggles, absorptions, and complications of the Revolutionary War.

A generation passed away. Within three years and a half of the time when Hall and his associates sailed for India, the American Board was adopting measures (1815) for carrying the gospel to the Indians. One hundred thousand of them were then supposed to reside east of the Mississippi, of whom about seventy thousand were comprised in the four southern tribes—Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws, and Cherokees. The Prudential Committee, whose previous purposes had "from time to time been frustrated," now brought the matter in earnest before the Board, and the Christian public. They appealed to the success with which Rev. Gideon Blackburn, of the Presbyterian Church, had already labored among the Cherokees, in five years enabling four or five hundred youth to read the English Bible, and receiving several individuals as "hopeful and exemplary Christians!" Before another annual meeting, the first Indian missionary of the American Board, Cyrus Kingsbury, fresh from Andover Seminary, had visited the Cherokees.

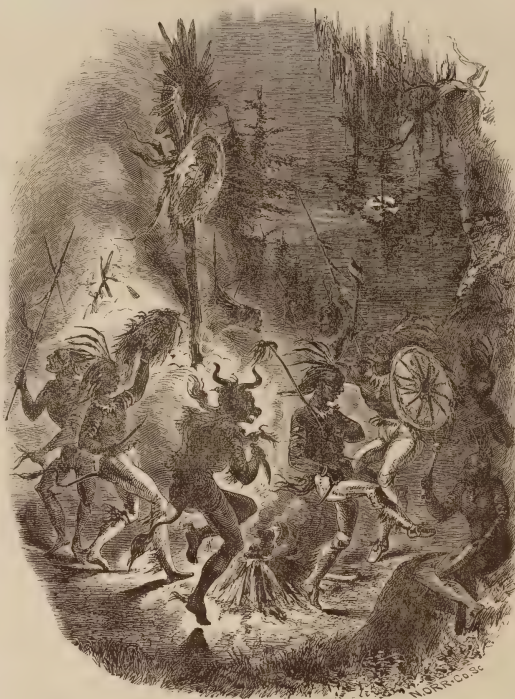
He passed through Washington, on the way, where a Cherokee chief expressed his deep interest in the effort. He said that his nation had long wished for schools, and had even "thought of devoting a part of their annuity to the object." President Madison also ordered the Secretary of War to say that the Agent for Indian Affairs would erect a house for the school, and one for the teacher, to be followed by others, as occasion might require, and success might justify. The agent would also be instructed to make the munificent provision of "two plows, six hoes, and as many axes, for the purpose of introducing the art of cultivation among the pupils," and when female pupils should be received, and a female teacher engaged, "a loom, half a dozen spinning-wheels, and as many pair of cards." All

these, however, "will remain public property, to be employed for the benefit of the nation"—a nation of many thousand souls. The government would gladly have done more, but its means were "limited."

Mr. Kingsbury went on his way rejoicing. In October he had a grand talk with the assembled chiefs of the Cherokees and the Creeks, at the close of which a principal chief took him by the hand, and sentimentally informed him: "We have listened to what you have said, and have understood it. We are glad to see you. We wish to have the schools established, and hope

they will be of great benefit to the nation." Another chief was appointed to assist in selecting a site, and they fixed upon Chickamunga, ten miles from the place forty-seven years later made famous by the repulse of the Union army, on the banks of the creek which some rebel termed the River of Death, and seven miles, also, from the brow of that Lookout Mountain, where, in "the battle of the clouds," the Confederacy received a stunning blow. The missionaries called it Brainerd. A neighboring height still bears the name of "Mission Ridge."

Mr. Kingsbury, followed at once by Messrs. Hall and Williams, with their wives, and soon after by others, immediately began the enterprise. It was a compound of mission, boarding-school, and agricultural college. The beginning, as the continuance of it, entailed immense care and labor upon the missionaries. The government contractor, like many of his



INDIAN WAR DANCE.

successors, failed to build the houses agreed upon, and the missionaries soon found themselves engaged in making twenty thousand bricks, burning lime, digging cellars, and a well, besides the by-play of bringing their meal forty miles, and planting "twenty or thirty acres of corn, some cotton, flax, and potatoes," to say nothing of a school of twenty-six young Cherokees, a Sunday school of thirty blacks, and preaching on the Sabbath. In eighteen months the Treasurer of the Board visited the mission, and was delighted. He found the Indian boys alike willing to work, docile to learn, and orderly and gentle in their behaviour. They could plant an acre of corn before breakfast; fifteen of them could read in the Bible, and eleven in easy lessons; and eighteen could write. Their deportment at prayers, at table, at school, would have been creditable to white children. Five natives were already in the little church, followed the same year by two others. The religious experiences of some of these Indian con-

verts were most striking and refreshing. One day (May 27, 1819) President Monroe, accompanied by General Gaines, suddenly made his appearance, unannounced till he stood at the door. He expressed himself so well pleased with all he saw, that, on the spot, he ordered a much better building for the girls' school, at the public expense.

No wonder the friends of missions took courage. Christian farmers and mechanics offered their aid. Meanwhile the committee determined to push on to the Chickasaws and Choctaws, who ardently desired them to do so. Accordingly, in 1818, Mr. Kingsbury selected

ty miles before the missionaries were ready, and the school was permanently opened in April (1819), under this constraint. When opened, more scholars applied than could be received. The Choctaw king promised two hundred dollars annually from the nation's annuity; and at a council, in August, a subscription was made of seven hundred dollars, eighty-five cows and calves, and five hundred dollars a year from the annuity. In one year from that date, the nation, acting in three several districts, voted to devote to the schools their entire annuity of six thousand dollars from the sale of lands to the United States. The official letters of the



Indian Spirit Charmers.

a site among the Choctaws, on the Yazoo, four hundred miles south-west of Brainerd, and called it Eliot. He found intemperance already there to an alarming extent, and the vicious whites who introduced and fostered it. Here again the first work was chiefly of secular arrangement. A dense forest covered the ground, although the works of the ancient mound-builders, here and there, indicated a former population in the wilderness. Amid the sickness of acclimation, and innumerable difficulties and hardships, in eight months they had erected some ten log buildings for various uses, the lumber all hewed and sawed by hand; cleared and inclosed thirty-five acres of land; set out fruit trees; besides cutting roads, building small bridges, and even making tools and furniture. So eager were the Choctaws for instruction that eight children were brought a hundred and six-

nation, announcing this fact, express the earnest hope of "taking their place among the enlightened nations of the land;" they overflow with gratitude to their "good, white brothers," and they add that "more than one thousand children in our nation are waiting and looking up to our white brothers for instruction."

Among the Choctaws, the missionaries, however, were doomed to incessant annoyances and hindrances, chiefly from the slanderous reports and vile influences of renegade whites, who had fled from the restraints of civilized life, and were the sworn enemies of the missionaries. For these, and perhaps other reasons, among the Choctaws, conversions lingered. But with the Cherokees, everything moved steadily forward. It is believed that from the first there was no year without conversions. "Wicked Jack" becomes a new man, and chooses



the significant name of John Crawfish. Six members of one family connection (the Sanders family), men and women grown, are received into the church at one time, dedicating their households, too; and "there is not a dry eye in the house." Old John Sanders says "he can sit all night to hear the word of God;" Alexander, though tempted, "would not touch a drop of whisky for five hundred dollars;" and the brothers all became laymissionaries at once. Catharine Brown, after "eminently adorning the doctrine of God" for six years, dies in blessed peace. David Sanders's fatally burned, passes away in prayer. John Aich, the interpreter, who had come a hundred and fifty miles to school, offering his gun for clothing, so "wild and forbidding" in appearance that the missionaries shrunk from receiving him till he almost forced himself in—he, too, after five years of Christian life, leaves "evidence of love to God and man much beyond what is common in the best organized Christian communities."

The chief, Rising Sun, comes to secure a school and a pious blacksmith for his home, and is determined to "obey the Bible." The missionary Butrick, in a tour of two thousand miles, addresses a hundred and fifty meetings, ranging in size from fifty to two hundred persons, and is everywhere received with attention, and often with gratitude. Men came twenty-five miles to Carmel, for religious instruction. At the latter station, on the 21st of March, 1824, eighteen persons were received to the church, from "the gray-headed sinner of seventy" to "the youth of eighteen." Mr. Butrick preached, by invitation, the previous autumn, before the National Council. The Council observed the Sabbath during its session, and prohibited all trade or business on that day. Sabbath observance began, indeed, to extend to many villages. In one instance, a man came nineteen miles to inquire when the next Sabbath would arrive, because he and his neighbors were intending afterward to keep it as well as they could. All was hopeful. Arrangements were made for a network of mission schools. In 1822 the king's interpreter came to smoke with the missionaries the silver-hooped "pipe of peace," its bowl the head of a tomahawk, and its stem the handle; and Path-Killer, the king, and his chiefs, in National Council assembled, expressed the warmest thanks, and came, one by one, from their seats, to take Mr. Hoyt, the missionary, by the hand. The old king visited the schools, in company with a principal chief. The tears flowed incessantly down his dusky cheeks while the children sang; and both of them most affectionately addressed the school,—the king a second time,—and closed by taking all the scholars by the hand. The na-

tion soon established regular courts of justice, converted its council into a legislative body, and in 1827 appointed a committee to draft a constitution.

Such was the early movement among the Cherokees, when a singular Providence came to its aid just at this point. One George Guess (or Sequoyah), a half-breed Cherokee, about fifty years old, invented the remarkable Cherokee alphabet. He could neither write nor speak English, but simply knew that a mark could be made the sign of a sound. He set himself to work to gather up all the syllables of the Cherokee tongue, which proved to be eighty-six. He used English letters,

and various modifications of them, with some characters of his own. The whole was so simple that in "three days," a bright learner could commence letter-writing. When the fact first came to the notice of the Prudential Committee, in 1825, the Cherokees in Wills Valley had for two years been corresponding with their countrymen beyond the Mississippi. In three or four years, half the nation could read; and in the solitude of the forest, one might often see the trees inscribed with Cherokee. Within a year of the translation of the four Gospels into their languages, the National Council were appropriating money (1826) for a printing press, and a Boston firm were soon engaged in cutting punches. Guess, it is said, never became a Christian, and lamented his invention when he saw it used for circulating the New Testament. But he could no more recall his alphabet than Erasmus his Greek Testament, when it had been vanished upon the world. We in this see



Indian Dog-Eaters.

the working of God's providence for the salvation of men.

#### The Alaska Indian Doctor.

By REV. JOHN G. BRADY.

The Indian doctor is called *ischit* in his own tongue, and *shaman* in the Russian. When a male child is born with a curly lock of hair, it is a sign that he is to be a doctor. He is carefully fostered by his parents and friends. His hair is not cut nor combed, nor is he allowed to eat clams, crabs, or any beach food. It is seldom that an infant is born with the desired curly lock. Years ago the credulous were deceived by designing relatives who would present the child with a curl made by hand. It is seldom that a boy with a genuine curl makes his appearance. There are others who aspire to the position and influence of a doctor. When one dies, an Indian will go upon the roof and call for the yake or demon who dwelt in the body which is now lying in state and surrounded by mourners. If he comes he will be apt to enter into one of the young

men who are standing around the corpse. He falls as if he were shot dead. This is the sign that the old doctor's demon has entered into the man. He is taken off to one part of the house and covered with a blanket. He pretends to be wholly unconscious. There is a tacit understanding between the man who calls the yake and the one into whom he is supposed to enter. Sometimes a Indian will fall so violently as to injure his head. This has its proper effect upon the bystanders. Others who have neither curly hair nor are possessed become doctors. Often a nephew, the doctor's sister's son, is the favored one. All candidates must endure the test. When the proper time arrives the person who is to be initiated goes to the tomb of a doctor whom he chooses as a sort of patron. He is attended by two watches of relatives, four in each. The test is an absolute fast for eight days. He sleeps one or two nights in the dead-house. The watchers are to see that he does not break his fast. He is allowed the use of tobacco. These persons who guard him are relatives. While he is fasting he makes up his songs which he will sing when called upon to cure a sick person. His guard learn the same songs, for they are to be his attendants in the future when he practices his arts.—*Rocky Mountain Presbyterian.*

#### The Poor Indian's Offering.

IT is recorded of a young Indian chief, with a wife and family, in Upper Canada, that on one occasion he left the camp of his people, and retired to a considerable distance in the forest for the purpose of hunting. Shortly after reaching his new place of abode, his supply of provisions having become exhausted, he went forth, as usual, in quest of game, but soon discovered that his former good fortune had deserted him; the animals, as if apprised of his intentions, retiring to a safe distance out of the reach of gun-shot. Foiled in his purpose, the poor Indian renewed his exertions; but failure attended every attempt. Discouraged, after long and persevering efforts, remembering his isolated condition and the pressing necessities of his family, which had been living for more than three days on wild roots, he paused, weary and faint, and, taking his seat on a log of wood out of sight, but so that he could hear his little children playing around the wigwam, he fell into a train of meditation. He looked upward to the blue arch above him, and beheld the beautiful sky and bright sun, and casting his eyes around him, he saw the green grass, the waving trees, and the flowing water, and he said to himself: "These things came not here by their own bidding; there must be a cause for them; they could not produce themselves, and, therefore, they must have been created! And who is their Creator? Surely he must be the Great Spirit! I wish the Great Spirit would bless poor Indian, that his famishing wife and family might not starve."

Then he thought that perhaps he must give the Great Spirit something, so that he might bless him. And what had he? There was his blanket; though it had done him good service, and was still much needed, he would give it up to Him if He would bless him. So he took the blanket in his hand and laid it on a log, and with up-turned eyes said: "Here, Great Spirit, accept this blanket, and bless poor Indian, that he may find food, and that his wife and family may not starve." The anguish of his heart was unabated. No manna fell from heaven to afford relief. The offering did not suffice. What must he now do? A tomahawk hung in his belt; could he spare that? Yes, if that was what the Great Spirit required, he thought he could. He advanced as before, and laid it upon the log, and said: "O Great Spirit, take my tomahawk; it is all poor Indian has. He has nothing else to give; take it and bless me, and give me food for my children." But, alas! no answer came. The burden rests still on his bosom. And what can he do now? There was his gun, his only means of obtaining game, his sole support, and hitherto his unfailing friend. How could he spare that? Must he part with that also? He paused, but, pressed down by his for-



lorn condition, almost hopeless, he took the gun in his hand, and laid it on the log, and sobbed out: "O Great Spirit, take my gun, too! it is all poor Indian has; he has nothing more. Take it, and bless poor Indian, that his wife and children may not starve." Still the messenger of love came not.

Almost broken-hearted, he started to his feet, a ray of light flashed through his mind. He would go to that rude altar again and offer *himself* up to the Great Spirit. So he sat down on the log with his blanket, his tomahawk, and his gun by his side, and said: "Here, Great Spirit, poor Indian has given up all that he has; he has nothing more; so take poor Indian, too, and bless him, that he may find food for his famishing family, that they may not starve."

In a moment a change comes over the scene, and everything seems smiling and joyous. His soul is filled with happiness such as he had never felt before. As he contemplates, lo! a deer comes bounding toward him from the thicket; he raises his gun and secures him. Thus was his offering accepted and his prayer answered, and he was ever afterward successful in hunting. On returning to his family, the poor Indian told them what had happened; and, thinking that if he left the blanket, the tomahawk, and the gun on the log, they would be of no use to any one, he took them with him, and told the Great Spirit that he would take care of them for *Him*, and use them subject to His will, and that henceforth he would regard himself, and all that he had, as belonging to Him.

When the hunting season was over, the young chief returned to his tribe; and soon afterwards, hearing for the first time the teaching of a Christian missionary, while seated with his red brethren and sisters, and listen-



Board. There are also more than a dozen assistant missionaries, mostly ladies.

The progress made by the Dakota Mission in forty-five years may be seen from the following summary taken from the statistics of the Mission for the year ending March 31st, 1880:

Number of native ministers.....	10
Number of native churches.....	11
Number added on profession.....	65
Total membership of churches.....	853
Number of Sabbath-schools.....	12
Membership of Sabbath-schools.....	550
Contributions for pastoral support.....	\$627
Contributions for missionary work.....	482
Miscellaneous contributions.....	288

previous years. The Indians of Sisseton Agency, Flaudreau, and Santee, among whom missions were commenced forty-five years ago, may now be said to be Christianized, as all public heathen worship has been abandoned, and the Christian religion generally accepted. There is a great work yet to be done. Many thousand of the wildest Indians in the United States are still beyond. But they are no worse or more unapproachable than these two or three thousand Christian Indians were forty years ago. Surely we have seen enough of God's power, in the conversion of these many souls, to build our faith upon. The bands already converted are the warlike, immovable savages of whom the early explorers wrote. They have believed and are saved, and so may the rest believe if we labor and pray



Wolf Indians.

The only other Protestant mission among the Sioux is the Niobrara Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It was commenced in 1860. It is now under charge of the Rt. Rev. W. H. Hare, D.D., Bishop. The following American missionaries are now in the field: Revs. J. W. Cook, W. J. Cleveland, H. Swift, H. Burt, W. W. Fowler, Whitten, Wolcott, and J. Robinson. There are also three or four native ministers, a large number of American teachers, native catechists, and other helpers. The number of communicants at the present time we do not know; but there are several hundred.

The Roman Catholics have never undertaken much work among the Sioux, although itinerant priests visited them nearly two hundred years ago, and have continued to do so at short intervals ever since, administering their peculiar rites to traders and half-bloods, and such Indian children and others as they could bring under their influence. Within the past ten years they have been more active, and established permanent stations at two different agencies, Standing Rock and Devil's Lake.

In the progress of Christianity and civilization the last eighteen years has seen more advance than all the

for them; and truly the "Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Let us give them the Gospel.

#### Missions of the American Board Among the Dakota or Sioux Indians.

By REV. ALFRED L. RIGGS, of Nebraska.

The Dakota nation is the largest body of Indians speaking the same language on this continent. They number about sixty or seventy thousand souls, the larger part of whom are within the territory of the United States, and the remainder in the British Possessions. The habitat of this people, at the beginning of this historic period, was from the east side of the Mississippi River, in Minnesota, over to the Black Hills and Rocky Mountains, and from the Platte River in Nebraska on the south to beyond the British line on the north.

And not only the largest, but it has also been one of most warlike and fierce of the tribes of the interior. As a natural consequence, they have had a pride of race, and a sense of their own importance, which have been great barriers to the introduction of Christianity among them.

## THEIR RELIGION.

like that of most of the native tribes of the continent, while it seems to bring them into sympathy with the truths of Christianity, still holds them immovably distant. They have a widely infused spiritual sentiment, and very reverential. All nature to them teems with the manifestations of the great mysterious Power that fills the universe. And thus they find a god in everything. While they do not deny the existence of a supreme Person at the head of all, and, indeed, might require his existence by their philosophy, yet they have nothing to do with him practically. It is with the more

## PROTESTANT MISSION WORK

among the Dakotas began systematically in 1835. Exploration of the field was made in 1834 by Dr. Thomas S. Williamson, missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He brought his family in the following year, and was accompanied by Mr. Alexander Higgins, assistant missionary. The brothers Samuel W. Pond and Gideon H. Pond of Connecticut, who had come onto the ground in 1834, as independent volunteer missionaries, soon joined the mission of the American Board. Rev. Stephen R. Riggs joined the force in 1857. Other laborers were added



AN INDIAN DANCE.

immediate manifestations of Deity, in the sun, in the thunder, in the mystery of the waters, or in the tutelar spirit in various forms that guards the life of each man—it is with these they are concerned, and these they worship.

By the help of these divinities they and their fathers have made war, have hunted buffalo and deer, have trapped the fur bearing animals, or have planted and gathered the crops of their summer gardens. And what was good for their fathers is good enough for them, they think.

As they talk piously and benevolently, many white men are ready to declare them good Christians already. But the unregenerate heart is the same everywhere, and bitterly opposes the trembling doctrines of Christ's Gospel. Then, too, the leaders in their sacred mysteries, priests of their religion, the so-called "medicine men," when Christianity comes in and threatens their trade, are aroused to opposition, like the silversmiths of Ephesus.

and subtracted from time to time, but the burden of the work has been borne by these three families, fathers and children, the Williamsons, the Ponds, and Riggses.

It was among the eastern or Minnesota Sioux that the work was begun. Stations were opened at Lacquiparle, near the head of the Minnesota River and near Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the same river with the Mississippi. While the main effort was made among the eastern tribes, tours were made westward to the tribes of the Missouri River and the central prairies.

## NINETEEN YEARS OF DEAD LIFE

came before the day of enlarged results. A few converts were gathered, mostly women. A few men dared the scorn and persecution of their people, and professed faith in Jesus. But they did this in spite of the loss of horses and cattle that they were beginning to raise, shot by orders of the "soldiers' lodge," the Indian Vehmgerichte; in spite of being dubbed "a woman" for working with their own hands in the field; in spite of



daily threats and frequent attempts at poisoning or killing by witchcraft.

Few people at this day can understand the great revolution that has taken place in the Indian mind within these forty-five years. Now even the warriors under Red Cloud and Spotted Tail are driving freight teams, building houses, and holding the plow handle with their own sacred hands. It seems now to us a very natural thing for them to do. But it is contrary to all their traditions, and violates the fundamental principles of their ancestral faith. For years they resisted the incoming revolution. They saw the issue in the beginning and fought it step by step all the way. Indeed, the outbreak and massacres in Minnesota in 1862 was among other potent causes of the uprising of heathenism for self preservation against the advance of Christianity.

And not only in these outward duties of civilization are these Indian tribes now ready learners; but there is an expectancy and general readiness that waits for the Gospel, even where churches have not been planted.

#### THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

came about the year 1854. The leaven of Christian truth had been working through these years of labor and waiting. The field occupied was now narrower by reason of the consolidation of the Indians on the reservation set apart after the sale of their lands in Minnesota. So that, instead of a line of stations along the Minnesota and down the Mississippi to Lake Pepin, the work was centered at Yellow Medicine and Hazelwood, on the Minnesota.

Hazelwood was a community of civilized Dakotas, who adopted at that early date a republican form of government and the white man's dress and customs. They were ready to do this because Christianity had made them white inside. When, subsequently large numbers donned the white man's coat and breeches, and had their long black hair cut off to gain the premiums offered by the U. S. government, it was another kind of a transformation. And it was these "whitewashed" Indians who proved false in the day of trial, and not "the Christian Indians," as has been falsely stated.

After eight years of encouraging advance, there came the seeming eclipse of all missionary success. The outbreak of 1862 broke up the missions and landed a large portion of the Minnesota Dakotas in prison at Mankato and Fort Snelling. But the winter following was memorable for one of the most wonderful revivals that the history of the Church records. These proud warriors had looked to their gods for victory, and they met defeat. Their pagan faith was broken, and so was their insolent pride. The lessons they had scorned for years came back to them in their humiliation and distress, and the glory of Christ was then revealed to them. Over three hundred Sioux warriors there enlisted under the banner of the cross. And the same winter several hundreds of their wives and children were baptised into the faith at the Fort Snelling camp.

With the release of the prisoners came their transfer to the region of the Missouri River, in Dakota Territory and northern Nebraska. Those at Fort Snelling were transported to the Missouri the following year, but those under sentence at Mankato spent still three years at Davenport, Iowa. The removal of the captive Sioux to the Missouri required

#### RE-ESTABLISHMENT ON A NEW FIELD.

While those who were Christian Indians before the outbreak gathered again to the northwest of their former homes, at what is now Sisseton Agency, D. T., those on the Missouri were finally concentrated at Santee Agency, Nebraska.

This has given two bases of operation, and along the Missouri line work has been successfully opened among the Yankton Sioux at Yankton Agency, D. T., at Fort Sully, D. T., among the Teton Sioux, and at Fort Berthold among the Rees, Grosventres, and Mandans, while more recently a mission has been planted at Poplar River Agency, Montana, among the Yanktonais and Assiniboinés.

From the base at Sisseton Agency work has been carried on northward, at Devil's Lake, and onward to Fort Ellice in the British Possessions. And from the two bases have also gone out colonies of citizen Indians at Flandreau, D. T., and at Brown Earth, D. T. Thus the work has spread on every hand and has been blessed.

Soon after the re-establishment on the new lines, the mission force working under the American Board became two bands, a part choosing to work under the mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, while the larger part remained under the old Board. And yet the work has been carried on as one, and so continues.

#### PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.

Eleven native churches, with a membership of eight hundred and fifty-three, are ministered to by native pastors. And these churches are active in good works. One of the most encouraging facts is the organization of a Native Missionary Society, which has been for several years sending out its own missionaries to their heathen brethren. In almost every church there is a Woman's Missionary Circle, which have raised by their needles during the year past \$212.79. The whole amount of receipts in the Native Missionary Society during the year being \$527.17. The table at the close of this article will show more clearly the condition and progress of the churches.

#### SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

From the very beginning of the mission, schools have been kept up whenever the opposition of the "soldiers' lodge" did not prevent. The first winter Dr. Williamson taught in a tent and drew the letters in the dust of the tent floor. And oftentimes the school has followed the wandering tribe, tenting with them as they hunted.

But it is by these persistent, multifarious ways that education has been advanced among this people, and has really reached down into their inner thought. That this is the fact is evident in their conferences and church gatherings, by the topics discussed and the thoughts evolved. They are not thinking as Indians, but as white men and Christians.

Thus to reach the thought of a people is a more difficult thing than teaching after the common routine of the school room. One must use the languages of the people to affect their life. Hence the Dakota languages was early reduced to writing, a vocabulary was gathered, and many books, of which the Bible is the chief, have been printed in the language. An eight page monthly newspaper, "*The Word Carrier*," is printed, and an edition of over a thousand copies circulated among them. To the Dakota pages the natives are regular contributors. At each station there are schools of the lower grades, and at Santee Agency, Nebraska, is located the central school for the higher training of their pupils. This "Normal Training School" has a teaching force of twelve, including those who have charge of the industrial instruction. Eighty-nine pupils attended during the last school year.

#### OTHER MISSIONS.

So far we have spoken of the labors of but one missionary society. At an early day the Swiss maintained a mission for a few years. The Methodists also made

the attempt. But both soon withdrew from the field as not sufficiently encouraging.

Just before the Minnesota outbreak the Episcopalians opened a mission. It was suspended for several years, but commenced again after the re-establishment upon the Missouri. Since then their work has enlarged very considerably, partly by reason of having the government educational work put into their hands. Their native Church membership numbers nearly the same as the older mission of the American and Presbyterian Boards. They have also furnished several publications in the Dakota tongue, the Prayer Book, a Hymn Book, "The

King's Highway," and a monthly paper, *The Daybreak*, being the most important.

Thus it will be seen that the work of evangelizing and civilizing our Indian tribes is not a work to be attempted without systematic, persistent, and thorough work. And yet it is a work which in its very difficulties challenges the ambition of a heroic church. And the ultimate success is such as to grandly compensate for all the labor expended. The field among the Dakotas is now ripe for the harvest. The missionary force should be doubled at once. Would that the church of Christ understood its opportunity.

### Statistics of the Churches of the Dakota Mission for the Year ending March 31, 1880.

OKODAKICIYE WICAWAPI.

Names of Churches.	Added on Profession. Iconics Opapi.	Added by Letter. Wowapi on Opapi.	Whole Number of Members. Opapi Alaya.	Infant Baptisms. Hoksiyopa Mniakustapi.	Adult Baptisms. Iconics Mniakustapi.	Sabbath School Members. Wowapi Wakan Ongweicewapi.	Missionary Contributions. Wotniu Waste Ayapi.	Contributions for Pastor. Wicasia Wakan On.	Misc. Contributions. Womayee tokeca.
Of the churches and stations named below, Yankton Agency, Flandreau, and Hill Church are under the charge of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; the others are under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.									
<b>Names of Churches.</b>									
Ascension, Iyakaptapi.....	1		79	11		49	\$102	\$94	
Brown Earth, Makagioze.....	3		77	2		35	16		
Buffalo Lakes, Canyonwase.....	8	2	67	3	4	24	12	45	\$20
Flandreau, Wakpaipaksan.....	3		180	3		30	104	144	50
Fort Berthold, Hewaktokto.....					1	30*			
Good Will, Tawacinwaste.....	4	7	49	6		60	60	60	53
Hill, Pahata.....	4	1	40	14		26	5		28
Long Hollow, Kaksizabanska.....	12		75	14	8	22	5	68	11
Pilgrim, (Santee Agency,) Ohnibde.....	7		170	13	1	95	67	70	70
Shiloh, (Peoria Bottom,) Titankahe.....	6	2	19	7	5	88	13		
Yankton Agency, Ihanktonwan.....	3	2	62	8		55	75	50	40
Yellow Banks, Mayasan.....	7	2	73	8	3	36	23	96	16
Devil's Lake, (under charge of Dakota Native Missionary Society.—No church organized.).....	7		12	3	2				
	65	16	853	87	24	550	\$482	\$627	\$288

\*Estimated.

[From the "New York Observer" of December 30th.]

### Indian School at Carlisle, Pa.

After the band of fierce warriors brought to Fort Marion in chains had returned to their homes in the Indian Territory, civilized, industrious men, Captain Pratt, to whose efforts this change was due, was anxious to continue in this new Indian warfare, where the weapons were Christian love and interest. His next victory was the placing by the authority of the Interior Department of forty-nine Indian children at Hampton Institute.

The military barracks at Carlisle, Pa., were unoccupied by troops. Pleasantly located, the commodious buildings well adapted to such use, Capt. Pratt decided that this was the place for an Indian school. Educational work on an Indian reserve is doubly difficult, because the teaching of the schools is so much counteracted by the evil influences of home associations. When Capt. Pratt laid before Secretary Schurz his plan of utilizing the Carlisle Barracks for an Indian school, the secretary at once gave it his cordial approval, and by his powerful support, with the co-operation of the War Department, the school was opened.

The first delegation of eighty-four boys and girls from Red Cloud and Spotted Tail's bands of Sioux arrived in October, 1879. These children were fresh from

the lodges, utterly wild and uncivilized, clad in their savage garb, with long unkempt hair and painted faces—the task of civilization seemed hopeless. The first lessons were on the uses of soap and water, of scissors and comb, and then the blankets and moccasins were laid aside for coats and shoes and dresses. The number of pupils at present in the school is 212. The tribes represented are Apaches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Wichitas, Poncas, Pawnees, Nez Percés, Menomonees, Keechis, Towaconnies, Pueblos, Seminoles, Iowas, Sacs, Foxes, and Lipans. Applications for the admission of children from other tribes are constantly received, and it is anticipated that the number will ere long reach 300, the full capacity of the school.

In deed as well as in name, it is an "Indian Training School," and its object is to make its students useful, self-reliant people, competent to support themselves by their own exertions. They are therefore trained in industrial pursuits. In the kitchen, dining-room, and laundry the girls receive careful instruction in household duties. In the sewing-room they learn to cut, make, and mend garments. Many of them use the sewing-machine very skillfully, and it is quite amusing on mending days to see the group of little ones gathered about the great basket of stockings to be darned.



Connected with the school are shops where the boys receive instruction in various trades. Those who are apprenticed spend two days at work and four in school each week. There are tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, tanners, wagon and harness-makers, printers, and bakers. The wagon-makers, harness-makers, and trimmers are kept busy in filling orders for goods to be supplied by the Indian Department to Indians on the reservations. The printers do considerable work for the school, and one of them, a Pawnee boy of fourteen, edits a tiny paper, *School News*, which is made up from the unaided productions of the students. The other apprentices are employed in needful work for the school. All receive sixteen cents a day for the time they work, and thus they have opportunity for lessons in economy and prudence in spending money. Twelve of the boys are organized into a brass band, and are able to play quite a number of pieces in a manner which does them much credit.

The teaching of the school-rooms is by such methods as experience has shown to be best adapted to pupils with no knowledge of English. The progress made has been such as to satisfy the most sanguine expectations. Every month a report is sent to each student's parents, telling of the conduct, health, and scholarship of the student during the month. The report is accompanied by a letter from the student, so that, at least once a month, a message of peace goes to the distant lodges. Most of the children write oftener than once a month. They are governed kindly, yet firmly. They are not hampered by useless regulations, but those that exist must be strictly kept. The pupils are never whipped. Most of the pupils attend religious services in the various churches of Carlisle. Those who do not go to the Sabbath-schools in the town are taught in the chapel, and on Sunday afternoons there is a service conducted by one of the ministers from Carlisle. Once a week there is a students' prayer-meeting.

This sketch will show the important work that is going on at this Indian school. There ought to be many such schools. The United States Government is bound by its treaty stipulations with almost every Indian tribe to provide educational advantages for all the children of the tribe, and in not a single instance is this contract fulfilled. Is it not time our nation should begin to keep its promises to these people? Let the Carlisle school be but a beginning, and the work started by Capt. Pratt be carried forward at many another point. Hundreds, yes, thousands, of Indian children are begging for the teaching which should be given them, not as charity, but as their right.

[From the "Evangelist" of December 30th.]

#### Hampton Institute.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, of Virginia, about two miles and a half from Fortress Monroe, began a new year on the 1st of last October. All the rooms were immediately taken, and for the second time in its history, some of the students have been obliged to live in tents. The colored young men number 174, and the colored young women 88; Indian young men 45, and Indian young women 19; boarders, 326; day scholars, 22; the total number of students amounting to 348. General S. C. Armstrong, the principal, states that the graduates are in great demand as teachers, and are better and more promptly paid than ever before. Salaries are from twenty-five to thirty dollars per month. Sessions are from six to eight months. At this writing all available graduates are placed in charge of schools, and there are none to send in response to ap-

plications coming in daily for colored school teachers. There is money and schoolhouses. The demand for teachers is most pressing, and far greater than the supply.

This school was started in 1868, with only fifteen scholars. At the close of the last fiscal year, June 30th, 1880, 1,429 pupils had been admitted, although some of them remained but a few weeks. Three hundred and fifty-three have graduated. Not less than ninety per cent of graduates have devoted themselves to the work of teaching their people, with a success and steadfastness which, on the whole, surpasses expectation, and gives the strongest encouragement for continued efforts for their race. The negro teacher, like the negro laborer, on his own ground can hold his own, and is the best man for the place. Manual labor is combined with the course of English studies, and the testimony of educational men in the South regarding the success of their graduate teachers since 1870 is very gratifying. From 15,000 to 20,000 children have been taught by them the past year.

This institution, worthy in every way of assistance, desires \$30,000 for buildings—one for colored students, and one for Indian students, to cost \$15,000 each. Both are to create opportunities mainly for the young women of both races, for whom less has been done than for the men, and on whose intelligence and integrity depends the progress of these races.

#### The Indians in Alaska.

By LINDA LEWIS.

(The following is an extract from a letter from a missionary in Alaska to the Pastor of the 13th St. Presbyterian Church in this city.)

I am going to try to give you some idea of the manners and customs of the Indians living in this territory.



A Hunter in Alaska.

They are a pleasant-faced people taken as a whole, of medium height strongly built and extremely hardy. Mrs. Beardslee says they remind her of the coolies in China. One custom, however, which is very detrimental to their personal appearance, is the frequent use of lamp-black mixed with oil on their faces, which gives them an exceedingly repulsive look. No one has yet been able to

ascertain for a certainty why they do it, as nearly every one when asked gives a different reason. Most of the Indians still wear blankets, and the women are very partial to the wearing of bright colored handkerchiefs upon their heads, instead of hats. They are also very fond of jewelry, and I have seen one of the rich squaws in Sitka with eight or ten bracelets on each arm, two or three rings on each finger, and a pair in her ears. Many of them, both men and women, wear them in their noses. The girls, upon arriving at a marriageable age, have a silver pin inserted in the lower lip, which projects over the chin. After their marriage this pin is removed, and a spool-shaped piece, generally made of bone, is substituted in its place. This is called a labret. As she grows older, larger ones are inserted. I saw one which measured nearly three inches. Their houses are usually built near the water, and close to each other. They consist of one large room from thirty to fifty feet square, the door being three or four feet from the ground; a platform extends around at least two sides of the apartment, and sometimes entirely. On this is placed their bedding, blankets, food, and, in fact, all their worldly possessions. An Indian's wealth consists in the number of blankets he owns. Some of them have over five hundred packed in their trunks and boxes. The fire is built in the middle of the floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the center of the roof. Very few of the houses have windows, in fact, there are only three in the whole ranche in Sitka, which contains about seventy-five houses. Some of these have from fifty to sixty people in them, each family have from three to six dogs, and when they gather around the fire to partake of their food, it is often a great struggle to see which shall have it, the Indians or the dogs. The shore is lined with their canoes, which are made from one solid log of cedar. The outside is shaped first, then the tree is hollowed out to the proper thickness. After this it is filled with water, which is heated by throwing in hot stones, and covered with canvas to keep the steam in. This softens the wood. The sides are distended by putting sticks across to the desired breadth at the center, and shortening them towards the ends. Some of the canoes are ornamented with very beautiful carvings. When the summer comes, they leave the ranches, and go off in various directions to hunt, fish, and lay up their winter stores, which consist chiefly of dried fish and salmon berries. I have not been able to find out anything from the Indians concerning their religion. Mr. W. H. Dall, in his "Alaska and its Resources," writes: "Their religion is a feeble polytheism. Yehl is the maker of wood and water. He put the sun, moon, and stars in their place. He lives in the east, near the head-waters of the Naass River. He makes himself known in the east wind, 'Ssankheth,' and his abode is 'Naasshak-yehl.' There was a time when men groped in the dark in search of the world. At that time a Thlinket lived, who had a wife and sister. He loved the former so much that he did not permit her to work. Eight little red birds, called kun, were always around her. One day she spoke to a stranger. The little birds flew and told the jealous husband, who prepared to make a box to shut his wife up. He killed all his sister's children, because they looked at his wife. Weeping, the mother went to the sea-shore. A whale saw her and asked her the cause of her grief, and when informed, told her to swallow a stone, and drink some sea-water. In eight months she had a son, whom she hid from her brother. This son was Yehl. At that time the sun, moon, and stars were kept by a rich chief in separate boxes, which he allowed no one to touch. Yehl, by strategy, secured and opened these boxes, so

that the moon and stars shone in the sky. When the sun box was opened, the people, astonished at the unwonted glare, ran off into the mountains, woods, and even into the water, becoming animals or fish. He also provided fire and water. Having arranged everything for the comfort of the Thlinkets, he disappeared where



Esquimaux Family.

neither man nor spirit can penetrate. There are an immense number of minor spirits called yekh. Each shaman has his own familiar spirits that do his bidding, and others on whom he may call in certain emergencies. These spirits are divided into three classes—Khiyekh, the upper ones, Takhi-yekh, land spirits, and Tekhi-yekh, sea spirits. The first are the spirits of the brave killed in war, and dwelling in the north. Hence, a great display of northern lights is looked upon as an omen of war. The second and third are the spirits of those who died in the common way, and who dwell in Takhan-khov. The ease with which the latter reach their appointed place is dependent on the conduct of their relations in mourning for them. In addition to these spirits every one has his yekh, who is always with him, except in cases when the man becomes exceedingly bad, when the yekh leaves him." These spirits only permit themselves to be conjured by the sound of a drum or a rattle. The last is usually made in the shape of a bird, hollow and filled with small stones. These are used at all festivities and whenever the spirits are wanted. In my next I will try to give you some idea of the dress and manner of healing the sick by the Indian doctors.

Sitka, June 30th, 1880.

Santiago Reino, an Indian from the Taos Pueblo, was recently baptized and received into the church at Cenezero, Col. So far as known, he is the first from that Pueblo to receive Christian baptism. In the same neighborhood is Jose Antonio, a Christian Navajo Indian.

The Cherokees have over eighty common schools. The Chickasaws have four public and about ten district schools. The Choctaws have two public and fifty district schools.



## Presbyterian Missions among the Indians.

The last Annual Report of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America is as follows:

## SENECA MISSION.

UPPER CATTARAUGUS: Cattaraugus Reservation, Western New York; mission begun, 1811; transferred to the Board, 1870; missionary laborers, Mrs. Asher Wright, Rev. William P. Barker and his wife; one native assistant. LOWER CATTARAUGUS: on the same reservation; missionary laborers—*Rev. Zachariah L. Jimeson*; \* *Rev. H. Silverheels*. SUB-STATIONS: on Tonawanda and Tuscarora Reserves, Western New York; missionary laborers—one native helper, three native assistants.

ALLEGHANY: Alleghany Reservation, Western New York and Pennsylvania; missionary laborers—Rev. William Hall and his wife; *Rev. D. Jimeson*; two native licentiate preachers.

## LAKE SUPERIOR CHIPPEWA MISSION.

ODANAH: on Bad River Reservation, in the north-western part of Wisconsin, the Reservation fronting on Lake Superior; transferred to the Board, 1870; missionary work resumed, 1871; missionary laborers—Rev. Isaac Baird and his wife; *Rev. Henry Blatchford*; Miss Susie Dougherty, Miss Marion MacLary, teachers. OUT-STATION: on Lac Court Orielles Reservation; one native teacher.

## OMAHA MISSION.

BLACKBIRD HILLS, Nebraska: on the Missouri River, about 70 miles above Omaha City; mission begun, 1846; missionary laborers—Rev. Messrs. William Hamilton and Samuel M. Irvin, and their wives; Miss Mary S. Estill, Miss Mary Jennings, and Miss Rosalie La Flesche, teachers.

## DAKOTA MISSION.

YANKTON AGENCY, Dakota Territory: on the Missouri River, 60 miles above Yankton; station occupied, 1869; missionary laborers—Rev. John P. Williamson and his wife; Miss Jennie B. Dickson and Miss Hellen Anglie, teachers; *Rev. Henry T. Selwin*; two native helpers. At Yankton Agency, for the present, Rev. George W. Wood, Jr., and his wife.

FLANDREAU, Dakota Territory: on Big Sioux River, 40 miles above Sioux Falls; station occupied, 1869; missionary laborer—*Rev. John Eastman*.

## CREEK MISSION.

TULLAHASSEE: in the Creek District, Indian Territory; station occupied in 1849; suspended in 1861, and re-occupied in 1863; missionary laborers—Rev. William Robertson and his wife: Mrs. Ann A. Craig, Miss Eliza J. Baldwin, and Miss Hattie J. McCay, teachers.

EUFAULA: in the Creek District; Rev. Robert C. McGee. *North Fork*, near Eufaula: one native licentiate preacher.

## SEMINOLE MISSION.

WEWOKA: in the Seminole District, Indian Territory; mission begun, 1849; suspended, 1861, resumed, 1867; missionary laborers—Rev. J. Ross Ramsay and his wife; Miss Margaret Ramsay; two native licentiate preachers.

## NEZ PERCES MISSION.

LAPWAI: Rev. George L. Deffenbaugh; one native licentiate preacher.

KALIA: Miss Sue L. McBeth, Miss Kate C. McBeth, teachers; *Rev. Robert Williams*; one native licentiate preacher.

The Rev. Thomas S. Williamson, M.D., of the Dakota Mission, departed this life, June 24, 1879, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was the first missionary appointed to the Sioux Indians, and he continued in various and important Indian labors from 1835 until he entered into his rest, an able and faithful missionary. His later years were chiefly spent in translating the Scriptures into the Dakota language. When his ministry began, all was heathenism and darkness; before it ended, "he was permitted to see ten organized Presbyterian churches,

with a membership of over eight hundred souls, and these churches ministered to by trained Indian preachers." The Rev. Samuel M. Irvin and his wife, formerly of the Iowa and Sac Mission, have been re-appointed, with a view to Mr. Irvin's taking charge of the Omaha boarding-school. The Rev. George Wood, Jr., and his wife, have been appointed to the Dakota mission, in which it is expected that they will occupy a new station. As missionary teachers, Misses Kate McBeth, MacLary, Jennings, Estill, La Flesche, and Ramsay received appointments last year; their names and stations appear in the list given above.

The regular work of these missions has been kept up as in former years, and has enjoyed in some cases marked tokens of the divine blessing. In most of the churches some new communicants have been received, as shown by the following table:

Churches.	Received on Profession.	Whole Number.
SENECA MISSION:		
Cattaraugus.....	13	122
Alleghany.....	9	65
Tonawanda.....	8	23
Tuscarora.....	3	32
CHIPPEWA:	2	72
OMAHA:	8	52
DAKOTA:		
Yankton Agency...	5	63
Hill Church.....	4	39
Flandreau.....	5	130
CREEK:		
Tullahassee-Wealaka	25	106
North Fork.....	..	34
SEMINOLE:	10	74
NEZ PERCE:		
Lapwai.....	28	148
Kamia.....	20	203

The returns of the Nez Percés churches, as now stated, were ascertained by Mr. Deffenbaugh, with much care and good judgment. The larger numbers of former years, as reported to the Board, probably included all persons baptized, but not always regularly enrolled. The churches do not seem to have been then fully constituted. The Presbytery has made some record of their case, and Mr. Deffenbaugh's statement concerning it will be kept on file. In view of careless practice in too many instances under the old custom, he was led to require formal marriage services to be held in such cases as requisite to church membership; this requirement was willingly complied with, and exerted a favorable influence on the Christian and social habits of the Indians.

A considerable degree of earnest attention to religious things was reported, near the end of the year, among the Omahas and the Seminoles. It is hoped that many will soon be led to Christ as their Saviour, and then, to the communion of the church.

Among the Senecas almost special attention has been given by the missionaries to the duty of the churches to make greater efforts for self-support. These churches have been long supported by missionary boards, and their members are now well advanced in Christian civilization. There are difficulties still to be overcome—resulting partly from the influence of too many denominations, and partly from the land on the principal reservation being held in common, not in severalty. This vague title is adverse to all right views of personal responsibility in

\*Names in *italic* denote natives of the tribes.

the support of the church. The subject requires further attention, and it is one that should soon receive decided action.

The usefulness of native ministers is everywhere evident among Indian churches which enjoy their services; as in the Dakota, Creek, and Nez Perce tribes. In the last, Mr. Williams is doing excellent service for his people, and they have shown their sense of the blessings received from his ministry by contributing from their small means about \$100. toward his support. The Dakota churches also give liberally, according to their ability, to support their native pastors.

In the schools of these missions some progress has been made. At the instance of the Government, and at the request of the chiefs, the Omaha boarding and industrial school was re-opened in December. The Government agreed to defray a considerable part of the expense; but, thus far, the outlay for putting the building in repair and for current expenses has been provided by the Board—making a large item in the treasurer's account. It is expected that a part of this sum will be reimbursed.

The Creek and Seminole schools appear to be exerting a fine influence, and the Chippewa school at Odanah can already point to an offshoot in a promising school on another reservation. This school owes its success largely to the fact that its teacher understands both the English and the native languages. His qualifications for his work—both religious and educational, and those of his wife, were received in the Odanah school.

Miss Dixon, among the Dakotas, spending several months at an isolated place, with no neighbors except untought Indians, and the Misses McBeth among the Nez Perces, have shown clearly the usefulness of instruction in day-schools. Miss McBeth continues her training class of men for service to their own people, and Miss Kate McBeth is exerting a fine influence on the Nez Perce women. Heretofore, these poor women have had few opportunities of improvement, and they were only too willing to remain in their old ways; but now a new spirit seems to animate not a few of them. They possess good minds, and a few years of faithful Christian teaching and training will make great and happy changes in their condition.

The Indians in the State of New York are admitted to the advantages of the common-school system of the State, and no returns of scholars are reported to the Board, excepting of the Industrial School, which is supported by benevolent gifts. Its scholars enjoyed the great advantage of Mrs. Asher Wright's care and instruction during much of the year; but her serious illness interrupted the work for a time. It will be continued, though in a somewhat modified form.

Of schools under the care of the Board, statistics are given in the following table:

SENECA.....	Upper Cattaraugus.....	Industrial.....	70*	Mostly women.
CHIPPEWA.....	Odanah & Substation.....	Boarding.....	20	" Boys and girls.
	Day.....	58	"	"
OMAHA.....	Near Omaha Agency.....	Boarding.....	50	Of whom 23 are girls.
DAKOTA.....	At three places.....	Day.....	163	" " 76 " "
	At Santee Agency.....	High School.....	4	" " 2 " "
CREEK.....	Tulihassece.....	Boarding.....	91	" " 49 " "
SEMINOLE.....	Wewoka.....	Boarding.....	22	Boys.
NEZ PERCE.....	Kamla.....	Day.....	28	Mostly men and women.
				*Last year's report.

Reviewing in few words the present condition of the nine tribes for whom these missions are maintained, it may be said that the New York Indians are in a good degree civilized and prepared for the duties and privileges of citizens; and before long they ought to stand on the same ground with other citizens in the support of

their churches. The Chippewas of Odanah and its vicinity, the Omahas, and many of the Dakotas, are rapidly advancing in industrial pursuits, learning to value education, adopting the habits of civilized life, and showing that the patient labors of missionaries for their welfare have not been in vain.

The Creeks are, many of them, educated; all of them peaceful, most of them more or less engaged in farming; and the Seminoles are in similar circumstances. In both of these tribes the schools of the Board supply a needed element of influence, and one that has been of great use heretofore.

The Nez Perces are in a most hopeful state, in nearly all respects—remarkable for their native good sense, their energy of character, their willingness to adopt measures for improving their condition, and their being largely under the influence of the Gospel.

The case of the Nez Perces in the Indian Territory, "Joseph's Band," is one of marked interest. If they could be permitted to return to Idaho Territory, they would now be glad to live on their reservation, and would there come under good influences. One of the Nez Perce licentiate preachers, at the request of the Indian Bureau, spent several months among them, but he has since returned to his family. No means are now employed, it is believed, for the spiritual benefit of these "prisoners," at least none by persons acquainted with their language. Their case, and that of the Poncas, show the hardships of removal from northern homes to the Indian Territory. If the latter tribe could have their homes assigned to them on the reservation of the Omahas, with whom they are connected by ties of kindred, and by whom they would probably be welcomed, they would be in more hopeful circumstances.

In regard to Indian agents, appointed on the nomination of the Board, no change is to be reported. The same gentlemen are in office still,—Messrs. Russell, Thomas, Eastman, Critchlow, and Warner, in the agencies respectively of the Mescalero Apaches, Pueblos, Navajoes, Utes of Uintah Valley, and Nez Perces.

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#### Indian Missions of Methodist Episcopal Church. South.

The Indian Mission Work in the Southern Methodist Church is confined chiefly to the Indian Mission Conference. From the last Annual Report we gather the following facts:

There are in this Conference four Presiding Elders' Districts, called by the names of the tribes to which they, for the most part, territorially belong—Cherokee, Creek, Choctaw, and Chickasaw. Four earnest and faithful laborers have charge of these divisors of the work, overseeing, directing, and aiding the preachers, Indian and white, in charge of the circuits. The work is laborious, extending over a large surface of country, and in the midst of populations only to be reached effectually through their own tongues, and wanting in many of the appliances of a thoroughly civilized life. Under all disadvantages the missionaries have labored assiduously and successfully. The Indians of the territory are by no means inaccessible to the influence of the gospel. The success of our own, as well as other missions among them, is proof sufficient that "the same Lord over all is rich" to them also. They have but little to give in return for the labor bestowed upon them, and it is imperative that the work among them be sustained by missionary contributions. Their claims are at least equal to any other, and the church cannot disregard them.

Besides the regular ministrations of the gospel, we have among them two schools—the Asbury Manual



Labor School, for boys, located in the Creek country, and the New Hope Seminary, for girls, in the Choctaw country. These combine instruction in the various departments of work suited to civilized life, with literary and religious training.

The Rev. E. R. Shapard, the Presiding Elder of the Choctaw District, is in charge of New Hope Seminary, assisted by his wife and a competent corps of instructors. This school has been drawn upon by the Woman's Missionary Society of our Church for its foreign work—the two sisters, Miss Lochie and Miss Dora Rankin, having been called from this Indian work to China. Their places have been well supplied, and the work has not been seriously interrupted. There are in the school fifty-three pupils—as many as can be accommodated. They have regular instruction in the ordinary branches of education, and are also taught to sew, knit, and spin, and take lessons in embroidery, crochet, etc. Sunday-school, preaching, class-meeting, and daily prayers, provide the religious training needed.

The Asbury Manual Labor School has under training a large number of boys, who give evidence of capacity by their proficiency in the studies assigned them. They are taught to work on the farm connected with the school, and in all departments are commended by the Superintendent, Brother W. N. Martin, and his assistants. Due attention is paid to their religious instruction, all the appliances of worship being furnished, and a careful supervision exercised over their deportment. Sixteen of the boys were last year received into the Church, and are very faithful in their religious life.

The statistics of this Conference are as follows: Traveling preachers, 25; superannuated preachers, 2; local preachers, 108; white members, 588; colored, 215; Indians, 4,785—total preachers and members, 5,723; increase, 386. Infants baptized, 472; adults, 279; Sunday-schools, 64; Sunday-school teachers, 231; Sunday-school scholars, 1,608; collected for missions, \$273 23.

#### ECHOTA MISSION.

Besides the Indians in the Territory under our care, there is a remnant of a tribe in North Carolina, within the bounds of the Holston Conference, numbering in all some fifteen or sixteen hundred, to whom the gospel is given by our preachers. This, known as the Echota Mission, numbers 135 members. Two or three of these have been added to the church during the past year, and some have died in the faith, giving witness to the power of the gospel in death. There is, as the Superintendent reports, need of a school in connection with the mission. They ought to be supplied with all the requisites for Christian life and training.

#### Indian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From the forthcoming Annual Report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we make the following extract:

There has been of late a great revival of interest in the civilization of the aborigines of our country. The government has brought to the East, the most promising youth of several of the tribes, and is educating them at Carlisle and Hampton. It is also giving greater encouragement to schools within the agencies. Under this new movement the Board, during the past year, has been encouraged to enter into arrangements for the establishment of a school at Ft. Peck, in Montana, having scholastic and industrial departments. In early spring the teachers will probably go forward. A grant from the government for the support of this school, has been supplemented by an appropriation by the

General Missionary Committee. From the frontier agencies under our care, we have received but little information during the year. Those to the west of the Rocky Mountains, are more especially cared for by the conferences within the bounds of which they are located, and from the conference journals we get some information.

The Columbia River conference speaks in deservedly high terms of the Yakama agency. They say:

Our Conference has a peculiar relation to this Indian question. The representative Indian agency of the whole service is within our bounds, and under the charge of one of our number, Rev. J. H. Wilbur. It is detracting nothing from any other work or workman to say that the work of this Agency has been the most successful of any. This has demonstrated to us two things:

1st. That agencies and agents, controlled by Christian feelings and principles, and inspired with zeal for the salvation of the Indian can alone be successful.

2nd. That keeping the agencies under the control of the right man, with authority to surround himself with right men, for long periods, so that he can carry out his own Christianizing and civilizing plans, is all important to their success.

We are gratified to report, that in all departments the Yakama Agency, under the care of Bro. Wilbur, has had probably its most prosperous year. Over \$8,000 of the appropriation made by government for its support during the present year has been returned to the Treasury; while at the same time 1,000 Indians—Bannacks, Puutes, &c.—among the wildest on the western slope, have been added to the agency. These have already begun to travel the upward way to better conditions and life, by substituting the plow for the bow, the grain fields for the chase, the school and the meeting for savage roaming and carousal.

The religious work among the Indians the past year has been of a very encouraging type. The old members of the church have generally continued steadfast, and 135 probationers, largely from the Indians admitted on the reservation, have been received. Under the Christian influences of the reservation, the enmities heretofore existing between the Yakamas and Puutes and Bannacks have been buried, the pipe of peace taking the place of conflicts of war.

The Oregon Annual Conference speaks of its agencies in the following terms.

Of the five agencies under the supervision of this Conference, but two of the agents are members of the Methodist church, viz.: the agents at Siletz, and at Klamath. Siletz is, probably, the most promising field. Our Conference has taken a deep interest in the Indians on this reservation, and kept a missionary there ever since the reservation passed under the supervision of our church. He, in connection with the agents and employees, has usually labored faithfully to civilize and Christianize these Indians, and the Lord has owned and blessed their labors. These Indians were formerly the most cruel and bloodthirsty on the Pacific Coast. At the close of the Indian war of 1855-56, five thousand of them were placed upon this reservation. As they were brought in contact with the worst class of whites, their numbers rapidly diminished, until at the time of the inauguration of the present policy, but one thousand five hundred all told, remained. Now our church has a membership of one hundred and thirty, including probationers, and a large per cent. of them are deeply pious, exhibiting all the fruits of the Spirit. So rapid has been the advancement in all that pertains to civilization that they are scarcely like the same people. Their sanitary condition has also so improved, that the number of births annually, according to the report of the resident physician, has been slightly in excess of the number of deaths, for the past two or three years.

Your committee has no report from Neah Bay or Quinault, as the agents in charge of these reservations are not members of the Methodist Church and were not recommended by the Missionary Board.

The Indians of the Klamath Agency reservation are making

commendable progress in civilization. They very readily accept the facts connected with the Christian religion. Several of them have a clear Christian experience. Nearly the whole tribe are slowly growing toward a better social and moral condition. They are emphatically an industrious and temperate people. One omen for good is the diminished influence of the "medicine men." More than one-half of these have recently, by the actions of the chiefs, been forbidden to practice. This will lead to good results. The "Boarding School" is prospering as never before. The outlook for the future was never as good as now. Religious services, consisting of one sermon, an interesting Sunday school and a prayer meeting, are held each Sunday. There is no tribe on this Coast that bids fair to civilize and Christianize more readily and easily than these Indians.

The Southern California Conference took action as follows:

*Resolved*, 1st. That two ministers should be appointed from this Conference to labor among the Indians; the first on the reservation at Round Valley, devoting all his time to them; the second, to serve as missionary in the communities outside the reservation.

2nd. That we respectfully ask the General Missionary Committee to make the appropriation for this work \$2,500.

The other territory in which our agencies are located was at the last General Conference taken out of the relation of conferences to the church, and erected into missions to be administered by the Board. The conferences have not succeeded very well in their supervision of this department of work. It remains to be seen whether the direct supervision of the Board will be attended with better results. It is to be hoped the onward move at Fort Peck may be only one of a series of like nature.

Before the peace policy was adopted, the Methodist Church had been carrying on extensive work among the Indians and numbered members by the thousands among the various tribes. Some of this work yet remains, and some of it where we have no agencies. In Michigan especially, we have very important circuits and stations, and some very excellent native preachers. The Michigan and Detroit Conferences take great interest in this work.

On the Onondaga Reservation in the Central New York Conference and the Cataragus Reservation in the Genesee Conference we have interesting societies and schools.

The General Missionary Committee at its last session placed among the Domestic, one which they called "Indian Mission," because it is located within the Indian Territory. It should rather have been styled the Wyandot Mission, for it is really to a remnant of those people among whom we had sixty years ago such triumphs for missionary labor as thrilled the whole Christian world. Rev. J. M. Duff is in charge of this mission, and there are 21 members and probationers.

A portion of our Indian work is found in connection with circuits and stations in the white work, and not separately reported, so that it cannot be tabulated.

#### Indian Work of the American Missionary Association.

The only missionary of the Association among the Indians, is Rev. Myron Eells, at Skokomish Mason Co., Washington Territory. The statistics of the church under his charge are 36 members, of whom 17 are Indians. The average attendance at the Sabbath School is 58, the average attendance at prayer meeting 38; the average attendance at public worship 70. There are 53 families under his pastoral care, of whom 47 are Indians.

The Association has the nominating of four of the Indian agents, at the Lake Superior Agency in Wisconsin, at Fort Berthold Agency in Dakota, at the Sisseton Agency in Dakota, and at the Skokomish Agency in Washington Territory.

The Association is also interested in the Hampton School in Virginia and support there one teacher and three pupils in full, and eight of the pupils in part. An account of the work at this school will be found elsewhere.

#### Indian Work by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

The report made to the General Convention last October, by the Board of Missions, stated that there were laboring among the Indians, 1 missionary Bishop, 12 white clergymen, 11 native clergymen, 3 teachers, 10 native catechists, 12 women helpers; in all, 49, receiving their entire or partial support from the Domestic Committee.

The Indian work supported by the Committee is mainly under the charge of Bishop Hare, of the Diocese of Niobrara.

The statistics of this Diocese, as reported, give the number of communicants in the Santee Mission at 239; Yankton, 182; Yanktonnais, 44; Cheyenne River, 91; Rosebud, 64; Flandreau, 59; Pine Ridge, 13; Springfield, 6. No report is given from Lower Brule. Bishop Hare says:

"The work of bringing in barbarous tribes from their free, boisterous, turbulent life and subjecting them to the restraints of civilization is a stupendous task, and will require a greater outlay of means, time, and effort than the church at home has perhaps reckoned on: but we have been cheered during the last year by the friendly feeling which most of the tribes have shown toward our work, by the considerable number who have presented themselves for Confirmation, and by the general progress of many of the Indians in what is good, revealed by a comprehensive survey of the field.

"The Clergy now engaged in the Mission work, arranged according to time of clerical service in the Mission, are:

"The Rev. J. W. Cook, Presbyter; the Rev. Luke C. Walker (Native), Presbyter; the Rev. H. Swift, Presbyter; the Rev. H. Burt, Deacon; the Rev. W. J. Cleveland, Presbyter; the Rev. John Robinson, Deacon; the Rev. David Tatiyopa (Native), Deacon; the Rev. Edward Ashley, Deacon; the Rev. Amos Ross (Native), Deacon; the Rev. W. W. Fowler, Presbyter; the Rev. W. V. Whitten, Presbyter; the Rev. Peter C. Wolcott, Deacon; the Rev. Abdiel Ramsey, Presbyter.

"The ladies now engaged in the service of the Mission, arranged according to the length of their terms of service, are as follows:

"Miss Mary J. Leigh, Miss Mary Z. Graves, Miss Amelia Ives, Miss Sophie C. Pendleton, Sister Julia A. Draper, Mrs. W. V. Whitten, Miss J. F. Kinney, Miss Sarah Bingham, Miss Mary Stevens."

There are four mission boarding schools: St. Paul's Boarding School for Boys, at the Yankton Reserve, presided over by the Bishop; St. Mary's Boarding School for Girls, at the Santee Reserve; St. John's Boarding School for Girls, at the Cheyenne River Reserve; and the Hope School for Boys, at Springfield. The Bishop says:

"These schools are conducted with great economy. The expense varies with their character, surroundings, and distance from points of supply; but we undertake, on the promise of the payment of \$60, in addition to the rations and annuities furnished by the Government, to receive a child into one of our schools and care for him, mind and body, for a whole year."

He also adds:

"I need immediately two Missionaries for this most interesting and promising field, men of earnest spirit, of practical sense, and of ability to interest their fellow-men in that work which liveth and abideth forever. By such men several congregations of considerable strength could be gathered immediately.

"I earnestly trust that the church will not tire of her work of mercy toward the Indian race, but will enable us to carry it forward with increased efficiency. The force of circumstances is driving the Indians to give up their wild life. Many of them are relinquishing it of their free will; but unless they are most faithfully cared for at this critical transition period, the log-houses which we urge them to erect in place of their tents, instead of becoming neat Christian homes, will become the habitations of vice and squalor, and the Indians, instead of learning to get their own living, and to do their duty in that state of life to which it has

182  
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pleased God to call them, will only change the life of the painted warrior and hunter for that of the dirty vagabond and pauper. His natural wild condition was the terror of our people. His new condition will be their shame!"

There are also the Fond du Lac and the Minnesota Missions, but we have no special reports concerning them, except that the past year there was paid for the support of the mission work in Minnesota at White Earth, \$3,796.71; to the mission to the Sioux, \$332.38; and to the mission at Fond du Lac, \$450.06.

—O—

### The Work of the Friends among the Indians.

The Friends have always taken a deep interest in the Indians and have been abundant in labors for their good.

By request of President Grant, they assumed charge of a portion of the Indian work, nominating the agents for several of the Agencies and holding themselves responsible for their action. This arrangement worked very successfully under the entire administration of President Grant, but under the administration of President Hayes their action has been so interfered with by Government officials, that they have resigned charge of the work so far as any co-operation with the government is concerned. The necessity of this is much to be regretted.

The last Annual Report gives us an account of their Educational work among the Indians.

At the Quapaw Agency there are 1053 Indians. The Wyandotte Boarding School had 161 pupils. The Quapaw and Modoc Boarding School has 86 pupils. The Miami Day school has an enrolment of 19. The Peoria Day school has 25 pupils. Asa and Emeline Tuttle have been doing an excellent work here.

At the Osage Agency there are 2,745 Indians. The Osage Boarding School has an average attendance of 140. The Kaw School has an attendance of 65. There is a need for more Missionary teachers among them who shall give their entire time to Christian labor.

The Sac and Fox Agency has 1,719 Indians. The Sac and Fox Boarding School has an average attendance of 35 pupils, and the Boarding School at Shawneetown has 60 pupils. A school is much needed among the Mexican Kickapoos.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency has 3,600 Cheyennes, and 1,760 Arapahoos. The Boarding school has 150 pupils. Bible school is kept up at the Mission school; attendance 156 children and from 25 to 60 Camp Indians.

Charges of fraud have been made against some of the Agents nominated by the Friends, but in no case have these been sustained, and the Indians under their charge have made excellent progress.

—O—

(From "The Advance.")

### A Day with the Pueblos.

BY R. E. HOWARD.

*Pueblo* is the Spanish word for village, and those descendants of the Aztecs who occupy villages like this of *Tesque* before us, are popularly called *Pueblos*. There are twenty-seven of these villages in New Mexico, and Arozoa, of which nineteen are in the former Territory. The Government is now engaged in taking their census with a view to their voting, as some legal decisions seem to confer upon them that privilege. They all live in communities, and own their land in common by ancient Spanish or Mexican grants. Each *Pueblo* elects a chief or head-man. They have a common room for public meeting and govern themselves under the advice of an occasionally visiting Romish priest, in a primitive way. They are said to be Communists, but the refusal of the chief to sell us some ancient stone relics, because they belonged to an absent man, proves that they do not have all things in common.

The *adobe* houses of two stories are built around a court, or *plaza*, containing perhaps an acre. The recently constructed *adobe* church, with an old bell suspended near by, and the Coun-

cil hall, are in this plaza. Here, too, are various things, old lumber, wood, *burros* and other property of the tribe.

Three hundred years of conquest and conversion to Romanism, have wrought little change in the character or habits of this people. Their church is a semi-heathen, and semi-Catholic edifice. They perform the old sun-dances religiously at stated seasons, for which the young people are trained in the windowless, doorless, common hall. But the priest must be consulted and paid at births, marriages, deaths and burials. He lives at Santa Fe, and comes only occasionally to *Tesque*. The bell is tolled for a dead man just as many hours as the mourners are able to pay for it. Dr. William Barrows, who was there a few days before us, visited an Indian girl dying with the emblems of both heathen, and Catholic worship in her room.

Let the reader seek the Chief with us as we secure his welcome and guidance. He is an old man, dressed in a blanket fastened to one shoulder, a long pair of moccasins that reach nearly to his body. He wears a waist cloth, and like all of his 209 people, men, women, and children, seems thinly clad for this wintry day. The blanket, like others, hanging in his house, is one of the United States Commissary pattern, and not of native manufacture like some fine ones that we saw elsewhere. All the heads I saw were only nature's covering. The thick, straight, matted, black hair, somewhat faded by the sunlight, was evidently innocent of combs and brushes, but was universally "*bang-ed!*"

We were invited none too graciously and with a hint through our interpreter that alms were expected, into the chief's house, which we reach, owing to the absence of doors and stairs, by a ladder ascending to the roof and by another descending into the upper chamber, which is the family room. (Some of the "angels, ascending and descending" were rather heavy for the decayed rungs.)

The mud-ceiled roof was hardly six feet from the hard mud floor. A slow fire flickered in the chimney made of flat stones laid in mud. On the top of the house the chief's wife was repairing a broken chimney, laying the stones in adobe. She did not take her hand from the mud to shake those of her visitors.

In the room below were three stones placed like washboards along the side of a meal trough, where the women ground the corn by rubbing a long stone up and down the inclined stones, as one washes at a tub. Grinding on the three stones, one after the other, seemed to complete the process and prepare the meal for mixing, and to be baked in the oval mud ovens, built on the top of the house. These ovens are universal, but generally placed by Mexicans on the ground near their houses. We witnessed the process of grinding the meal—rather an improvement on the Old Testament method.

The ox-cart outside the gate had wheels sawn from the ends of logs and made round, or rather a little less angular by pinning on pieces of wood to the outer rim. There were no hubs, spokes, tires, nails or iron of any kind. The plow was made of three pieces of wood, the "point" being as wooden as any part, an invention on which, to steal a comparison from Dr. Barrows, Abraham might have taken out a patent. The *burro*, a sort of degenerate donkey, patient, slow, easily satisfied with food, and requiring no shelter, is everywhere here as he is elsewhere in New Mexico. He is the burden-bearer of the country. I have never seen little animals so loaded down except at Naples. He carries forty cents worth of *pinion* (a kind of soft wood, like pine) upon his back, fifteen or twenty miles from the mountains to Santa Fe, and takes home his master and whatever he may have bought in the city. The *burro* is oftenest gray in color, thin in flesh, a great favorite with the Mexican boys, and is everywhere under foot. He excites your pity and your laughter, and is, on the whole, the most unique and impressive feature in the street scenes and landscapes of New Spain.

We looked in at the little church windows, ascended and went down into the town hall to which light was admitted only

through the aperture in the roof and a small hole in the side, through which we saw the bright, peering eyes of an Indian boy with a papoose, strapped, or rather "shawlel," upon his back. The darkness and dampness of the place suggested toads and lizards, and we were glad to get out. Some decrepit old men came out of their second-story rooms on the projections of the first story and accepted nickels. The girls had rings and necklaces, if nothing else. The old people had kind inoffensive, stolid faces. The children laughed and trotted after us with babies upon their backs. The women were ugly featured and not neatly dressed. Many of the working men were in the mountains for wood. The only school at this village is an occasional catechetical exercise by the priest at his infrequent visits. The United States Government maintain three schools, whose teachers are nominated by the Presbyterian Board, among the nineteen Pueblos of New Mexico. What are they among so many? Dr. Thomas, their agent, is a prudent, discreet, kind

Christian man, and would gladly extend the schools if government would allow him to do so.

As to the Roman Catholic church, and its instructions, the condition of this people, not lifted the thickness of a sheet of paper from the condition of their ancestors, ignorant, shiftless, impoverished, spiritless, degraded, immoral and uncleanly, is the eye-opening commentary. There can be but one verdict. Three hundred years of training that have sunk the Pueblos lower far, than their Aztec ancestors, if continued, will sink them into still deeper barbarism. They have been under our government and in reach of our missionary and education societies for thirty-four years. They have grown worse rather than better. They are to be voters. Before long they will be citizens of a State. They are quite unlike the roving Apaches and Sioux. Our first duty is to multiply the government schools. The second is to give them such missionary teachers as are to-day at work for the heathen in India and Africa.

### THE PRAYER OF AN INDIAN FATHER.

BY THE REV. J. H. VAN BUREN.

The circumstances here described were narrated by the Bishop of Minnesota, in an address before the Connecticut Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions at Middletown, Conn., November 4, 1880.

#### I.

Through the glades of Minnesota  
Gleam the yellow rays of sunset—  
Gleam the rays that tinge the woodland  
With the golden light of evening;  
Touching every twig and leaflet,  
Gilding every moulted streamlet,  
Gilding every mountain summit,  
While the sun is slowly sinking,  
Sinking in the Western Ocean,  
Yet, as in one last endeavor,  
Pouring out upon the landscape  
Fullest treasures, ere the darkness  
Girdles round the whole horizon,

#### II.

Peaceful on his pallet lying,  
While the twilight falls around him,  
In the gathering of that nightfall  
That on earth shall see no morning,  
Breathing out his weary spirit  
Unto Him who kindly gave it,  
Peaceful sleeps a Christian Indian.  
Sleeps and dreams of that Great Spirit,  
Who shall send unto his people—  
People sitting in the darkness—  
"Lovely messengers," to bring them  
Tidings of the great salvation  
That hath shined on lands of darkness,  
Where "the feet of them that preach" are  
"Beautiful upon the mountains;"  
Bringing rest to weary-hearted,  
Bringing liberty to captives,  
Liberty from land of bondage;  
Bringing light unto his people—  
People groping in the darkness.  
Sees in dreams, the dying Indian,  
'Mong the messengers of gladness,  
One dear face, and recognizes  
His own son, now but a stripling,  
Standing near him as he lies there;  
Sees him bringing to his people  
Oil of comfort for the healing  
Of their woes who sit in darkness;  
Light for them who dwell in shadow,  
"Light at eventide" to give them,

Ere they pass beyond the sunset,  
Ere they reach the Western Ocean.

#### III.

Waking from his heavenly vision,  
Waking to the life that now is,  
Calls the Indian to his bedside  
One with flowing locks and pale face,  
One whose saintly form and presence  
Seems like that "beloved disciple,"  
Ever nearest to the Master,  
Chosen one among the chosen  
Then the Indian to the bishop,  
"Lift me, lift me up, I pray thee,  
Stay me, while in supplication  
I shall kneel before Our Father,  
Praying for one gift from heaven.  
Nay; what though my knees are feeble,  
Thou these feeble knees must strengthen,  
I must make this prayer in kneeling.  
Prayer like mine, to find an answer,  
Must be made with supplication,  
Kneeling low; as in the garden  
Kneelt at eventide the Saviour."  
Gravely stooped the gentle bishop,  
Tenderly he raised the red man,  
Swept his flowing locks the swarth cheek,  
Mingled with his breath the sighing  
Of that spirit that was passing,  
Passing from that earthly prison,  
To the presence of its Maker,  
To the mansions of the Father.  
Kneeling thus, the dying Indian,  
With the bishop's arms around him,  
Prayed in words and accents broken,  
Broken with the pangs of dying:  
"Thou, Great Spirit, who hast given  
For our sins the dear Redeemer,  
Hear the red man's supplication  
For his people in the darkness.  
Take my son, this best beloved,  
Only child, whom now I give Thee,  
Freely give, to love and serve Thee.  
Let him minister before Thee,  
Let him preach Thy blessed Gospel  
To my people; let him bring them,

Bring them unto Thee from darkness.

Father, hear a father calling  
For Thy mercy on my people,  
On Thy people in the darkness."  
Stood the bishop and the stripling  
By the death-bed of that father,  
While the darkness fell around them  
And the night was softly stealing  
Through the glades of Minnesota,  
Folding river, forest, mountain  
In its tenderest embraces,  
In its sweet and holy keeping.

#### IV.

Many years on flying pinions,  
Like the autumn birds, have vanished,  
Like the spring time birds returning,  
Since that evening in the gloaming,  
When the spirit of that father  
Passed away from earth to heaven.  
In the temple of the forest,  
Bended boughs above them meeting,  
Gathered from the glades and mountains,  
Stands a little congregation,  
Listening to an Indian preacher—  
Listening to the earnest pleading  
Of an Indian's son, who tells them  
Of the love of the Great Spirit,  
Who His only Son begotten  
Gave his human souls a Ransom,  
Gave Him that we should not perish,  
But in Him have life eternal.  
And among the tearful listeners  
One is standing, gravely listening,  
Listening as the angels listen,  
On his lips a benediction,  
In his heart a touch of heaven,  
On his face a smile of gladness—  
Face like his who dwelt on Patmos;  
He, the while, that form recalling,  
Kneeling in his supplication,  
Praying for his wondering people,  
For his people in the darkness.  
Then the saintly bishop murmurs,  
"Blessed be the God of Israel,  
He hath visited His people."

—The Churchman.



# General Articles.

## The Weekly-Offering.

By REV. C. H. HAYDN, D.D., District Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M. Society.

The Weekly-offering, as an act of worship, has in it great possibilities. They concern not only the financial side of church enterprises, but also the spiritual welfare of the giver, and the honor of the church as involved in her methods of charitable work. What the Weekly-offering as an act or worship may become is, happily, no longer a matter of theory. The best possible fruits have not yet appeared, but to offset the failure in some cases, is the signal success of others. The reason of failure is patent, and so is the reason for success. Both are instructive. We call attention to some of the essentials of success in the worship of God by offerings.

1. It must be thoroughly believed in. This is not a difficult thing to come to for those who really believe the Bible is a text-book of wisdom as to the conduct of worship and the method of doing the Lord's work. We are not Old Testament Saints; but New Testament Christians recognize the validity and binding force of Biblical principles wherever found. It can never be otherwise than a profitable study for modern believers to inquire how God trained ancient believers through Moses, in respect to the financial side of religious affairs. Paul does not hesitate to quote the Old Testament in this connection. Well would it be if several million believers were seriously ask themselves—was the tithe a Jewish or a pre-mosaic institute, and from God? Was it any more Jewish than the Sabbath? What influences are to be drawn from its wide prevalence in the East? Such as we draw with reference to the setting apart of a rest day, found wide-spread over the oriental world? How was the giving of money associated with worship in the Mosaic economy? and how was the payment, or non-payment, of religious dues linked with the religious and civil welfare of the people? Is Malachi a book out of date, as a source of practical wisdom for the guidance of good Christians? Does it seem at all singular that so much pains was taken to withstand the abuse of money, and the trend to luxury and selfishness, by the continual assertion of Divine right to the wealth of the world, so that withholding the tithe was robbery? Withholding the tithe was always associated with idolatry and decline in spirituality.

These are profitable inquiries for conscientious people to follow out in the nineteenth century.

Then, when these millions of modern believers have gone through the Old Testament, let them pass to the New Testament, and see what our Lord says, not about the tithe, to be sure, but about stewardship—the use and abuse of wealth. And then, turn to St. Paul and see how he meets an emergency which called for money. In a place where he was soon to come, instead of telling them to wait till he got there and had preached a rousing sermon, before they took a collection, he tells them to have that matter all arranged beforehand. Paul could preach as well as some men now-a-days noted for drawing out big collections. There must have been some reason why he was so careful to charge them to do it by themselves; and not even in church, first of all, but by themselves, at home. Paul goes to the roots of things and touches the principles that underlie all right living and giving. Upon them he lays the stress, and out of them he expects the fruit. He signally ignores the sentiments and scorns the methods which are

only too often appealed to in our day, to raise money for Christian work.

The worship of God by offerings must be believed in as having Scriptural warrant and being well-pleasing to God—a thing easily got at, if men will give a little time and thought to it.

2. Believed in, and accepted on Scriptural grounds as the proper thing to do, like other Christian duties, it needs the inspiration of right motive. It must get its impulse from the heart of Christ. It must take its measure from the breadth of His unmeasurable love. It must be enriched according to the words of the Apostle—"Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." Thus, again and again, he got a leverage which was good, not for one occasion but for ten thousand—worth a million modern Christless devices to get money for the Lord's work. Certainly this is something that will never spend its force, nor ever miss its mark.

3. If this thing is to be done for the Master it is worth getting ready for, methodically—method doesn't hurt the Lord's work. Because a channel is provided for it, water doesn't flow less freely—nay, it is carried where it is wanted, to drive a thousand whirling spindles, or a hundred crashing saws, where else it might have spilled itself around to no purpose. If method is good in secular affairs, why not in religious. If there is a business-side to Church life, of all places in the world, let us apply business principles to it. For lack of so doing, the work of God halts and limps, and many a church is covered with dishonor. Here, again, let Paul speak, and let them who believe in him listen. "Upon the first day of the week." Why not on Saturday or Monday? "Let every one of you lay by him in store." Why didn't he say every millionaire—every man worth a thousand dollars—every man who had his house and lot paid for? Why, lay by *in store*? Couldn't he trust them to spend as they pleased and be sure of enough being left? Whose was that after it was laid by? "As God hath prospered him." That is the clincher.—*Lay by as God hath prospered.* Then he does not believe in giving out of what is left after the spendings of a week, nor what a man may happen to have, and as he may happen to feel. Paul proposes to have the poor saints at Jerusalem *relieved*; not something done about it, contingent upon the weather, and the congregation, and what the people might happen to have in their pockets, the Sunday he was in Corinth. Uncertainty would have brooded over the occasion and its outcome. But, if this matter is quietly and prayerfully turned over on the day of the resurrection, and conscientiously adjusted then and there, there can be no failure. The heart and conscience, the need and the ability to meet it, are heard in the grand domain of a man's own personality, alone with Christ, and there can be no failure. We hear of none. We need the weekly offering, but not with the Pauline method left out. Leave it out, and it is *W-E-A-K*. Not only method as to the manner of giving, but as to how much to give for specifically religious purposes. Paul does not propose to usurp the place of conscience in anybody. "As God hath prospered," is the rule. The tithe, as such, is not now under discussion. With great force, do some hold it to be binding still, and, after this claim of God is met, charity begins. Be that as it may, most will concede that one tenth of income should be the *minimum* of bestowment—out of such a fund sacredly set aside, to meet the calls of the kingdom for money, administering as wisely as possible. This is the pivotal point in this connection. A definite proportion of income set aside, year by year, out of which to take the offering to the Lord's House is indis-

pensable to its efficiency. Let this be done universally—alas! it is not! far from it—strength and beauty would crown it; rivers of plenty would flow into the treasuries of missionary Boards, gladdening the world as they passed through and on, branching out in every direction to compass the earth! Then, let time be taken in the service of the Lord's House, for gathering up what has thus been consecrated at home, and give it united mention in the prayers and songs of the sanctuary, and we shall have reached, not only a great increase in the amount of money for the work of the church, but an improved spiritual condition as to the use, and the giving of money, a thing no less needful. Why begrudge the time taken by the offertory? Spend it in prayer! Why a box at the door or in the pews for money any more than for prayers that might be written out and dropped in, thus much abridging the hour of worship? Is there not an unreasonable prejudice to gathering up the offerings of the people, that ought to be practiced upon till it is done away?

4. It remains to be said that over and above all, much will depend upon the man who ministers in the pulpit, and among the homes of the people. But no more in respect to this, than to other parts of the church service. He can do very much to make it welcome, winsome, prayerful, conscientious; and, well done, what a rich crown will his be—the crown that belongs to him who has helped a congregation to a Christ-like attitude towards money and its uses, the world and its need of the Gospel. If it is a great achievement, as we believe, and far worthier of being attempted than many will allow, then the neglect of it is a serious matter. Profoundly it is believed that the church, by falling far below one tenth in her offerings to the Lord, is impoverished, while by so doing, she delays the final consummation of Christ's kingdom. To-day, is not the Lord of the wealth of field and mine saying, "Ye have robbed me." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, \* \* \* and prove me now therewith?" O for the open windows and the descending blessing in fulness of power and spiritual riches upon our American Zion, for the world's sake!

#### How to Interest the Church in Missions.

By GERTRUDE TENNEY TWISING.

We often hear the question: How can we interest the young in Foreign Missions? But it seems to be more of a problem to interest adults, than the young. Children and young people are easily interested in whatever is made interesting to them. So, to a certain extent, are adults, but to a more limited extent. To interest people in any object for any length of time, it is necessary to possess and show unlimited, never-flagging enthusiasm. This is particularly true in regard to missions.

Then, "never say fail." Those who tell of discouragements have never anything else to tell. If there are only two at the missionary meeting, make those two so thoroughly glad to be present that they will kindle twenty more to a sufficient heat to induce them to be present at the next meeting. Then strike while the iron is hot—do not let them cool down. If you fail the first time, try again; don't give up. Tell everybody how encouraged you feel. Be cheery, be hearty. Study up some new plan. If it is on your mind and heart as it should be, God's Spirit will suggest ideas to you as you turn the subject over in your mind.

The ladies engaged in the temperance work set us a good example. If there is any one subject which seems to be thoroughly exhausted, it is the subject of temperance. Yet the ladies take hold of it and in some

magic way make it not merely new and fresh, but they show the urgent necessities of the times, and present the truth with power. The way they interest Sunday-schools is wonderful. Ah! that is one great secret of their success—they know where to begin. They take children when they are young and easily interested. Whatever interests your child interests you; so they have secured the interest of the parents. Not satisfied with that, they work to keep it, and they give every one something to do.

Let us follow their example. Begin in the Sunday-school. Devote at least two Sundays a year to missions. Give the children a missionary lesson, and tell them so many incidents in connection with missionary life that their enthusiasm will be kindled, as well as yours. They will gladly bring their pennies, and if you are wise enough to read to the school the amount given by each class, you will be surprised to find those collections in future the largest of the year. Prepare missionary concerts for the school, and have them given some Sunday evening when the parents will be present.

Mission bands among the children also take hold of parents. If the president of the band is an earnest, enthusiastic worker, the children will repeat enough missionary intelligence at home to convince parents of the value of missions and the importance of giving money and prayers to promote the work.

Nearly every church has a "Young People's Meeting," besides the regularly weekly prayer-meeting. Devote one of these meetings every month to missions, and call it the Young People's Missionary Society. Work the wires a little beforehand, so as to insure the election of live officers. Be sure that the constitution is short and definite, and have it read often enough for the officers to be familiar with their duties. Make the conditions of membership such that as many as possible will join to their own profit; for instance, contributing a certain sum a month, and subscribing for some missionary magazine, ladies contributing half as much as gentlemen besides the magazine. It would seem important to make subscribing for a missionary magazine a condition of membership. Few take one unless obliged to do so. Ladies also being obliged to subscribe for one would produce the happy condition of two or more missionary papers in one family. Of course the choice of magazine should rest with each individual, so that a variety could be taken by the society, and the poorer members could select one within their means.

Members would have the privilege of voting and holding office, contributing to the interest of the meeting, and sustaining it. The meeting *must* be made interesting. After the reading of the minutes, reports, and transaction of business, it could be made the usual prayer-meeting if necessary. It would be better, however, to always occupy the whole time with missionary news. The president could prepare questions upon the country to be studied, and distribute them among the members, the answers to be given at the next meeting. Some would furnish incidents in the lives of the missionaries of the country. Every one dislikes to prepare an elaborate paper regarding a country, and it is often tedious to listen to such a paper, and the information contained in the paper is seldom remembered except by the person preparing it. Finding an answer to one question is no arduous task; any one will be willing to do that. The more persons that have a part to perform, the more interesting the meeting will be, and the more information will be remembered. If preferred, for a change, these answers and items could be arranged into a little newspaper, read by one person. The length of the meeting is an important point. Better a good,



short meeting than a long, tiresome one. An hour is long enough to accomplish a great deal with the right leader. He should have the chapter and hymns selected beforehand, so as to have no tedious pauses.

Another thing, be sure to have it understood that the meeting is not confined to members. Any one may come, may give as he is prospered, may lead in prayer; but it might not be wise to ask any except members to contribute to the further interest of the meeting by preparing papers, etc. The older members of the church could be invited in to see what the younger ones were doing, and gradually the society would include all the church; though it might be best to keep the officers and work among the younger ones. A social intermission of five minutes might add to the pleasure occasionally, and entertainments could be given by the society as seemed best. Do everything possible to keep up the enthusiasm.

Whatever plan you try, *be in earnest yourself* if you would have others earnest.

#### Work of Baptist Women in Burmah.

In addition to the article on Woman's Work in Burmah, given last month, we give the following statistics received from the Rooms of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society in Boston.

The number of new lady missionaries sent to Burmah since the organization of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Societies, East and West, in 1871, is 31; and the Societies have assumed the support of 11 previously connected with the missions, including 3 married women. The number now in the field is 28; 16 labor for the Burmen, 10 for the Karens, and one for the Shans, while two are medical missionaries. Six missionaries supported by the Woman's Societies are temporarily in this country.

Ten Bible Women are supported, by the Societies, in Burmah; nine are Burmen, and one, at Toungoo, is a Shan woman. Bible women are not employed among the Karens, because their customs do not demand that the gospel be preached to women apart from men, and because the Karen sense of propriety would be outraged by women making, independently, the hazardous and fatiguing journeys necessary to reach the people in their hamlets scattered over hills and mountains.

In 1879 Dr. Ellen E. Mitchell, accompanied by Miss A. M. Barkley, went to Maulmain to continue the medical work previously begun by Miss Haswell. A hospital, on a limited scale, has been established, at which, between January 1st., and October 1, 1880, 314 persons received medicine and advice, while 6 were treated as house-patients, and 74 out-patients besides missionaries were visited. Dr. Mitchell has given a course of lectures on hygiene to English-speaking women.

#### The Reformed Presbyterian Church in Syria.

When we were treating of mission work in Syria, we did not have the particulars as to what was being done by the Reformed Presbyterian Church of this country in that field. From the last annual report of their Board of Foreign Missions we make an extract which furnishes very interesting information respecting it:

The center of missionary work is Latakia, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and about fifty miles south of Antioch, once the principal city of northern Syria, and noted in sacred history for its close connection with the progress of Christianity among the heathen. Here is the boarding school, with 70 pupils—a decrease, you will observe, of 30 per cent., which is attributable, not to any lack of interest on the part of those for whose benefit the institution is maintained, but to such an unusual advance in the price of

wheat and other provisions that more could not be taken without incurring expenses that the low state of the treasury would not warrant. Two day schools are also at work in the town—one for girls, that opened with 160, and another for boys, with 61 names on the register. You will notice that while there are about the same number of children under instruction as were reported last year, the attendance in the male department is very much smaller. This is owing to the Greek Bishop having opened a school, and forbidden his people to send their boys elsewhere. One of our missionaries, referring to this Episcopal device, remarks that, "judging from past history, we may conclude that it will be short lived. His former teacher is now a member of our church, and the master in immediate charge was educated in the English school in Jerusalem, and is almost a Protestant."

Four mountain schools have been in successful operation during the whole of the year. They are located at *B'hamra*, about eighteen miles due east from the city; *El Daney*, which is situated in a group of villages, four miles further north; *Kanjarat*, the only village of the Shemaleyeh sect where a school has been organized, and distant in a northeasterly direction about five miles; and *Ganemeyet*, near the Aleppo Road, and twenty-seven miles northeast of Latakia. The school in this Arabic-Armenian village is comparatively small, but the missionaries report that the heads of five families have asked for admission to the privileges of the church, and are under special training for examination.

At Suadea, near the mouth of the River Orontes, and especially interesting to Christians as the port whence Paul sailed on the first enterprize of a missionary character in which the church had formally engaged, there are two schools in a very prosperous condition—one for Christian children in the mission building, which has been erected on the property donated by Dr. and Mrs. Holt Yates, of London, and another in Wady Jessup for Ansaiireyeh boys.

Early in February, in response to an earnest appeal for help that schools might be opened in other villages, where the people were pleading that something should be done for them, the ladies of one of our congregations contributed \$600, to be devoted to that purpose. This timely offering enabled the missionaries, as soon as they could procure the services of suitable teachers, to establish four additional schools. They are all situated to the northeast of Latakia, and distant from six to twenty miles. At *Dibbush* there are about thirty pupils, and the teacher is an Ansaiireyeh convert from *Gendejeveh*, a place endeared to all who are acquainted with the history of our mission, as having been for three years the home of *Miriam*, who passed away in 1871, in the full assurance of faith, giving glory to God—the first female convert from the paganism of her benighted race, and the first fruits of an abundant harvest that shall surely be gathered on the Syrian Mountains. A teacher was also sent to *Mergh*, which recalls at once the name of David Suleman, who was many years ago pressed into the Turkish Army, and is still held in military service—steadfast under all his trials to the truth and testimony of Jesus Christ. Not far from his home a school was commenced, but, owing to the opposition of some of the chiefs, the children were taken away, and the teacher was removed to *Kerdaha*, a short distance from *B'hamra*, where he has twenty-five pupils. A third school was opened at *Musherafee* with eighteen or twenty names on the roll, and a teacher from the Tripoli Mission placed in charge. As an instance of the awakened interest that exists among the people, we are told that shortly before its organization Mr. Easson was preaching there to an audience of thirty, among whom were five gray-haired men between sixty and eighty years of age. Their interest in the sermon, on the words "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," was frequently manifested in such audible responses as these: "That is true!" "He is the way!" "His words are true." The fourth school is at *Habelt*, a large village whose population is made up of Greek Catholics and Ansaiireyeh. The teacher, who is from Mt. Leba-

non, reports a registered attendance of seventeen children from the former, and the prospect of as many more the latter. Of course, as any one will readily perceive, the instruction given in these schools is necessarily elementary, but it is thoroughly Scriptural in its style and character. The teachers in immediate charge are professedly Christian men, and the missionaries visit them regularly, to inquire into and direct their management. Thus, you see, that through the Christian kindness of a few women, more than one hundred children have been brought under religious instruction and influence. *The day will declare their reward.*

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### Mission Work Among Southern Methodists.

By REV. R. G. PORTER, of Verona, Miss.

#### Editors GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS:

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS is one of the most unique publications of the kind I ever saw. The unity of design, matter, and form deserve all praise. There is a completeness in the make up not to be found in any other publication of which I have any knowledge. In this South land of ours, and particularly among the Southern Methodists, there is a growing interest in the work of mission. Our people pray for missions and missionaries more than ever before, and they give more liberally than they have done at any time since the war, and, considering our poverty, more than before the war. The one great need now is information just such as you furnish and such as is furnished by other publications on the same subject. Our Southern women of all the Christian denominations, are heartily cooperating with the missionary enterprises set on foot among them. They are destined to do a grand work for the spread of the Gospel among the women of foreign lands. Their hearts and souls are in the work. The children of our Sunday Schools are being organized into missionary Societies and trained to habits of systematic giving. They take a hearty interest in the work, and are moved by the spirit of emulation in good works. Some who are at heart opposed to the Gospel of Christ, and who have no faith in it as the power of God unto salvation, say "The church is running to seed on the missionary question." They do not seem to know that this question is germinal and fundamental in the gospel scheme and that there is no danger of overdoing it, while we labor for Christ and the salvation of men. The Southern Methodist Church has two capital missionary papers published at Nashville, Tenn.—"The Advocate of Missions" and "The Woman's Missionary Advocate." These publications are doing a great work in educating our people, and spreading information among them. All our church papers furnish a missionary column and give from week to week the cream of missionary news. Many of the secular papers deem it important to publish items on this line, which they do as a matter of news; but then it is something to be prayerfully considered and thankfully noted that the salvation of the world is beginning to attract attention. The day of small things is not yet past, but we hope that soon the dawning of a brighter day will come. The collections as reported at our annual conferences are increasing quite rapidly from year to year. We are developing slowly but we trust surely and firmly. Praying the blessings of God upon you and your work, I am yours in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Jan. 1, 1881.

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### Notes from Japan.

By REV. DR. M. C. HARRIS, of Tokio, Japan.

The Women's F. M. of the M. E. Church, are erecting a large Seminary in Tsukidji Tokiyo, for the education of Japanese girls. It will be opened early next year. In the great conflagration of one year ago, the old seminary buildings were entirely destroyed. Since that time the school has been conducted in buildings rented from the Japanese.

Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, stated in a sermon preached in this city, a few days ago, that it was a disgrace to Protestantism

that she only 80 years ago inaugurated Mission work in Foreign Lands. He also said, that the fact that universal Protestantism to day, only sustains 2,200 ordained missionaries in "Heathen Lands," is a burning disgrace. "In Scotland we have 3,000 ministers of the Presbyterian Church, not counting other denominations, and Protestantism only sends 2,200 missionaries to convert a *thousand million heathen.*"

Yesterday, (Nov. 22,) the same gentleman addressed a large Japanese audience, composed of Christian scholars, Buddhist priests,—on the "Intellectual, moral, and religious condition of India." The impression produced was powerful, and will do good. Speaking of the introduction of Buddhism into Japan, from India, he hoped that Japan would in turn, send Christianity to India. The learned gentleman said that Buddhism in Japan was "much nearer Christianity than the original Buddhism of India."

During last October I visited the Shin Shae Panice, where we have three organized churches. Wherever I preached in public, great numbers assembled to listen, behaving with great politeness, and listening with more than a curious interest. The spirit of independence and self-help is quite strong in many of our societies of Christians, and they are giving up to the measure of their ability to support the Gospel.

I have been doing missionary work for seven years in Japan, and during that time I have witnessed a most encouraging growth of spiritual Christianity among the native members. Japanese preachers have much more to say of their personal experience of Christian truths, now than formerly. The transforming leaven of the Gospel is surely changing the lives of not a few souls in Japan.

TOKIO, NOV. 23, 1880.

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(From the "Congregationalist" of December 15th.)

### Northfield Seminary.

Mr. Moody's Seminary for girls at Northfield, Mass., is now very full, having a membership of about a hundred, and the future looks very encouraging. Applications are daily received with reference to future membership at the earliest date practicable, and a building of twice the capacity of the present could at once be filled with representatives from every State.

Beside the principal, Miss Harriette W. Tuttle, there are teachers as follows: Miss J. E. Smith, Miss A. R. Hammond, Miss F. C. Holton, and Miss H. N. Clark.

The Indian experiment already forecasts success, as these young ladies enter heartily into all seminary interests. Some write a very good hand, and are superior in essay writing and correct syntax, and their rank in monthly written examinations is as good as the average of other pupils. They mingle freely with all, there being little social difference. No special care is required in their oversight, as they are quite as amenable to the *regime* and rules of the seminary as other pupils. They will generally become teachers in their own nation, whether they remain here four years or less. They have a special fondness for instrumental music. Some had taken lessons in the Territory, and more than half the number are now taking music as a regular study. Without an exception, they are not only *willing* to remain, but very *happy* in their home at Northfield.

A new institution like this is, of course, in need of many things, though for nothing else is the necessity so great as for a library; and many of the readers of the *Congregationalist*, we are confident, will be glad to respond in view of what Mr. Moody has already done, and what he is now attempting in this school. Reference books, Biblical, scientific, standard works, and any others useful in such a library will be most thankfully received. Who ever can send one book or more, one dollar or several dollars, will thus help a great and good enterprise. We hope our readers will respond promptly in large numbers, addressing Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.



## Children's Department.

"Freely Ye Have Received, Freely Give."

"SHALL I take and take, and never give?"

It was not in the lily to answer, "Yea;"  
So it drank the dew and sunlight and rain,  
And gave out its fragrance day by day.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"

The robin chirped, "No, that would be wrong;"  
So he picked at the berries, and flew away,  
And poured out his soul in a beautiful song.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"

The bee in the clover buzzed, "No, ah, no!"  
So he gathered the honey, and filled his cell;  
But 'twas not for himself that he labored so.

"Shall I take and take, and never give?"

What answer will *you* make, my little one?  
Like the Blossom, the bird, and the bee, do you say,  
"I will not live for myself alone?"

Let the same little hands that are ready to take

The things that our Father so freely has given,

Be ever as ready to do a kind deed,

Till love to each other makes earth seem like heaven.

### The Little Digger Indian.

Did you ever see an Indian—a real live Indian,—in bead-embroidered buck-skin coat and breeches, girded with a curiously wrought wampum belt, shod with moccasins, his face painted black and red, his hair bristling, like a porcupine's back, with a gay forest of feathers,—as he dashed through the woods or over the prairie, on a wild horse, or strode along proudly on foot, with bow and arrows in his hands, and a large tomahawk and scalping-knife in his girdle?

You have seen him in the pictures, at least, and thought him a fine sight; and perhaps you felt in your heart that it must be fine to live such a wild daring life, hunting, fishing, and roaming in the woods and over the fields.

But all Indians are not like him. Tribes differ very much in their character and habits. Besides, they are never quite so brave and fine in real life, as they are in pictures. Most of them are poor miserable creatures; and if you should go into one of their wigwams of sticks and bark, and see their naked bodies, filthy faces, and tangled hair, as they squat in the smoke and stench around a little fire, on the bare earth, in the middle of the shanty, snatching at poor food with dirty fingers, like a pack of ravenous wolves, I do not believe you would think it very fine, or ever after have the least desire to live like an Indian.

In California, especially, the Indians are unlike those in any other part of the country. They belong to the Malay type of men, while those in Oregon, and British Columbia, are like the Chinese. They are short and thick in stature, have coarse, black, brutal features, and are as groveling and degraded in all their habits as any animal. They are called "Digger Indians," or "Diggers," because they eat worms, insects, lizards, and snails, which they take by digging in the ground.

The little boy of our story was born and lived on the shores of Clear Lake,—a fine sheet of water among the

mountains, thirty or forty miles north of Napo Valley. The scenery around is very beautiful. On every side great mountains shoot up toward the brightest sky you ever saw; groves of large trees give homes to almost endless numbers of all kinds of game; while the fishes in the clear, sparkling water, are so abundant and tame, as to be killed with clubs and sticks. It is pleasanter I know, to look at such grand and beautiful scenery than at a poor little Digger Indian boy; and I must hasten on, or you will be too much in love with this charming place to care to follow me in my story.

This little Digger, like all his mates, was so short and thick that he seemed to be about as broad as he was long. His skin was not copper-colored like that of most other Indians, but black, as all his tribe are. His face was broad and round, his lips thick and pouting, and his nose wide and flat. His long coarse hair, all tangled and matted, dangled around his high cheekbones and above his naked shoulders, like the shaggy mane of a Canadian pony, and half hid his coarse, brutal features; a pair of small round dull eyes, like leaden bullets, made the treacherous expression that slept in every line of his features seem ten-fold more revolting.

His wigwam, or lodge, was nothing but a rude screen of bushes or skins to break the force of the wind. You would not think it very nice or comfortable, but he did, and could sleep just as well there, or on the ground beside a large stone, or behind the stump of a fallen tree as you do on the softest feathers. But he never slept two nights in the same place, for fear of being discovered by an enemy and murdered. His wardrobe was just about as extensive as that of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. He was not smart enough to be a skillful hunter, so he contented himself with the poorest kind of food, and besides acorns and pine-nuts, and clover in the spring, he ate toads, snakes, insects, worms, and grasshoppers.

These last are very plenty in California at some seasons of the year, and the Digger Indians make a regular business of hunting them for food. A grasshopper-hunt, as they conduct it, is rather amusing, and worth describing. They select a large open space, and near one side build two thick brush-fences which come together in a point like the letter V. In the angle between the lines they make a hole in the ground, shaped like a large jug with a tunnel on top, by digging out the dirt with their hands. It is made in this shape so that the grasshoppers can easily jump in, but can not get out.

The whole tribe, men, women, and children, then surround a field which seems to be all full of the lively little insects, and with bushes drive the game together, and then within the fences up to the point where these come together, and there the frightened creatures in brisk style leap in great numbers into the hole prepared for them. When the trap is full, an Indian thrusts in his naked arm and takes them out by the handful, and, after squeezing and killing them, throws them into a grass basket. They are then mashed and made into

thin cakes, dried in the smoke over a slow fire, and stored away for winter use. This kind of food is considered a great luxury.

It is a hard and cheerless life which those little Digger Indian children lead, as you can easily see, but the life of this little Digger was especially so; for his father and mother had both been murdered, and he had no friends to care for him any more kindly than they would care for a dog; and even the *Hias Tyee*, or Big Chief of the tribe, whose duty it was to see that this little waif out the stormy sea of Indian life was provided for, thought only to get some advantage out of him; and so, when he saw a white man from Oakland camping one day on the shores of the lake, he brought down the boy and offered to sell him for ten dollars. It proved to be a kind, good-hearted man, who saw that the little fellow was friendless and forlorn, and so the bargain was soon closed; and he became servant to the "pale-face" till he was twenty-one years old, on condition of receiving his food and clothing.

On reaching home, the first thing, of course, was to clip off his dangling locks, give him a thorough scrubbing with soap and brush, and cover his black nakedness with decent clothing. This changed the appearance of his body a little, but in thought and feeling he was a Digger still.

That afternoon, when the pigs were fed, he was found with his nose in the trough eating sour milk with the animals as if he had been one of them. At night, nothing could persuade him to sleep in a room or on a bed; and after dark, when the family had retired to rest, he stole out of the house as slyly as a cat, and hid himself away in the tall weeds beside the fence. Every night for many weeks he did the same, and was so fearful of being murdered in his sleep that he changed his nest every night, never daring to sleep twice in the same spot.

His tongue was constantly telling lies, and he would steal everything he fancied that came in his way. He seemed to have no idea of right and wrong. He could not comprehend what such words as love and duty, and kindness, meant. Fear was the only motive which had the least influence in controlling him. Even the difference between cleanliness and dirt was a thought too sublime and profound for his understanding.

But he could believe in ghosts and haunting spirits of dead men, like most other ignorant and barbarous people; and he thought they lingered around every stump and tree, and followed him wherever he went. He could hear them fluttering in the leaves, or rapping on the limbs and trunks of the trees, or whispering in the wind. He supposed they took possession of the bodies of men and animals, and caused them to sing and dance, and do all sorts of silly tricks, by a kind of inspiration. He had some notions of the Great Spirit, it is true, but they were confused and indistinct, and had little power over him, while a slavish fear of the inferior spirits and other

such ghostly nonsense tormented him night and day, and made him a timid, miserable, degraded creature.

Had you seen him in that condition, you would have thought it impossible to make anything good out of such a stupid little animal. You would have said it was of no use to try to teach a creature so brutal, and superstitious, anything about God, and heaven, and a higher life, or even about the decencies of civilized society.

But a kind lady took him under her care. She taught him to read and write. She showed him the folly of believing in ghosts, and talking with the spirits. She told him the story of Jesus, and made him learn the ten commandments, and the precious words of the Saviour, and explained to him how God made him, and fed, and clothed, and kept him, day by day, and that he ought to love him, and do right in return for his kindness. She impressed him with the thought that God is angry with wicked boys and girls every day, and that only the pure in heart, whose lives are good, can be happy on earth, or go to heaven when they die.

At first he was stupid and stubborn, and unwilling to learn; but after a little while his stolid face began to brighten, his dull eyes sparkled with unusual interest, and he was more and more attentive, till his coarse animal features wore an entirely new expression. One day he came in with a very serious look, and said in an earnest tone,—

"Mistress, oh me got bad heart! ask Great Spirit to give me better heart."

He was told to ask for himself; and then the poor little child of the Great Father went into his own room alone and shut the door, and kneeled down beside the bed and prayed, oh! so earnestly, that God would forgive his sins for Jesus' sake, and take away his wicked feelings, and show him how to be good. From that moment he was a changed boy. His bad habits were all laid aside. He ceased to be stupid and stubborn and inattentive. He told no more lies, and pilfered no more. His face glowed with kindly feeling, as if a ray from heaven were sleeping on it. His coarse features lost their repulsive expression and became rather pleasant to see. I am sure there was rejoicing in heaven that day over this little stray lamb from the wilderness; and I do not doubt that when God gathers up his jewels from the earth the poor Digger Indian boy will be a precious gem in the Saviour's crown of glory.

The love of Jesus made a wonderful change in his character. It changed him into a new boy, in mind and heart and life, with nobler feelings, and even a brighter and finer face.

And it can do the same for every boy and girl. Do you need his help? Have you been doing wrong? and do you feel guilty and miserable? Jesus can help you. No matter how hard and wicked you may be; no matter how badly you have lived, and how many sinful things you have said and done, Jesus can forgive you and make you good. Only ask him,—ask him with a peni-



tent and earnest feeling,—and he will give you a new heart; and then a new and strange beauty will shine in your face; angels will rejoice over you, and you will wear a crown of life for ever.

#### A Happy Indian Boy.

The Rev. Mr. Bernau, of the Church Missionary Society, in the "Narrative of his Labors in British Guiana," gives an interesting account of the happy death of a little Indian boy, the only surviving son of a chief named Aramoosy. This chief was a savage, war-like Indian of South America, who lived near to Mr. Bernau's station on the Essequibo River. For a long time he kept aloof from the missionary and his work. At length he was visited by affliction and bereavement, and when four of his children had been removed by death, the heart of the savage heathen was so far softened that he gave up his only surviving son, a bright little boy of eight or nine years of age, to be brought up at the mission school. At length the boy fell sick, and his father, fearing he would die, came and carried him off secretly into the woods, for the purpose of conjuring the evil spirits on his behalf. The little invalid took with him his Testament, Prayer-book, and Hymn-book; but no one knew where he had been carried. When Mr. Bernau heard that he had been carried off, he says:

"I gave my scholars a holiday, in order that they might seek in all directions for their companion. When they succeeded in finding him, I immediately went to him. 'I am wretched, I am miserable,' said the poor child; 'oh, take me back with you!' 'I cannot,' I replied, 'without your father's consent.' Seeing the boy's misery, Aramoosy at length consented to bring him back the following day. When I visited him, I said to him: 'My child, where is your hope? for I think you will not be much longer in this lower world.' He replied: 'You have often told us in the school that Jesus Christ shed his blood for sinners; you also said he invites children to come to him; I have come to him.' 'Do you believe that your sins are forgiven?' 'I do believe,' he replied, 'that he has forgiven my sins.' Some days after he said: 'I believe that this will be my last day.' He was prayed with and comforted.

"His father came to see him, and he said to him: 'Father, God gave you five children, and he has taken them away, one after another; I am the last. I fear if I had grown up you would not have given me up to God. You do not care what the missionary says; and when he begs you to come and settle near him, and learn about Jesus, you say, 'Wait a little.' I fear the time will never come.' The boy was right, the 'more convenient season' never came. Aramoosy died soon after in the woods. The savage heathen was, however, greatly moved by his child's address; and, although an Indian in his native state never weeps, when I met him, as he left his son, tears were on his face. This being the only instance which has come to my knowledge where an Indian in his unconverted state has been seen to shed tears, I inquired what was the matter. Aramoosy made no reply, and passed on. When I called again to see the child, he repeated what he had said to his father; and when I asked whether he had spoken with the affection due to a parent, he replied that he thought he had, and added that he hoped he had not sinned in speaking to him. About midnight he begged that the boys, who were sleeping in the adjoining room, would procure a light. This being done, he requested that they would sing the hymn:

'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.'

"When that was ended, he said, 'I should like much to see the missionary once more;' but, when he was told the hour, he said, 'No, he is tired, do not call him.' He then requested the bystanders to pray; and as they were praying around his hammock, his happy spirit departed into the regions of bliss and glory."

#### An Exciting Scene.

##### INDIAN BOYS SNOW-BALLING.

If boys are to grow up strong, vigorous, and spirited, they must have games and physical sports, and most boys love such things so well as to need no urging to engage in them. All such will follow with almost intense interest the following account of a snow-ball battle, as witnessed from a steamer on the banks of the Red River of the North. It was between a party of Cheyenne and Sioux boys, each numbering about twenty-five, and all will agree that they and the full-grown men who looked on showed cool heads and a good deal of self-restraint in not getting into a serious fight in the excitement of the occasion. We copy from the *Philadelphia Times*:

White balls as big as a man's fist and just as hard flew through the air, and juvenile war-cries made the welkin ring. In this opening skirmish the opposing bands were twenty or thirty yards apart—so far, indeed, that few of the boys were hit, because they evidently knew how to dodge.

It was like a game of "corner-ball" at a country district school, the players ducking their heads and bounding aside whenever a missile would whizz past. But as soon as the red lads had become warned to the sport the distance quickly shortened. The snow disappeared from the skirmish line as though melted by the hot breath of the little sons of the plain, and the battleground was shifted to a point almost under the side of the steamer. The Sioux youths pressed harder and harder. They were led by a tall, supple fellow of fifteen or thereabouts, who hurled the balls with the force of a grown warrior and the precision of an old artilleryman. His moccasins were in his way, and so, tearing them from his feet, he wrapped them in a hard packing of snow and sent them whistling into the ranks of the enemy. This act kindled the fire on the Sioux side, a dozen of the lads at once stripping to the waist and running forward with wild cries.

It was clear enough that the hand-to-hand attack had been expected, for a number of the Cheyennes who had held themselves in the rear of the party, sprang forward and grappled with the Sioux. One of the passengers who stood on the steamer's cabin says that he never saw a charge so completely met. Every Sioux found his Cheyenne as if the whole matter had been pre-arranged. No blows were struck, but the wrestling was fierce and savagely heroic. The wrestlers were in a straight line, nor did the line waver. The Sioux grip was on the Cheyenne, and the Cheyenne clutch was about the shoulder of the Sioux. Some of the spectators on the steamer were so excited that they sprang ashore and ran toward the wrestlers; but they as quickly ran back again, those who were not wrestling peppering them with balls as a hint that there must be no interference. The wrestlers stood almost still for more than quarter of an hour, every nerve strained to its utmost tension.

Meanwhile the boys who were not in the line ceased their volleys and waited for the result. The tall leader of the Sioux had for his opponent a boy of about seven

teen—a strong, wiry fellow, who once had wrestled with, thrown, and killed a full-grown bear. Down his chest was a long, ugly scar that had been cut by the bear's claws, and in the back of his neck was the imprint of the bear's teeth. The Boy-Who-Killed-the-Bear

swayed back and forth, straining with his utmost strength to weaken the Sioux lad's hold. Finding that this could not be done, he slackened his hold, and the Sioux instantly backed away.

This appeared to be a signal to all the wrestlers, for they also let go and retired. After a short rest, a volley thrown by the Cheyennes again brought on the battle. The lines now were not more than ten yards apart, and the thud and bursting of the balls indicated that the close work was telling.

The wild fusillade was succeeded by a clinching all around, and such a rough-and-tumble play the spectators never before saw. The Sioux leader seized a Cheyenne lad by the shoulders and sent him head foremost into the river. Loud cries went up from the Cheyennes, who plainly regarded the act as one of foul play. Four Cheyennes, including The-Boy-Who-Killed-the-Bear, pinioned the Sioux leader's arm and rubbed his head in the snow, filling his mouth, nostrils, and ears. They then dragged him toward the river; but, before they could give the toss that would send him into the stream, they were attacked harum-scarum and helter-skelter by the whole Sioux band. A trapper who understood the Cheyenne tongue, and who happened to be on the steamer, said that the Cheyennes were shouting, "Drown him! drown him!" and that the gesticulating grown warriors on the outskirts of the battle-field were screaming, "Fair play!"

Whatever they may have been trying to say, there certainly was a tremendous hubbub, in the midst of

which the Sioux leader broke from the grasp of his assailants, and threw himself panting and perspiring into the arms of his fellows. At this turn in the battle, the men of both the Sioux and Cheyenne bands, who had been attracted to the scene by the terrible yells, inter-

ferred, and both parties shook hands and retired."

The Cheyenne who had been thrown into the river did not seem to mind the ducking, for he walked slowly off with the others, laughing as he went. And so ended the Battle of the Snow-balls.

#### The Eskimo.

The Eskimo live on the northern coast of the American continent, in the country that stretches from Greenland to Behrings Strait, and some account is given of them in the previous part of this Magazine. The illustration on this page shows what they use to carry them from place to place. The Eskimo dogs are very strong, and when they are well trained they can draw a sledge very swiftly for a long distance, thus taking the place of horses,

The Eskimo Dog-Sledge.

and enabling their masters to go on long journeys.

#### Offerings Great and Small.

AM but a penny from a baby's hands;

Can I bear glad tidings over many lands?

Baby's love goes with me, so her penny's blest;  
God's love, joined with baby's, will do all the rest."

"I'm a silver 'quarter' little stitches neat,  
And full many an errand run by childish feet,  
Earned me very bravely. Little girls can do  
Noble work for missions, when they're good and true."

"Surely God will bless us,—some a little 'all'—  
As into the treasury of the Lord we fall.  
Dropping, dropping, offerings great and small,  
Dropping, dropping, dropping, hear us as we fall!"





# The Gospel in all Lands,

AN EVANGELICAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

## Of Universal Missions.

**TERMS:**—Twenty-five cents for single numbers, or \$2.50 per year, postage prepaid, to all subscribers residing in the United States, Dominion of Canada, Great Britain and Ireland, British India, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland, Persia, Japan, Turkey, the post offices at Hong Kong, Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai and Hankow in China, and all other countries and colonies included in the Universal Postal Union. To all others the postage will be an additional charge. To Clergymen, Theological Students, and Missionaries, it will be sent, postage free, for \$2.00.

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NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1881.

1880 THE OUT-LOOK. 1881.

The year just closed has been marked by few startling events, either in the political or religious world. It has been a year of general missionary progress. One new mission has been established in Central Africa, and the difficult enterprises already organized there have been steadily maintained in the face of almost overwhelming obstacles. The great Famine in Persia has opened new doors to the missionaries, and won for them increased influence and confidence.

Japan is still in the van of the missionary advance; the past year has witnessed the translation of the New Testament, and, within a few weeks a great religious open air meeting in the interest of Christianity has been held for two whole days in Tokio, and attended by between four and five thousand persons. The movement in Papal Europe is steadily advancing; Papal influence has received some severe shocks in Italy, Belgium, Germany, and France; the Jesuits have been practically proscribed from European countries, and France is now the most open and promising missionary field in the world.

Great Britain is agitated with Irish disturbance and the unhappy and interminable wars in Africa and Afghanistan. Russia is struggling with the smouldering elements of revolution and convulsion. Germany is passing through an anti Jewish agitation. Turkey is presenting an ever increasing spectacle of imbecility and disintegration. America has passed through a political and financial crisis, and seems to be entering upon a season of great temporal prosperity. A population of fifty millions gives her the second place among the nations, and an unexampled tide of immigration is ever swelling this mighty mass. While the year just closed has been one of spiritual dearth, and few conversions in the churches at home, yet there are indications in the tone

of the pulpit and religious press, in the spirit in which this week of prayer is being observed, and in the wide spread desire for a great religious awakening, that we are on the eve of a season of great spiritual blessing. There have been not a few intimations of a revival of the missionary spirit. The annual Missionary conventions were full of earnestness and power. The Presbyterian Alliance and the Episcopal Convention gave special prominence to the subject of missions, and the presence and stirring words of their visitors from India, China, Italy, and France, were full of inspiration. Last, but perhaps most hopeful of all, the remarkable and most successful convention of the students of all our leading seminaries to confer and pray together over the claims of Foreign missions upon their hearts and lives, reassures us of an awakened interest at the most vital fountain of the Church's life.

The year 1881 begins with the whole world open to the Gospel, with an army of nearly three thousand foreign missionaries encircling the globe, with one hundred and fifty million copies of the Holy Bible, proclaiming their message in two hundred and fifty tongues, and with a great multitude of nearly two million converts from heathenism as the first fruits of the fulness of the Gentiles. More than one thousand seragios in India are open to the missionaries of our women's boards; imperial palaces in China are open to our medical missionaries and imperial patronage is fostering our missionary hospitals; pagan religions are becoming effete, and even Mohammedanism is at last beginning to yield to the Gospel.

And yet all this is but an open door and a step on the threshold. Notwithstanding all this, there is but one missionary for every half million of the race; one half of China's mighty provinces, each an empire, are yet wholly unoccupied; the millions of Thibet, Tartary, Afghanistan, Kurdistan, Mongolia, Arabia, are wholly without missionaries; only fragments of the vast populations of Central Africa and South America, are yet reached. The Greek and Papal churches hold three hundred millions under an almost unbroken spell.

The first converts have only begun to come from the one hundred and eighty millions of Islam's deluded followers, while a hundred thousand Mohammedan converts are reported in China alone as the result of a recent aggressive movement. Figures wholly fail to picture the seven hundred million, who still follow the dreams of Buddhism or the pollutions of Polytheism. Thirty million immortal souls shall pass into eternity in 1881 without the Gospel. And even Christian lands with all their advantages afford a picture anything but Millennial. He who can draw from a candid review of our world's condition at this moment, any encouragement for easy self complacency, any excuse for diminished earnestness, any ultimate hope for our world, but our Lord's own coming, any encouragement but that which nerves to renewed exertion, prayer, and perseverance has misread the word of prophecy, and its great interpreter, the record of Providence.

**Our Monthly Review.**

We commence the series for 1881 with an account of the various missionary enterprises among the aboriginal tribes of this continent. Having supplanted them in their natural inheritance, it is but little that we should at least share with them our spiritual heritage. And yet, it affords a sad commentary on our Christian civilization to be told by the highest authority in this country, that the American government has spent an average of ten million dollars a year for forty years, on Indian wars, or a total sum of four hundred millions in exterminating them, and all the churches of Christendom have not spent one hundredth part of that sum in evangelizing them.

The corruptions of our Indian official service have been a scandal to Christian civilization, and the tacit impunity with which the lust of gain has been allowed to trample down their treaty rights, is shameful. Almost as we write, a band of self-constituted colonists is gathered on the Kansas frontier for the purpose of taking possession of the lands in the Indian territory, guaranteed to the Indians, and this band of pious plunderers actually spent a recent Sabbath in religious worship, praying God "to give success to their undertaking in carrying the Gospel and civilization to this barbarous and benighted land."

Stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to Alaska, there is a vast region including the familiar names of Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Nebraska, Dakota, California, Oregon, and Washington Territory; comprising an area of 1,800,000 square miles, besides Alaska, itself nearly half as large as this whole region. This is the great Home Mission field of our churches, the future seat of mighty populations, and fraught with momentous issues for the future of this land. No foreign mission field can possibly outweigh the vast importance of this region, and the necessity of supplying its pioneer communities with schools and churches, and building on a Christian foundation its institutions and populations. But, besides the work among the multiplying colonists, there are three other populations occupying this vast region, who come within the range of our missionary operations.

The Mexicans in New Mexico alone, number over 50,000, and they are bigoted, ignorant and degraded, and in a condition as sad and more hopeless than the savages. The Mormons number over 150,000, and are probably the predominant population already in Utah, Idaho, Arizona, and New Mexico; compactly organized; steadily growing; obstinately attached to their mongrel faith; and, hitherto, more hopelessly closed against the influence of Christianity than the Moslems themselves.

The Indians are the third foreign population of this immense domain. They number about two hundred thousand. Their hunting grounds are rapidly becoming American settlements. The Indian must inevitably either be civilized and absorbed, or extinguished. It has been found that the conversion of an Indian costs just one tenth of the sum the government has usually

expended in killing him. Their civilization has been proved to be practicable. But the savage tribes who have so long been galled and prejudiced by injustice and oppression, naturally refuse to submit to American citizenship. A gentler influence is necessary, and the Christian missionary is the final solution, and the true friend both of the savage and the government. It is a sad sight to see a great nation of fifty millions compelled to meet this scattered remnant with sword and fire. The glory of frontier victories fades before the simple figures—two hundred and fifty against one. The government might well trust the missionaries with a larger responsibility in their negotiations with these people and the appointment of agents. And the churches of America, accepting all these intimations as providential calls, should rise ere it be too late, to a worthier effort to save the last relics of a departing race, who will meet us in the judgment, with the righteous accusation;—"You took our country by force and fraud, and slew us for resenting our wrongs. You gave us new lands, and then you crowded us out of them. You made us hate your citizenship and religion, and then you asked us to accept them; and even then you spent one hundred dollars to destroy us for every one you sent to save us. We have at last stung the heel that crushed us; but our blood be upon your heads."

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**Christ the only Hope of a Lost World.**

Such is the great, the tremendous thought, with which the Christian world opens the week of prayer, and commences another year. Do we truly believe that the world is lost without Christ, and that the thirty million souls who shall be flung upon the shore of eternity this year in ignorance of the Gospel, must perish? Or is there not a subtle infidelity in the church of Christ, a fond presumption that somehow, through the infinite resources of a Great and Merciful God, there may be for them some other way, some ultimate interposition and escape? Have we not listened to the whisper of the serpent, "Ye shall not surely die," and our unbelief, or, worse, our half hearted faith has paralyzed our sense of solemn responsibility, and taken the edge from our compassion and our zeal. And yet, if anything in the Scriptures is imperative it is that there is "no other name under heaven given amongst men by which we must be saved." In all the provisions of God's natural government, in all the resources of human nature, there is no hope for the sinner. Had salvation been possible by any less cost, Christ had not died. The whole race of Adam is lost. If saved, it must be by a new dispensation, by a new life, by a divine regeneration. This great salvation is no mere passing over human guilt, no mere remission of penalty, but a gift so transcendently greater than any hope humanity ever had, even our adoption into God's family as his sons, partakers of his divine nature and joint inheritors of his throne, that the idea of its being possible in any other way than through Christ Jesus the Son, and the Almighty working of the



new creating Holy Ghost, is a dishonor to our high calling, and the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

But while this precious hope is given to us for ourselves, it is, moreover, a sacred trust held by us for the world. The fact that it must be received by men through faith, is clearly revealed to us, and "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" For a selfish monopolist, in a time of want to hoard the necessary food of starving men, would be regarded as murder. "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him," and how often it has been proved true in downfall and ruin of selfish commercial enterprises and monopolies. How much more wicked and cruel their guilt, who hold in selfish indifference the bread of souls, and spend more in decorating fashionable churches and turning the blood bought grace of God into a selfish luxury than in sending the word of life to a perishing world.

The motto we have placed in the van of 1881, will be the badge of a tremendous hypocrisy, and the motto of a miserable mockery, unless we arise from our dream of self complacency, and do something to prove that we believe the world—with all its culture, with all its progress, with all the Gospel has done for it—is still a LOST WORLD, and has no hope, but that which God has committed to our hands as the stewards of his grace.

#### The Week of Prayer and Missions.

It should never be forgotten, as we gather together in the annual concert of prayer, where the whole circle of Christian faith and love meets around the world, that the week of prayer had a missionary origin, and was born amid a company of missionaries in India, in that freer and loftier atmosphere which the missionary spirit alone can create. We shall best please Him who is the Hearer of Prayer, we shall be most like Him who is the Great Intercessor, we shall bring back the richest blessings to our own hearts and churches, and we shall best fulfil the original design of this great Prayer Concert, by forgetting our selfish need in the larger wants of the world, and remembering

"He prayeth best who loveth best."

The late Dr. Alexander prescribed a fine remedy for spiritual depression, which all selfish and moody Christians would do well to remember. After listening to a long tale of spiritual troubles and unanswered prayers, he quietly said to his parishioner, "Go home, my friend, and ask God to glorify Himself." The man took the hint, and, in taking up his Master's burden, he soon forgot his own, and found rest to his soul. We depend so much upon means and machinery that we forget the Living God, and the only real force, living faith. The measure of results abroad must always correspond with the degree of faith and power in the Church's heart. God has ordained, for the honor of His Son's Name, that all His gifts must come through that name in prayer. Even He, when on earth, Himself directed His disciples to pray the Lord of the Harvest to send forth laborers

into His harvest. And even to Him the kingdom is not given without prayer. "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession." There is no more beautiful example of the power of faith to bless its object, although far removed in space, than the case of Daniel. An exile in Babylon, he could not aid by his personal presence his suffering countrymen and his beloved country; but he could take their sins and burdens, like a true priest, to his own heart, and hold them up to God for his blessing. He could plead the promises and prophecies with all the more earnestness, because their time of fulfilment seemed at hand; and, at the call of that solitary captive's faith, the forces of Providence began their march, the imperial decree went forth, the captive band turned their faces towards Zion, the walls arose from their ruins, and the temple reared again its pinnacles to heaven; and those toilers never knew that the spring of their blessings was the weeping, believing prayer of the beloved Daniel in distant Babylon. Nor was this all; for, while to him it was not permitted to co-operate in the work that answered his prayer, yet he lived to see it all; and, better far than all, to him was opened—as to none before or since, save one alone—the vista of the coming ages, the trials and triumphs of his people, the coming and cutting off of the Messiah, the marvellous developments of providence, and the final coming of the Son of man, and setting up of His everlasting kingdom. Precious, mighty privilege! It is a royal priesthood. It enables us to touch in blessing and power the scenes we never shall behold, the friends we may never see; it overleaps space and time, and carries our influence forward into the ages to come; it takes us into the very secrets of God, and unfolds to us the vision of His kingdom and glory. Dr. Mahan tell us of a quiet minister who used to spend hours every day in intercession for special mission fields, and after his death the records of his published diary were found to keep pace with the actual progress of the work in these very fields. Man may have attributed the work to the missionary, but in God's judgment, perhaps, the real missionary was the humble suppliant.

It is customary for some of the magazines, from month to month, to suggest special topics for prayer in connection with the various missions. We trust these suggestions will be carefully watched, and that the petitions of the coming monthly concerts will be so specific and direct that the Church of Christ can watch for the answers, and God can show therein His Truth and Faithfulness.

For the present year, following the great movements of the past year, we would venture to suggest the following: The consecration of an increased number of young men to the work of Foreign Missions; a spirit of missionary liberality commensurate with our increased prosperity; the spirit of *faith* in the missionary work; such a revival of Christian life as will overflow in a universal movement for the world's evangelization; the occupation of new fields, and the proclamation of the

Gospel in the unoccupied "regions beyond;" the new and important movement in Central Africa; the great work in France and other Papal lands; the Jews—the conversion of the remnant of grace, and the speedy accomplishment of God's gracious purposes regarding them; missionary training schools; a spirit of missionary consecration among medical students; a missionary spirit in the great religious ecclesiastical gatherings of the year; the directors of our Missionary Boards and Woman's Societies; the conductors of missionary journals; native preachers; native converts, their steadfastness and spiritual power; the Bible work; the grand movements of nations and governments so as to advance the progress of the Gospel; and, especially, the speedy coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the preparation of His people to meet Him.

"EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS."

—O—

The report of Mr. Petroff, Census Commissioner of the United States Government for Alaska, has just been published. It furnishes the most complete, recent, and reliable information respecting the scattered tribes of this new addition to our territory. The whole population of Alaska is set down at about 30,000. The Russian Church claims about 11,000 on its communion rolls, but Mr. Petroff reduces the number to about 8,000. The condition of many of the Innuits and other tribes is described as exceedingly depraved, and almost bestial. The Presbyterian Board has recently established two missions in Sitka and Wrangel, and already there are flourishing schools, and a church with several communicants.

—O—

We thank our contemporary, *The Independent*, for its corrections in respect to African missions. We were well aware of the M. E. Mission in Liberia, and its omission was purely inadvertent, in what was made as a general statement. But we shall be glad to be informed of the location and statistics of the other missions named by our contemporary, in order to add them to the otherwise exhaustive facts and figures given by us in our February number, after much difficult investigation.

—O—

We expected to have had the present number ready by January 1st, but have been delayed to the 15th. We believe that the February number will be ready by February 1st, and that afterward we shall be ready for mailing by the 21st of the month, for the following month. The articles on the American Indians have occupied more space than was anticipated, and a portion of the "Eclectic" and of "Missionary News," already in type will be carried over to the February number.

—O—

From "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian."

#### Help the Indians.

A Christian Indian, properly, is not content with a blanket to cover his nakedness. He wants suitable clothes for himself and family. He is not content to continue to eat off the dirt floor, from a common dish, with his fingers; but wants a chair, table, dishes, knives,

forks, etc. He requires a greater variety of diet. He is not content to raise his family with a number of other families, in the same room, mid scenes of debauchery and lewdness, but feels that their only safety is in having a separate house, where they can have the privacy of family life. Now, separate houses, furniture, tables, chairs, better diet, clothes, etc., all greatly increase the annual expenses of the family. To meet this increased expense, the Indian emerging from heathenism and heathenish customs, must be put in the way of earning more money. To Christianize the Indians without helping them to new industries and new methods of earning money, is to impoverish and make them more wretched. The work of the Church is only half done in giving them the Gospel; she must also assist them in their efforts to live a Christian life. In our Indian work in New Mexico, and other portions, the missionaries should encourage the people in raising sheep and cattle, and farming; in Alaska, encourage them to engage in fisheries, and the production of fish-oil on their own account

[From "The Evangelist,"]

#### Sunday Schools in Oklahoma—The Indian Territory.

In the Sunday-school Leaflet (part of the Home Missionary) for December, 1880, we read:

Five years ago in Oklahoma—i.e., the home of the Red man (in the Indian Territory)—we had neither church nor Sunday-school; now we have four organized churches and six Sunday-schools. As is often the case, the school was the forerunner of the churches. Our Home missionary, in his Texas pioneer work, crossed the Red River into the Indian Territory, and with the exception of one church and Sunday-school in the Cherokee Nation near the Kansas line, the above is the result. Since the Sunday-school work has been taken up as a distinct department by the American Home Missionary Society, the schools have mainly been supplied from that source.

Of course in this statement the pronoun "we" is emphatic in the expression "we had" and "we have" (meaning, we suppose, the Home Missionary Society, or the Congregationalists represented by them), and this is to be understood in the statements "with the exception of our church and Sunday-school in the Cherokee Nation near the Kansas line, the above is the result," and "the schools have mainly been supplied," &c.

But we may rejoice that this is by no means a full census of churches and Sunday-schools organized in Oklahoma in the last five years. The Presbyterian and other churches are well represented there by missionary work and results. In a letter written in October last, to the Sunday-school of the West Presbyterian church in this city, the Rev. W. P. Paxson, superintendent of Southwestern Department of the Sunday-school Union, gives account of an Inter-tribal Sunday-school Convention at Eufaula, in the Indian Territory, where he and two other missionaries of his Society, who have long labored among these Indians, were present, and in which five tribes, civilized more or less, were represented, viz: Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles; and he says:

The American Sunday-school Union have planted 121 Sunday-schools among them. Next year they are to have a Sunday-school camp-meeting of ten days, in August, at Atoka, in the Cherokee Nation, where it is to be hoped to gather a large number of full-bloods, who are averse to meetings in houses among strangers.

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(From "Woman's Work for Woman," for January, 1881.)

#### North American Indians.

By MRS. ROBERTSON, TULAHASSEE, IND. TER.

I intend going right on through the Testament in my translating. Am now in the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, and as soon as Mark is finished, two-thirds of which has already gone through the press of the Bible Society, and the last proof of which I expect next week, we shall have bound together the Four Gospels, Acts, Ephesians, Titus, James, and the three Epistles of



John. I have been wondering what we could do about the Testament when it is printed, so few of the people, comparatively, feel able to buy even the few books which are prepared for them. I doubt if any Indian book ever found so rapid sale as my "Sabbath-school Song Book." They are all so fond of singing. I wish your Sabbath-school children could hear ours sing the same songs they love, "Whosoever Will," "More to Follow," "Come to the Saviour," etc.

The annual expense of educating scholars here is borne by the Creek Nation, but as the friends of the pupils, many of whom are orphans, clothe them, we thankfully receive help in ready-made clothing for them, and quilt pieces basted for sewing, or anything for young girls to practice sewing on, will come in most excellent place. Colored shirts cut and basted, for boys of from eight to fourteen years old, would be a great help, as the children are here without vacation nine months in the year, and some of them so far from their friends, it is difficult to get supplies from them when they are in need.

The first great object the nation and the friends of the pupils have in sending them here is their mastering the English language, as they must come more or less in contact with white people, and we make our best efforts tend to the same end, because at best, instruction in their own language must come within a very small circle, and we must train for them their interpreters, and the men and women who are to mould the character of their nation. Indeed, you would be surprised to know how important to the nation is the work done by this one school (as indeed it should be). Then our influence over the children is more complete in proportion as they use and understand the English. At the same time it is of great use to have their teachers understand their language, and we want them able to read and write it well, although we have no systematic teaching in Indian. Sabbath school papers we greatly desire, not only for our pupils, but for distribution among the colored people.

## Woman's Work.

It is but twenty years since the doors were opened for work among the secluded women of Oriental nations, and harems, and there are now twenty one women's missionary societies in America and Great Britain, besides one in Berlin, whose combined annual receipts represent about three million of dollars.

An appeal is made for two lady missionaries to go to Ambala in India; Here is one of the choice stations of the Lodianna Mission, and there is a house ready for the missionaries. Mrs. Kelso urges the appointment and applications can be made to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church.

Miss Cor's school at Petchaburi, Siam, averages an attendance of twenty-one scholars.

"Life and Light for Woman" says that Miss Leitch of Ceylon has been adopted by a special church but we regret at not being given the name. Miss Leitch writes: "The thought that the ladies of a special church are working and praying for me, and for this work will keep me from becoming discouraged or lonely, and will inspire me to more earnest effort for these people."

On Nov. 24, fifty-two ladies, representing Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, and Wisconsin, met in the New England Church in Chicago. It was a Conference of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior with the Officers of the State Branches. It was deemed best to hold the Annual Meeting of the Branches at a different time from the State Conferences of the Congregational Churches. A tax of five cents *per capita* was recommended.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, was held in Chicago in November. The report of the treasurer showed that \$34,011.56 had been collected for missions during the year, a gain of \$4,500 over the previous year. The

secretary reported: "Thirty ladies are now numbered among our missionaries. Eight have been added to the list during the year, and two, having by marriage, become more closely associated with other departments of work, have withdrawn from our ranks. Six boarding and high schools, forty-one village schools, and fifty-six native Bible women, teachers, and helpers in other capacities are under our care, and are supported from our treasury. Ninety-five new auxiliaries, thirty one young ladies' societies, and seventy-two juvenile bands, making a total of one hundred and ninety-eight new organizations, have been added during the year."

In Michigan, one lady became so interested in preparing a paper on the subject, "Why Women should give to Foreign Missions," that she could see no reason why she should not give herself, and goes out soon to Brazil.

Miss Lathrop writes from Allahabad, India, that a native official came in on business a few mornings previously, and as he was going away he said: "You (referring to the zenana missionaries) are doing more than any one else to elevate the people of this country." Ten native ladies are engaged with Miss Jones and Miss Lathrop in teaching in Allahabad. They have an average of 450 pupils and visit more than 200 families weekly.

When Miss Crosby, a missionary of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, was in this country, she often expressed the wish that a good library could be collected for the "Japan Home," for the benefit of the young girls who were being trained there. The commencement of a library was then made. Who will add to it? If any of our readers can do so let them send the books to the rooms of the Society at 41 Bible House, New York, and they will be forwarded.

## Churches and Boards.

### Presbyterian.

Rev. W. W. Barr and Rev. R. Stewart, D.D., are appointed to visit the stations of the United Presbyterian Church. They will soon leave for India, and will probably be absent six months.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church has 85 missionaries, 30 Bible-readers, and 150 native teachers. Its receipts last year were \$34,000.

Five of the churches in Persia organized by the American Presbyterian Board are reported as self-sustaining.

The American Presbyterian Board of Missions (32 Center St., New York,) have expended the past year for missions in India, \$89,640.62; in Siam and Laos, \$37,002.64; in China, \$58,811.78; in Japan, \$23,075.07; in Syria, \$43,642.60; in Persia, \$56,464.75; in Africa, \$19,851.69; in South America, \$51,833.64; in Mexico, \$41,513.38; in Papal Europe, \$3,765.45; among the Indians, \$20,354.05; among the Chinese in the United States, \$10,592.31. Total \$ 45,568.58.

The missionaries in Persia dread the effect of the late Turcoman incursion upon their work, and ask for the special prayers of all Christians.

The *Monthly Record* for December reports 43 received into the mission churches in foreign fields.

The Shorter Catechism has been translated into the Benga language, which is used by a large number of people in Western Africa.

The missions of the English Presbyterians in the district about Amoy, China, are spontaneously moving toward self-support.

From "The Missionary" for January we quote the following respecting the Southern Presbyterian Church:

"Our most recent Chinese letters are dated Hangchow, October 18th, Soochow, October 18th, and from Shanghai, October 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Sydenstricker reached Shanghai on the 23d October, having had a pleasant and safe voyage.

The Mission had just closed its annual meeting at Soo-

chow, which, in some respects, was one of more than usual interest. All the members of both branches of the Mission were present, all were in the enjoyment of good health, and each had encouraging facts to present in connection with their respective labors. Miss Kirkland, in connection with other interesting facts, states: "In my letter I mentioned one woman that I trust is saved, and I hope two others are also trusting in Christ for salvation." Mrs. Randolph speaks with great earnestness about the importance of sending out additional missionaries to gather the fruits of past labors. Interesting letters will be published in our present issue from different members of the Mission, which we commend to the careful perusal of our readers.

A letter has been received from Mr. Phipps, of November 12th, mentioning the safe arrival of himself and party at Athens, Greece, the day before. He speaks of a good deal of excitement in Greece, especially among the soldiery, in view of the possible contingency of war. It was expected that Salonica would be assigned as the particular field of his missionary labors.

Our most recent letters from Brazil are dated Campinas, November 2d, Mogy Mirim, November 2d, and from Pernambuco, November 9th. Mr. Wardlaw takes an encouraging view of the condition and prospects of the Pernambuco Mission. He and Mrs. Wardlaw were occupying a house in the suburbs of the city, and were both enjoying good health. He mentioned that Mr. Smith had gone to Goyana, a large town in the interior, where, it was expected, he would organize a church before his return. The missionaries both at Campinas and Mogy Mirim were in good health. Very encouraging results are attending the evangelistic labors of our missionary brethren. At a place called Itatiba Mr. Lane had received two persons to the communion of the Church, and there were twelve or fifteen others who were desirous of being formed into a Protestant church at the same place. Mr. Boyle has also received a number of persons to membership with the churches at Mogy, Mirim, and Penha. At the former place the church consists of twenty full members, and the same number of baptized children. The one at Penha embraces thirty six full members, and about the same number of baptized children. Miss Henderson makes a strong and an urgent plea for a lady missionary to be sent out to be associated with her in the management of the girls' school at Campinas. The prospects of the school are very encouraging, but her strength is not sufficient to meet its full demands.

A recent letter from Miss Janet H. Houston, daughter of Dr. R. S. Houston, of West Virginia, mentions her safe arrival at Brownsville, Texas, on the 20th of November, and that she had entered upon her labors as teacher in the school for Mexican girls. She reports the missionaries both at Brownsville and Matamoros as in good health."

—:O:—  
**American Board.**

Dr. Clark, of the American Board, asserts that no mission in India will ever regret the expenditure necessary for thorough mission work.

The Board computes its expenditure from the first on Indian missions at \$1,200,000.

The following arrivals are noticed: September 18th, at Constantinople, Miss M. M. Patrick; October 1st, at Kobe, Japan, Miss E. Louise Kellogg; October 5th, at Aintab, Mr. Chas. W. Riggs; October 8th, at Samokov, European Turkey, Rev. W. E. Locke and wife; October 16th, at Harpoot, Miss Emily C. Wheeler; October 16th, at Cesarea, Miss Fanny E. Burrage; Miss Harriet N. Childs, at Kessab, the first week in November.

A business man, who declines to give his name, announcing himself as a "friend of Dr. Hamlin," offers to give \$1,000 on the condition that \$50,000 are contributed by friends of missions in addition to their regular donations to the treasury of the American Board as a special thank-offering for returning business prosperity. He hopes such gifts may come largely from business men. Persons who may be disposed to respond to this appeal are

requested to send their names and subscriptions to the Treasurer. The unknown generous friend who makes this offer first left a donation of \$2,000 for the interesting missionary work under the care of the Board in Turkey and Africa."

The funds of the American Board cannot be spent in educating young men who come to this country from foreign lands. The Board aims to secure the advantages of higher Christian education for such at home, in a manner best suited to their future usefulness among their own people, and at a small part of the expense involved in their coming to this land.

Our friends are cautioned against diminishing their gifts to Foreign Missions by reason of announcements of large donations for this object. The \$150,000, so widely reported as given to the American Board, went to the treasury of another society. The papers have recently announced a bequest to the Board, of \$50,000, by a friend of missions, lately deceased, but we learn that since the will was made such heavy losses have been experienced that the Board will probably not receive anything from the estate.

Books, especially commentaries on the Bible in English, Scott, Henry, Barnes, and others, will be gladly and gratefully received at our missionary stations for use by theological students and native pastors. *Marash, Central Turkey*, is just now very urgent in its appeal in this direction. Please look over your libraries and send such books as you can spare to C. N. CHAPIN, No. 14 Congregational House, that they may be forwarded to mission fields.

The educational work of the American Board in foreign lands, includes sixty-six seminaries and colleges. For the support and enlargement of these institutions more than \$100,000 have already been appropriated from the Otis bequest. Four colleges for women, including the Constantinople "Home," which is practically a college for women, have received \$50,000 to aid them in educating an efficient native agency for the furtherance of the evangelical work in the fields where they are located. A million of dollars might well be spent in developing these higher institutions of Christian learning.

—:O:—  
**Protestant Episcopal.**

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States asks that \$325,000 shall be raised this year for missionary work, as this amount is necessary for the prosecution of the work as now arranged, and for the payment of past indebtedness, without any balance being allowed for entering upon new fields that are now opening. Surely this amount will be readily raised.

The Board of Missions have the following missionaries receiving their entire or partial support from the Board: *Among the white people*, 12 Missionary Bishops and 265 Clergymen; *among the Colored People*, 13 White Clergymen, 11 Colored Clergymen, 4 Lay-readers, 18 teachers; *among the Chinese*, 1 Chinese Clergyman; *among the Indians*, 1 Missionary Bishop, 13 White Clergymen, 11 Native Clergymen, 3 teachers, 10 Native Catechists, 12 Women Helpers. *Total Missionaries*, 373.

Dr. Albert C. Bunn, now in this country, "severs, from providential reasons, his connection with the medical department at Wuchang, China, which he has so successfully carried on during the last six years."

Dr. Wm. A. Deas, a graduate of the Virginia Medical College, has been appointed Medical Missionary to China, and will be stationed at Wuchang. He expects to sail for China this month.

Dr. Henry W. Boone and family have arrived in China, and Rev. and Mrs. E. R. Woodman and Mr. J. McD. Gardiner have arrived in Japan.

On Nov. 4th the Archbishop of Canterbury consecrated, at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, the Rev. Geo. Evans Moule, D.D., as Bishop in Mid China; the Rev. Charles Perry Scott, D.D., as Bishop in North China; and the Rev. E. Nuttall, D.D., as Bishop of Jamaica.

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Our space prevents our giving an account of the work of other Churches, but we will do so in our next number.



# Missionary News.

## America.

### THE INDIANS.

Santiago Reino, an Indian from the Taos Pueblo, was recently baptized and received into the Presbyterian Church at Cenecero, Col. So far as known, he is the first from that Pueblo to receive Christian baptism. In the same neighborhood is Jose Antonio, a Christian Navajo Indian.

A small congregation of full-blooded Chickasaw Indians lately gave \$400 for the foreign missions of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. The church was only recently gathered, and its members live in the true primitive style. The school boy's reproachful "he's an Indian giver," ought to disappear after this.

"A short time ago one very old Indian rose, and said he was formerly an Indian priest, that on their Sundays he chanted and danced in the presence or in the midst of so many Indians and chiefs, whose bones lie buried not far from where now stands a Christian church; that it seemed as if he, now the oldest of that ancient tribe, alone remained to tell of the people who had almost passed away; and now he came to hear about the Christian's God, and learn, though old and grey headed, about Jesus. He is one of those who joined our church—an old disciple at the feet of Jesus.

The Mesqually Indians had become much demoralized through the influence of a Roman Catholic priest, who had abandoned them. This was their state when, about eighteen months ago, Rev. M. G. Mann began to preach to them in groves and in hovels. The work at first was very discouraging, as the people were so unwilling to abandon their vices. They were also unwilling to express their views as to the good news preached to them. "But," says Mr. Mann, "the ice has melted, their apathy has been changed to earnest inquiry, and the bulwarks of heathenism have fallen. After preaching and the customary services, I usually ask the more prominent men, and women too, to respond, and thus get them to commit themselves.

Mr. J. C. Robbins, of Santee Agency, writes to the *Iapt Oye* of the impressions he received at a mission conference held at Good Will. He says:—

"When more than two hundred and fifty Indians, from various parts of a territory, assemble in council, one can get a very clear idea how the Indian is thinking. A marked feature of the mission meeting, held at Sisseton Agency, Dakota, was the expression of thoughts by the Indians. The meeting was very different from the old councils and called for a different line of thought. The grumbling which so characterizes the Indian was not heard here; they did not meet to talk of their

abuses but of their privileges, and how they could improve themselves.

"The discussions were intelligent and pointed and prove beyond doubt that these Indians are anxious to give up the old way of living and want to know how to do it. The vagabond Indian wants no change; the Agency is his asylum, his rations choke down his manhood and the government supplies his wants. The intelligent, industrious Indian wants his farm; he admits that the new life will be a hard one, but he adds, 'I will be contented, I am my own man.' Many of them are now willing and able to grapple with the difficulties of civilization. They ask for the protection of the white man's laws; they want to throw off the tyranny of the few who under the old Indian system can bring ruin by their misdeeds upon the innocent as well as the guilty.

"The presentation of such thoughts by Indians themselves to the Indians is a great push in the right direction; more than two hundred and fifty Indians went home from that mission meeting with civil and individual problems to work out; these problems are not too difficult, but they require heroism and self-sacrifice. The white man's laws will bring them liberty, and liberty will crown them with manhood; as one of the Indians said at the meeting, 'even though it be difficult, seek to come under the white man's laws.'

The old and interesting work of the Presbyterians among the Chinese in New York, renders it desirable that our friends at a distance should know of its whereabouts. This is specially desired that the Chinese already under instruction, and with a knowledge, it may be, of Christ as their Saviour, coming here from other cities, should be given a line of introduction to the Mission, 119 White Street, where they will be made to feel at home. There are also Sabbath classes in several of the Presbyterian churches for the Chinese of those vicinities. Scholars coming from Methodist or Baptist schools will also receive a welcome from those denominations here.

## Africa.

Okrika is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, forty miles from Bonny, in the Igbo country, at the mouths of the Niger. A mission agent never visited it until recently. Bishop Crowther, of the C. M. S., hearing that the people there had built a church and were holding Christian worship, sent Archdeacon Crowther to inquire and report the facts. The Archdeacon found the church as represented, and that Christian worship was held in it every Sunday, a school boy from Brass Mission reading the service, and a congregation of five hundred persons in attendance. The people desire a regular teacher, and offer to contribute to his support.

A telegram from Rev. Mr. Killion, missionary to the Zulus, announced the death of Rev. Myron W. Pinkerton, the pioneer in the new advance movement of that mission into Umzila's Kingdom. He died on November 10th of malarial fever, near Luhambania, where he had been detained *en route*. His last letter, dated October 8th, gave notice of his intention to attempt a journey of about 250 miles across the country, much of the distance through a malarial region, to Umzila's capital. Mr. Pinkerton has labored nearly ten years among the Zulus, and seemed admirably fitted to open this great and inviting field.

The Universities' Mission in Central Africa appears to be prospering. Bishop Steere writes that he hopes soon to extend the work of the mission in the direction of Nyassa Lake. He rejoices over the arrival of the first native of the Zaramo country, to attend school at Kingani. At Magila Archdeacon Farler has a young Mohammedan convert in training for Holy Orders. On Sundays, he says, the congregations are so large that he is obliged to put the children in the chancel and seat many more on the altar steps. The chiefs are breaking up Sundao dances, and the Sunday-school is full of men and boys. Mr. Farler was visited recently by the chief of a neighboring tribe, who asked him to pray for rain, declaring that all their witch-offerings and sacrifices had been of no avail. Getting some idea of repentance from the preaching, he has heard heathen natives go about pounding on the ground with a pestle, saying "We repent," in the hope that the drought will be broken. Mr. Farler thinks they are not very sincere in their repentance.

## India.

Intelligence from Ootacumb has just been received by the Missionary Society to the effect that the Rev. George Pearce, who has been suffering from an attack of paralysis, is improving in health, and is able to some extent to resume his missionary duties. Mr. Pearce is known as the patriarch of the mission. He is nearly 90 years of age, and has been engaged in India nearly half a century.

The great work in connection with the American Baptist Telugu Mission in India is still going on. The Rev. J. E. Clough, in a private letter, dated from Ongole, October 16th, states that at the quarterly meeting, just closed, 321 persons were baptized, seventy-five new helpers appointed, twenty-six new churches set off, and twenty-five new teachers for village schools selected. The number baptized this year, so far, is 1,875.

## Turkey.

In every department of the Missionary work in Eastern Turkey there is a steady and gratifying advance. Nine new preach-

ing places have been established, making a total of 116. The number of Protestants is now 11,749.

There are over fifty young men in preparation for the Christian Ministry among the Turks at the Seminary at Marsovan. Station classes are also held at Cesarea, Bardczad, and Sivas. This very important work is in connexion with the Missionaries of the American Board.

Here is an unwelcome paragraph from the East: "The Turkish minister of Foreign Affairs announces officially that hereafter no Moslem shall be allowed to leave his religion and become a Christian under penalty of death; that no one shall be allowed to teach doctrines subversive of Islam; and that any foreigner engaged in such teaching may be arrested and imprisoned without consulting the foreign consuls or ambassadors."

### Ceylon.

In *Mission Life* it is reported that some embarrassment has been caused in the Galle district of Ceylon by the activity of a society of unbelievers, who style themselves "Theosophists." They have opened a boys' school at Magalla, which has already more than 200 pupils. Its avowed intention is to counteract the work of the Christian missionaries, who, it is said, have long enough undermined Buddhism by means of school-teaching. Though this may be looked upon as no small testimony to the influence of mission schools, the present opposition is such as to cause grave apprehension. At public meetings convened by the promoters, inflammatory speeches are made against Christianity. Buddhists in great numbers have been pledged to send their children to the rival school, and to withdraw them from Christian influence. To make the new school more attractive, no fees are to be charged for the first year, it is advertised by posters in the neighborhood, and tom-tom beaters are sent round to announce the opening. To make the scheme popular as an opposition to Christianity, the notion is fostered that it is supported by a powerful and wealthy foreign society. The word society (Somagama) acts as a talisman. It is connected in the minds of the more ignorant of the natives with such organizations as the S. P. G., the C. M. S., and the Wesleyan missions. The poor people must, however, soon find out how they have been duped by these self-seekers. Until the delusion is removed, the scheme will seem to prosper. The Wesleyan School, which is within a stone-throw of the rival one, has been nearly emptied; the Roman Catholic school at Kalluwella has suffered; and so also has even the government school in Galle itself, though there the Christian teaching is as colorless as possible. The Buona Vista school has so far suffered least of all, only about twelve boys having seceded to the

enemy, and these were all non-Christians, and of the lower standards. The other schools of the Buona Vista Mission are in increasing numbers, and are becoming more and more efficient as a means of propagating the Gospel.

### England.

An English Jew, unknown to his wife, was for twelve months visiting a Christian Missionary for instruction; and the wife, unknown to her husband, was at the same time reading the New Testament given her by a district visitor. Each was afraid of being discovered by the other. At last, however, the truth came out; and instead of betrayal, there was mutual rejoicing. Both husband and wife were afterwards privileged to make a true-hearted confession of Christ.

A series of interesting missionary meetings have been held in Glasgow. On Tuesday, December 14th, Mr. Howard Bowser—who said he had been led to the course adopted, by the recent paper by Dr. Landels at the Baptist Union gatherings upon "Missionary Consecration"—invited a number of gentlemen interested in the work to breakfast at the Washington Hotel, when, after hearing a statement by the Rev. W. Landels, D.D., on the increasing claims of the mission and the great necessity of sending out additional missionaries chiefly to India, China, and Japan, it was agreed, on the motion of Mr. Maitland, that it is desirable Glasgow should support two or three additional missionaries. £400 was subscribed at the breakfast-table toward this object. A public meeting was held in Adelade-Place church in the evening, under the presidency of ex-Provost Wilson, of Govan, at which the Revs. Dr. Culross W. Tullock, A. F. Mills, and A. Grant were present. It was mentioned that the subscriptions from the denomination in Glasgow amounted to a fraction over a penny per head per week. Thereupon Mr. Howard Bowser formally moved the formation of a Glasgow auxiliary, with a view to the support of several additional foreign missionaries. The motion was seconded by the Rev. A. F. Mills, and agreed to. It was also resolved to send, by Mr. Bowser, fraternal greetings to the church at Naples, which is under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. K. Landels and Signor Mardi-Greco (the latter of whom is supported by the Glasgow Baptist churches). As the result of the gatherings alluded to, about £500 was contributed, and it is expected that the annual subscriptions to the society will be permanently augmented to a like extent.

### France.

It appears that a smart little Protestant paper has lately been started in France by M. Reveillaud, under the suggestive title of the *Signal*, and in a recent number the editor makes some interesting references to

the mission work of the Baptist Church in the French capital under the superintendence of the pastor M. Leroids. At one meeting there were 300 persons present; and, what was better, thirty of the young among them had applied to be admitted into church fellowship, and were undergoing a course of preparatory instruction. "Some of these," says the *Signal*, "have taken back to the *cure* their medals, rosaries, and scapulars, telling him that they wish henceforth to follow the simple religion of Jesus Christ. It is also interesting to add that a great part of these results is due to a simple foreman in a factory at Havre—himself a convert from Roman Catholicism fifteen years ago—into whose heart God has put the desire to evangelize his fellow-workmen, and to open a school for the apprentices and working men of Charenton, who do not know how to read or write."

### Arabia.

The death is announced of Mrs. El Karey, who had been of invaluable assistance to her husband in connection with the Baptist mission to the Arabs. To supply the loss thus sustained it is proposed, as the simplest and quickest method, to send out a married missionary, which, in addition to expenses and outfit, will involve a sum of £200 per annum.

### Syria.

A Christian school is earnestly desired by the Mohammedans of Sidon! One hundred and forty-eight of them have recently signed a petition to the missionaries, urging them to establish such a school for their benefit. Mr. Eddy says:—"A good portion of them are Metaweleh, the most fanatical of the Moslem sects," and other Moslems are among the signers. The most remarkable thing in this request is, that it is made "in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ." "On the desk before me," continues Mr. Eddy, "lie petitions for instruction from Christians of various sects, Druzes, and Moslems; but is it not this the first time in history of this Mission that the Metaweleh have professed to become Christians?"

### Palestine.

One hundred Jewish families in Roumania have petitioned the "Israelite Alliance" to purchase lands for them in Palestine, where they may found an agricultural colony. They offer to contribute 400 francs each, and pay the balance in annual instalments.

### China.

#### A Letter from China.

"A Buddhist priest has just come from Wu T'ai Shan, of Shansi, a place famous for its great temples, about 300 miles S. S. W. from here, who says that he heard the gospel last July for the first time, from the lips of Dr. Edkins, of Peking, who, with others, spent two or three days at his tem-



ple, and who gave him a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* and other books. He is fifty year old, has some wealth, and has many pupils at his temple. He says he wants to be a Christian, and proposes to return to his temple, to settle up his affairs, get together what property he has, give up his connection with the temple, and come here again, to be instructed by us in the gospel. He says that Buddhism is a fraud, denouncing it in most emphatic language. He proposes to put himself under our instruction at *his own expense, for from three to five years*, (!) in hope of fitting himself to preach. He wishes to spend the remainder of his life in serving the Lord, and making the gospel known to his countrymen, and especially to Buddhists priests. He intends to put off his priestly garments, dress like the ordinary Chinaman, and let his hair grow, as soon as he shall return to Kalgan. He seems to have a deep sense of his sins, and of Christ as the only and sufficient Saviour. Since Dr. Edkins gave him the copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*, he has read it through several times. He seems to feel his great ignorance of Christianity, and expects to have to study it a long while, before he will be fitted to help in preaching.

"This good news seems like a gleam of light in the dense darkness of heathenism, tired of a religion of vain works, to come to Christ more easily and in greater numbers than the Confucianists, whose beliefs tend to pride and self conceit?"

The Rev. J. Innocent, of the Methodist new connection mission in China, has returned to his post at Tientsin, after two months of absence and rest. Miss Innocent, his daughter, is to take charge of the girls' school, and the Rev. E. F. Denton is to be sent to China as an additional missionary.

### Japan.

The Japanese papers announce that there is to be a great gathering of the priests of the Shinto religion, at the Shinto Office in Hibiya, Tokio, in February, 1881. The object is not stated; but the prevailing feeling among Christians there is that they will meet to discuss "the presence and successful operations of the 'Jesus religion' in Japan," and to take steps or agree upon a plan of protection and defense of their own religion. What the outgrowth of this meeting will be no one can foresee. The fact that they regard such a gathering necessary indicates how firm a hold Christianity is taking upon that country. This may be a time of great peril, especially if a powerful leader should rise up among them and direct the current of thought against religious toleration.

A letter from the capital of Japan to Rev. J. Hartzler, Superintendent of the Japan mission of the Evangelical Association, among other things contains the following: The *Hochi Shimbun*,

a native paper, says: "Christianity is now introduced to almost all the provinces of the Empire. The missionaries obtain converts by assisting poor persons and other charitable actions. With a view, we suppose, to counteract this state of affairs, the Buddhists intend collecting money throughout the country, and erecting hospitals and assisting poor and distressed persons." The writer adds: "This kind of opposition brings to mind what the great apostle to the Gentiles observed in regard to preaching Christ, mentioned in his letter to the Philippians, written during his imprisonment at Rome. He says: 'Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife; and some also of good will; the one preaching Christ of contention, not sincerely, supposing to add affliction to my bonds; but the other of love, knowing that I am set for the defense of the Gospel. What then? Notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretense or in truth, Christ is preached, and I therein do rejoice.' So say we concerning the Buddhists in Japan. Erecting hospitals and assisting poor and distressed persons is a good work in itself, though done with a view to prevent the progress of Christianity."

## Book Table.

ADVENTURES IN PATAGONIA. *By Rev. Titus Brown.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$150.

The writer of this book is one of the oldest of living missionaries, having been born in 1801 in Killingworth, Conn. He went to Patagonia as a missionary in 1883, but found that the field was not promising. He afterward became a missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, where he was very successful. At the call of many friends, he wrote out his recollections of the people of Patagonia and his work among them. The account is given in the form of a diary, often containing interesting narratives.

Since this effort was made to give the Gospel to Patagonia, an English mission has been established at Patagonia, in the south of Patagonia, to which place the Indians come to trade, but the natives are so debased and so widely scattered that but little has been accomplished among them.

FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION. *By Rev. H. A. Tupper, D.D.* Richmond: Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

We have here a large octavo book of over 500 pages, giving a very complete account of the commencement, progress, and present condition of the mission work of the Southern Baptists. We are much pleased to see it, and to note their plans of work and the success that has attended their labors. Dr. Tupper places not only his own denomination, but the entire Chris-

tian Church under obligation to him for the information he gives. Next month we shall quote liberally from his book in giving an account of mission work in Europe, and shall also do so when we treat of China, Japan, and African missions. Not only is there here given an account of Baptist work, but also valuable information respecting the mission work done by others, and the customs and beliefs of the people. We understand that a portion of the contents was given first in the form of letters to the Baptist press. We are not informed as to the price, but presume it is at least \$3.00.

THE RACES OF MANKIND. *By Robert Brown, M.A., F.R.G.S.* London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. Price, \$10.00.

Here are four volumes bound in two, and containing the most complete popular description of the characteristics, manners, and customs of the principal varieties of the human family. It also has about 500 illustrations. We are indebted to it for the information we furnish our readers in the first two articles in this number, and we regret that our space prevents our giving still more to our readers from such a source. Dr. Brown is known as an authority in such matters, and the work is a very valuable one.

ALASKA AND MISSIONS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC COAST. *By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D.* New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.50.

This book is valuable for the information that it gives us of a country and people with which we are but little acquainted, and yet belong to the United States. We have but little idea of the greatness of the country. The word Alaska means "a great country," and the name formerly given to a peninsula is now the designation of what was known as Russian America. Dr. Jackson says: "It is as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi River, and north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. Its extensive breadth from east to west is two thousand two hundred miles in an air line." It contains one of the largest rivers in the world, the river Yukon, being 70 miles wide across its five mouths and intervening deltas. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles wide. Navigable for 1,500 miles, it is computed to be 2,000 miles long.

Dr. Jackson divides the natives of Alaska into Koloshians, Kenaian, Aleuts, and Eskimo. Of these about 15,000 are Koloshians, 25,000 are Kenaian, 10,000 are Aleuts, and 20,000 are Eskimos.

Dr. Jackson and Mrs. A. R. McFarland went to Alaska in August 1877 and commenced the Presbyterian Mission at Fort Wrangle. Since then a prosperous mission has been opened at Sitka and both at Fort Wrangle and at Sitka are excellent mission schools and successful church organizations.

## THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

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Commencing with February each number will have four pictures illustrating the International Lessons for the month.

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## PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST INTER-SEMINARY MISSIONARY CONVENTION,

HELD IN NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., NOVEMBER 21-24, 1880.

### TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Minute of Proceedings. Papers read by students of different Seminaries, as follows: The Church Fundamentally a Missionary Society, by Wm. Ingraham Haven, of Boston University; The Indifference of the Church to the World's Evangelization: its Causes and Remedy, by G. W. Luccock, of Western Theological Seminary; Secular Testimony to the Success of Missions, by C. M. Cady, of Oberlin Seminary; Scope for the Best and Most Diverse Talents and Culture in Missionary Work, by S. J. Harmeling, of New Brunswick Seminary; The Right Attitude of Young Men to Home Mission Work, by J. E. Perry, of Crozer Seminary; Impulses Given to Missions by Theological Students, by Robert Thomson, of Union Seminary; What Constitutes a Call to the Foreign Missionary Work, by F. L. Neeld, of Drew Seminary; Report of Missionary Work and Interest in Seminaries, by Robert M. Mateer, of Princeton Seminary; The Present Claims of Foreign Missions upon Young Men, by J. G. Shackelford, of Va. P. E. Seminary. Also Addresses on, The Benefits which the Church at Home has Derived from Missions, by Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., of New York; The Individual Appeal and the Individual Answer, by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., of Detroit, Mich.; How May a Pastor Interest His People in Missions, by Rev. Edward Judson, of Orange, N. J.; The Claims of India, by Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, of India; Pastoral Responsibility to Missions, by Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder, D.D. M.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Letter to the Churches. Editorial on the Convention. Names of the Seminaries participating in the Convention, and names of all the Students attending as delegates.

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